

The Smart Screen Magazine

★

SCREENLAND

April

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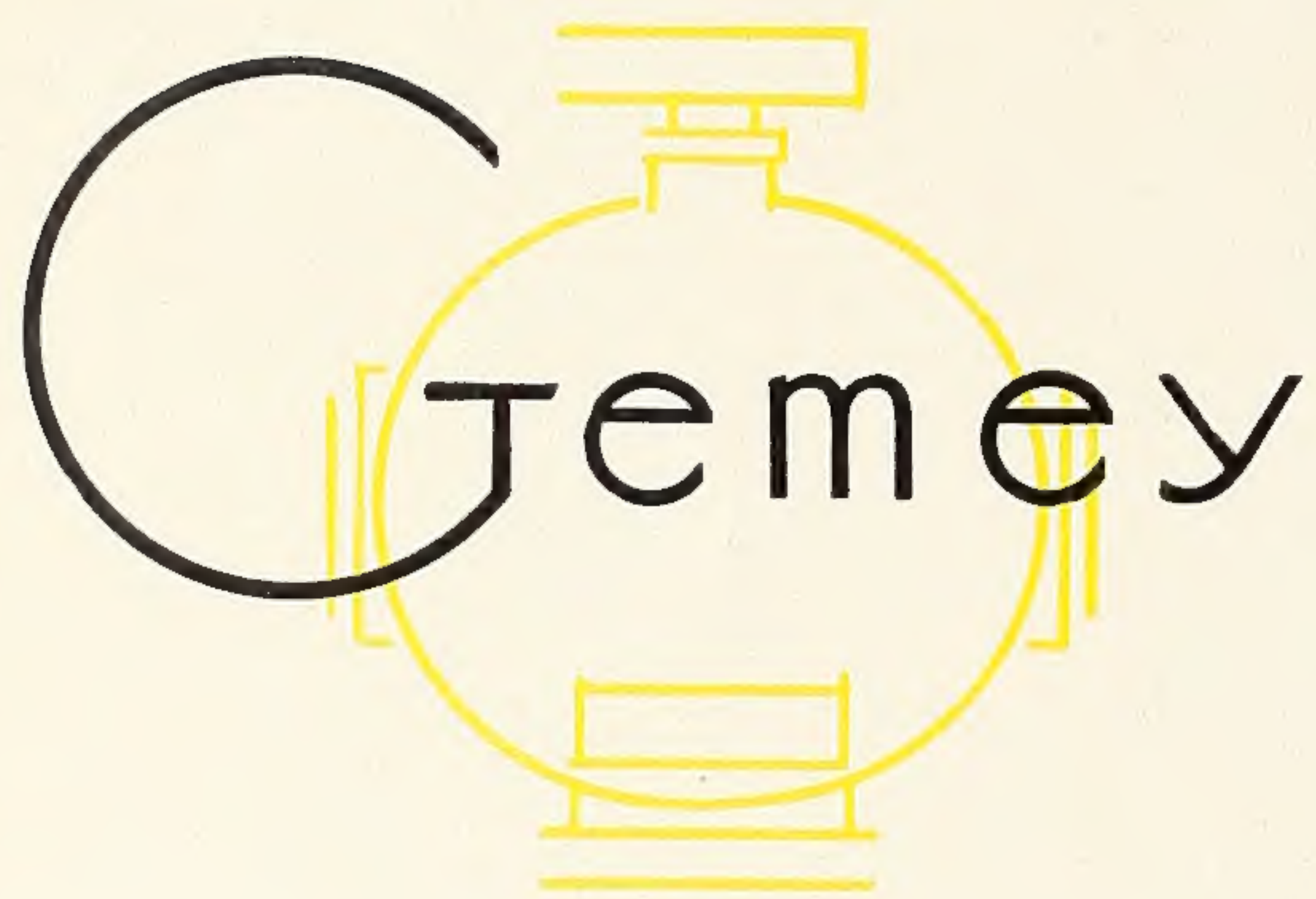
Enter Shirley Temple's New Contest!
Edgar A. Guest Judges Hollywood



فراغرانس جاي العجيب

IN CAIRO, AS IN GAY CAPITALS
THE WORLD AROUND, THEY SAY:

WONDERFUL!
the fragrance



"AL-AJEEBI" Wonderful! It's the word for it in Cairo. "Ravissantel" they say in Paris. "Priceless!" in New York. In every language, there's extravagant praise for this world-preferred perfume, the fragrance Gemey!

For fragrance Gemey... young and fresh and joyous... has captured the feminine hearts of five continents. They're wearing it tonight, the loveliest women, in London and Paris, in 75 nations... dancing in the starlight of a Durban night, dining in Egypt's famous Shepherd's Hotel, riding the Blue Train to the Riviera.

Wear it, then—for know it you must—this fragrance presented in America by Richard Hudnut, perfumer international. Wear it for you—or wear it for him—set the stage for glamorous evenings with a drop or two of magic...the globe-gracing fragrance Gemey.

Fragrance Gemey (Jem-may') in crystal-clear dressing table flacons, \$2.50, \$3.75, \$5.



Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo—the cross-roads of the world! Here are women internationally smart, and a perfume internationally popular—the fragrance Gemey.

by
RICHARD HUDNUT
New York Paris

London... Toronto... Buenos Aires... Mexico City... Berlin
Barcelona... Budapest... Capetown... Sydney... Shanghai
Rio de Janeiro... Havana... Bucharest... Vienna... Amsterdam



Intelligent Precautions against **SORE THROAT** *and its sequel the* **COMMON COLD**



No colds for her 11 year old

"Glad to write and tell you how marvelous Listerine has been for my son of 11. Last year I started with him going to school gargling his throat twice daily, and he did not miss a day of the whole year. This year he is doing the same and has the same good results. Now we all use it and many thanks to Listerine."

Mrs. D. H., Hampton Bays, L. I.

NO one can cure a cold... but colds and their usual symptom, a sore or irritated throat, can often be prevented by the systematic use of Listerine. Thousands of people in the past fifty years have written us to that effect. A few recent letters appear here.

Such convincing personal experiences have been corroborated in no uncertain manner by a number of carefully supervised tests begun in 1930, in which the health of non-users of Listerine was compared to that of those

who used it.

These tests showed that those who gargled Listerine twice a day or oftener caught fewer colds than non-users. When Listerine users *did* catch cold, the infections (for such they are) were milder and of shorter duration than those of non-garglers. Against sore throat, similar results were obtained—Listerine users having fewer cases than non-users.

To what are such satisfying results due? The answer is: to Listerine's safe, though powerful germicidal action... its ability to kill germs of cold and sore throat deep in the throat, where so many colds start... its ability to relieve inflammation quickly. Why not get in the pleasant habit of gargling Listerine morning and night?

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Missouri

All pictures posed by professional models



Seldom catches cold now

"My husband is a street-car motor-man. Being out in all kinds of weather he developed a hacking cough which persisted throughout the early spring months. Last winter I persuaded him to try Listerine. Within two days his cough disappeared. From that time I have kept Listerine handy and so far this winter he has been entirely free from colds or any sort of throat irritation."

Mrs. C. D. P., Fort Wayne, Ind.



Teacher checks sore throat quickly

"I am closely associated every day with many little people in my public school kindergarten. I also possess a very sensitive throat. Every sneeze is immediately followed by the beginning of a sore throat. But it does not go any further. I fly for the Listerine bottle. I keep one at school as well as at home. I certainly appreciate what Listerine does for me."

Miss H. McK., Cincinnati, O.

LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

The new, finer COUGH DROP wisely medicated yet tastes like candy. For smokers, singers and speakers.



LISTERINE
THE SAFE
ANTISEPTIC

THE

WILLIAM POWELL
As "The Great Ziegfeld"

MYRNA LOY
As loyal, devoted Billie Burke

LUISE RAINER
As tempestuous, irresistible Anna Held

VIRGINIA BRUCE
A "Glorified" Ziegfeld girl

FRANK MORGAN
As Ziegfeld's life-long rival

FANNIE BRICE
The inimitable Fannie herself

LEON ERROL
With his trick knee

GILDA GRAY
The original "Shimmy" Girl, herself

RAY BOLGER
Eccentric Dancing Sensation

NAT PENDLETON
As Sandow, the Strong Man

ANN PENNINGTON
Herself, dimpled knees and all

HARRIET HOCTOR
Ziegfeld's Greatest Dancing Star

REGINALD OWEN
As Ziegfeld's Manager

A. A. TRIMBLE
As Will Rogers

BUDDY DOYLE
As Eddie Cantor

JOSEPH CAWTHORN
As Dr. Ziegfeld

W. W. DEARBORN
As Daniel Frohman

RAYMOND WALBURN
Sage, Ziegfeld's Press Agent

JEAN CHATBURN
Mary Lou, Ziegfeld's protege

HERMAN BING
Ziegfeld's Costumer

WILLIAM DEMAREST
As Gene Buck

200 — GLORIFIED GIRLS — 200
Costumes by ADRIAN

Screen Play by
WM. ANTHONY MCGUIRE

Directed by
ROBERT Z. LEONARD

HUNT STROMBERG
Producer

A METRO-GOLDWYN-
MAYER PICTURE

G R E A T

ZIEGFELD

The Life and Loves of the World's Greatest Showman
2 YEARS IN PRODUCTION!
GREATEST MUSICAL HIT!

Now, in one flashing musical comes all that the great Ziegfeld gave the world in his crowded lifetime! American girlhood glorified... great Ziegfeld stars... the melodies he made immortal... and a new "Follies" with all the lavishness of Ziegfeld! You follow his fabulous private life... his tempestuous romance with Anna Held... his deep and ardent love for Billie Burke... All in M-G-M's biggest musical triumph!

SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

April, 1936

Vol. XXXII. No. 6

Begin VICKI BAUM'S New Serial in The Next Issue of SCREENLAND

You will want to start our new serial with the first instalment, so watch for the next issue of SCREENLAND—the May number, on sale April 3—for Vicki Baum's exciting new romance of movie life.

The famous author of "Grand Hotel" lives and works in Hollywood now; at present she is writing screen stories for big stars. Miss Baum, perhaps more fully than any other internationally noted writer, understands Hollywood and sympathizes with its problems. This tolerance and understanding make her new serial, to run exclusively in SCREENLAND, one of the most interesting romances she has ever written.

Plan to begin the new Vicki Baum serial which starts in the next issue of this magazine.

EVERY STORY A FEATURE!

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SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Who'll Win Him? William Powell, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow. Brunette In White! Kay Francis. Blonde In Black! Joan Blondell. They Must Be Wholesome. Smile When You Call 'Em "Crooners!" Dick Powell, Bing Crosby. Up to Their Eyebrows in Art. Wanna Fight? "Boy Meets Girl—Boy Loses Girl—Boy Gets Girl." Dancing Dynamite. Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Ruby Keeler, Paul Draper. The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

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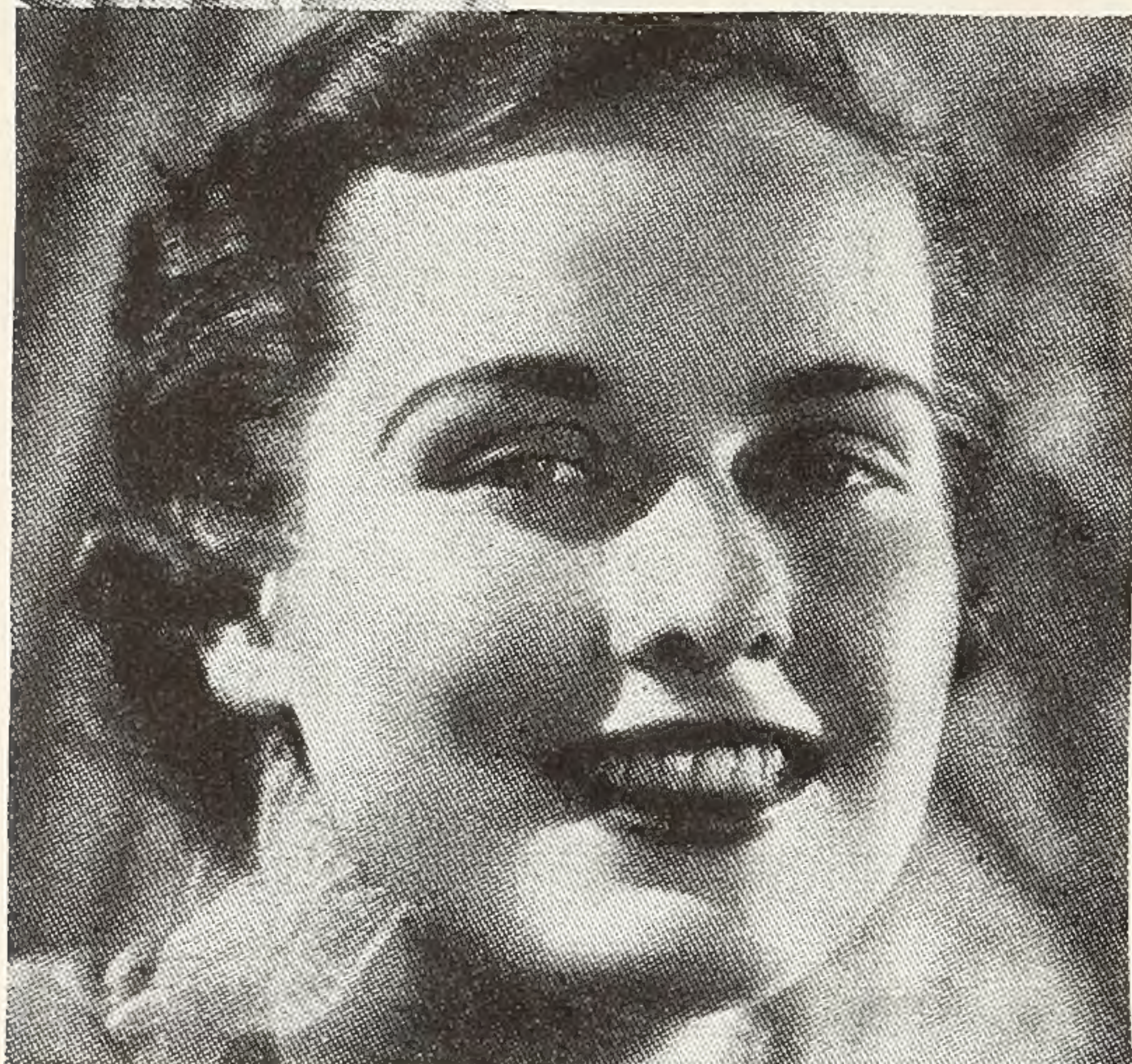
Spotlight Cover Portrait of Shirley Temple by Marland Stone.

"TO ME...HER LIPS
LOOKED *Irresistible*"



SAID

**CHARLES
FARRELL**



**Famous
screen star
tells why
he picked
the girl with
Tangee Lips**



● If you met Charles Farrell wouldn't you want to have tender, soft lips...the kind of lips that would appeal to him...that he would want to kiss?

The Tangee girl won when **CHARLES FARRELL** chose loveliest lips while filming Universal Picture, "Fighting Youth".

Three girls were with us when we visited Mr. Farrell. One wore the ordinary lipstick...one no lipstick...the third, Tangee. "Your lips look irresistible," he told the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

Tangee can't make your lips look painted, because *it isn't paint*. It simply intensifies your own natural color. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and \$1.10. Or, send 10c for the 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES**...when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation...there is only one Tangee. But when you ask for Tangee...be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. There is another shade called Tangee Theatrical...intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.



★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY SU46
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Cheek Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Write What You Think!

Your letters are welcome here, for this is the department written by readers for readers. It's interesting to read what your fellow film enthusiasts have to say about stars, pictures, and screen events. But it's even more of a thrill to write your own thoughts for Salutes and Snubs.

Please limit letters to fifty words, and address them to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

He did it the first time! Errol Flynn in his initial important film, "Captain Blood," zoomed into high favor with the letter-writers, and also a new contract, at a handsome salary increase.



Salutes and Snubs

TAGGING TREACHER

It seems to me there's not enough comment about Arthur Treacher. This droll-face butler really makes you laugh without apparent effort at being funny. His brand of humor is decidedly refreshing, and a great relief from the usual run of comedians. Let's give a little credit to Mr. Treacher. He is now Rotten Picture Saver No. 1.

Fulton King,
Weyers Cave, Va.

OH, DRY THOSE TEARS!

Here's my pet peeve: Why do directors make their players weep all over the place in tragic moments? Even the Greek dramatists knew that a more powerful dramatic effect is gained when an actor tries desperately to *conceal* grief, rather than displaying it.

Mrs. Floe Coolidge,
5555 Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, Calif.

FLYNN FLIES HIGH

Hollywood does it again! They've found a man as handsome as Gable and as fine an actor as Leslie Howard, and cast him in a fast-moving, thrilling drama. I predict that as *Peter Blood* he will become one of the most popular actors on the screen. Errol Flynn, here's to you!

Scottie Fitzgerald,
Cambridge Arms Apts.,
Baltimore, Md.

A "DIFFERENT" WESTERN

I think the first different type of cowboy picture I've seen this year is "Branded a Coward." I'll give it a salute, although it was not as widely advertised as many other films. The handsome hero was Johnny Mack Brown. You're coming along fine, Johnny, good luck to you!

Louise Sahagian,
215 Beacon St.,
Worcester, Mass.

HEADED FOR STARDOM

The delightful little actress, Rochelle Hudson, is getting at last the recognition she deserves. Rochelle's performances in "Way Down East" and "Show Them No Mercy" are proof to her producers that she is star material.

William L. McCauley,
28 Daviston St.,
Springfield, Mass.

MACMURRAY—RAY—RAY

My salutes are for a new type of leading man—one whose ingratiating grin, diamond-in-the-rough exterior, casual love-making and delightful nonchalance make him just what the doctor ordered for jaded feminine moviegoers on the look-out for a new thrill.

The actor? Fred MacMurray, of course!
Muriel Marks,
2104 Aqueduct Ave.,
New York, N. Y.



A SON...

PROUD OF HIS MOTHER

... worshipping the ground she walked on ... loving her with a fierce loyalty ... yet at the same time stealing his way into the flinty heart of a proud, tyrannical nobleman and teaching him the meaning of kindness.

Freddie Bartholomew breathes life into Frances Hodgson Burnett's beloved character, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and gives a perform-

ance in the world-famous story that will indelibly stamp itself upon your heart. Dolores Costello Barrymore as "Dearest" his mother, returns to the screen lovelier and more radiant than ever. She will delight the millions of fans who have been eagerly awaiting her return.

We'd like to be modest in our statements about this picture — but

the facts speak for themselves ... It has a magnificent cast — a perfect story — was directed by John Cromwell who thrilled you with "Of Human Bondage" — produced by David O. Selznick who gave you "David Copperfield" and the screenplay was written by Hugh Walpole, noted English author.

It is a picture that is marked for major screen honors in 1936!

Selznick International Pictures, Inc., Presents

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

with

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW and DOLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE

Mickey Rooney • C. Aubrey Smith • Guy Kibbee • Henry Stephenson
E. E. Clive • Una O'Connor • Jackie Searl • Ivan Simpson • Jessie Ralph

PRODUCED BY DAVID O. SELZNICK

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

Your hands

WILL LEAD A LOVELIER LIFE
ALL... WEEK... LONG!



GLAZO IS WORLD-FAMOUS FOR BEAUTY AND LONG WEAR

WOMEN are becoming more critical, more discriminating in the beauty preparations they use. They expect a nail polish not only to be outstandingly lovely but to apply easily without streaking and to wear for days longer than polishes they used to know.

Because Glazo has these virtues, its fame has circled the world. It is famous for its glorious fashion-approved shades. It is famous for solving the streaking problem and for amazing ease of application. It is famous for giving 2 to 4 days longer wear, without peeling or chipping.

Glazo shares its success with you, and is now only 20 cents. Do try it, and see how much lovelier your hands can be!



Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews

on Pages 54-55

More Short Reviews on Page 16

Whip-
saw
M-G-M



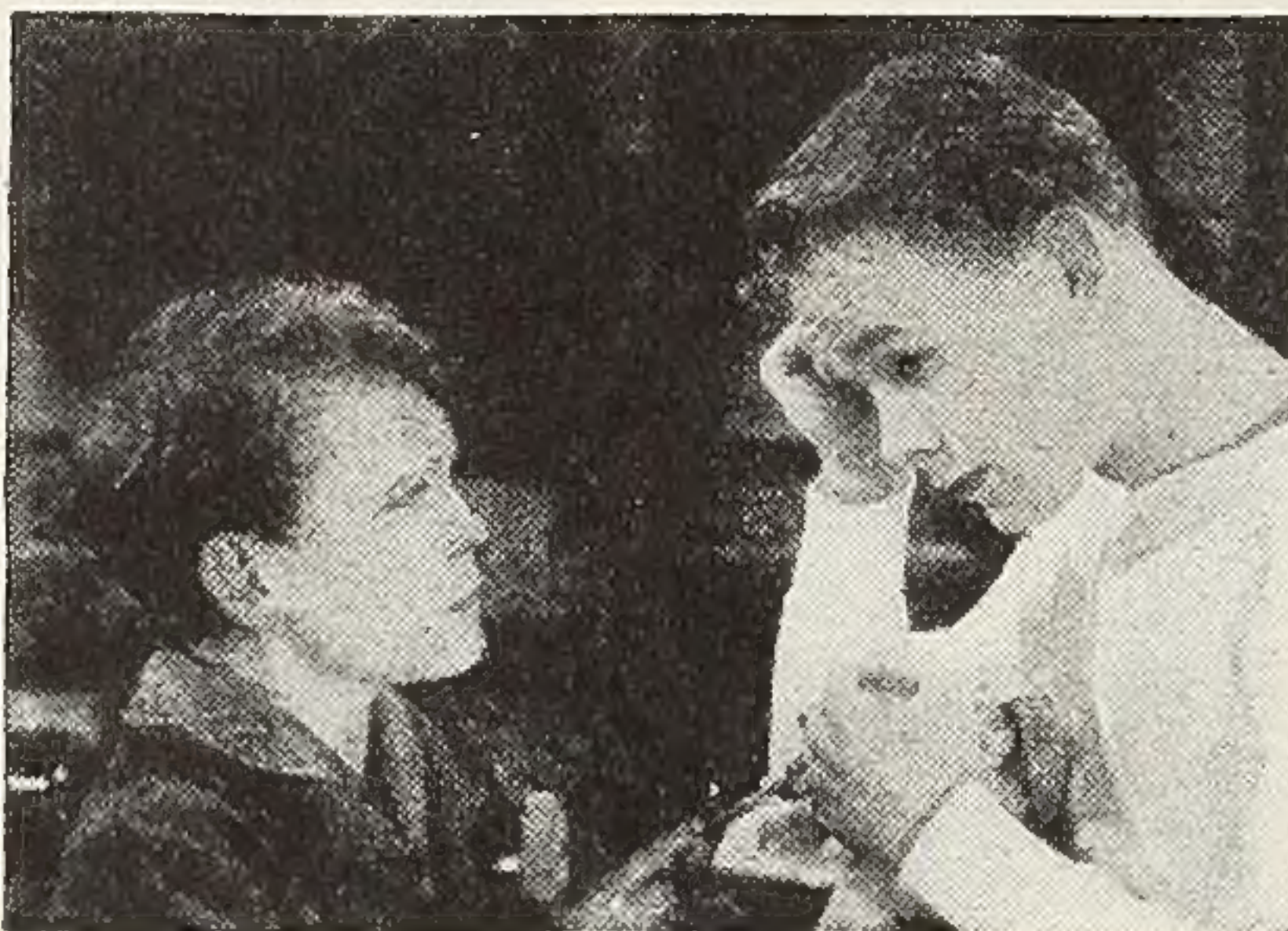
There are two reasons why you'll want to see this—and both of them make good in a big acting way. They, of course, are Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy, actually making you like and enjoy a hokey yarn about the missing "poils." Myrna is involved with crooks, Spencer is a G-Man who uses romance to track the pearls and convict Myrna. It ends happily for both of these engaging people—hurray for them.

Pro-
fessional
Soldier
20th
Century-
Fox



Victor McLaglen and Freddie Bartholomew make a jolly good team for the purposes of this merry combination of robust comedy and whimsicality about an ex-marine who is hired to kidnap a king. His Majesty turns out to be a mere boy, and the royal youngster becomes fine friends with the soldier, whom the king first mistakes for an American gangster. Gloria Stuart and Michael Whalen add romance.

Every
Saturday
Night
20th
Century-
Fox



King
of the
Damned
Gaumont-
British



A natural for the entire family. The homely touches make this a masterpiece of its kind. Jed Prouty is the typical old-fashioned Pa, lecturing his brood in kindly manner, until they finally make him see things their way. It is simply a series of incidents that could happen in any average family. Prouty, June Carolon, Florence Roberts, George Ernest, Spring Byington—the whole cast is excellent. A real treat.

Melodrama of the "punch" type, very obvious in leading to its climaxes, but capable at times of working up a very fair amount of interest. Conrad Veidt is the star, with Helen Vinson and Noah Beery representing Hollywood and doing the best possible with their material. In the main, the film's interest is based on the cruelties heaped upon prisoners at Devil's Island—an old friend as a locale for strong melodrama.

The
King of
Bur-
lesque
Fox-
20th
Century



Dancing
Feet
Republic



A musical comedy hit, and no mistake about that! Warner Baxter is in a part like that he played in "42nd Street;" Alice Faye dances, sings, and does a little straight acting in a manner to make you like her tremendously; Jack Oakie clowns to the tune of your laughter. Arline Judge, and Dixie Dunbar, and many dancers add to the entertainment achieved in spite of a well-worn story. Finely staged and some fun!

Joan Marsh, an heiress with a mind of her own, gets a job in a dance hall to show her grandfather, also with a mind of his own, and playboy suitor, Ben Lyon, that she can be independent of them. She falls in love with Eddie Nugent, poor but sure he will make good as a dancer—he does. The other important character is played, nicely too, by Isabel Jewell. Not much on story, but it keeps moving pretty well.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT!

CAPRA'S NEWEST TRIUMPH!

Gary Cooper

A GENTLEMAN GOES TO TOWN
JEAN ARTHUR

George Bancroft • Lionel Stander • Douglass Dumbrille • Raymond Walburn • Margaret Matzenauer • H. B. Warner • Warren Hymer.

A FRANK CAPRA PRODUCTION

Screen play by
Robert Riskin
From the story by
Clarence Budington
Kelland

GOLDEN-VOICED STAR IN HER
GAYEST AND GRANDEST PICTURE!

Grace Moore

THE KING STEPS OUT
FRANCHOT TONE

Walter Connolly • Raymond Walburn
Victor Jory

Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

Glorious Music by
FRITZ KREISLER
Screen play by
Sidney Buchman
Lyrics by Dorothy Fields

WONDER SHOW OF 1936!
STORMING AMERICA IN A MIGHTY SONG CRESCENDO!

THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND

HARRY RICHMAN
ROCHELLE HUDSON
WALTER CONNOLLY

FARLEY and RILEY
and their 'Round and 'Round Music
Douglass Dumbrille • Lionel Stander
Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER

Screen play
by Jo Swerling
Story by
Sidney Buchman

Music and Lyrics
by
Lew Brown-
Harry Akst and
Victor
Schertzinger





JOAN MARSH in
"DANCING FEET,"
a Republic Picture

EYES... *that fascinate!*

YESTERDAY a wallflower. Today the most popular girl in her set—with invitations, dances, and parties galore. It's the same story over and over again, whenever a girl first discovers the secret of fascinating eyes.

Every day more girls are realizing how unnecessary it is to have dull, lifeless eyes. A touch of WINX Mascara to the lashes gives eyes the sparkle, the radiance, men love!

WINX Mascara makes the lashes appear longer, softer, and more lustrous. It brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes. Try WINX today and see for yourself how quickly it enlivens your whole appearance, how its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft at all times.



WINX Mascara is offered in black, brown and blue—and in three convenient forms—Creamy, Cake and Liquid. All are harmless, easy to apply, smudge-proof, water-proof, and non-smarting.

You can obtain WINX Eye Beautifiers in economical large sizes at drug and department stores—or in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.

WINX *Eye Beautifiers*

If you find it more convenient, you may order a trial package of WINX direct. Send 10¢ to Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York City. Check whether you wish

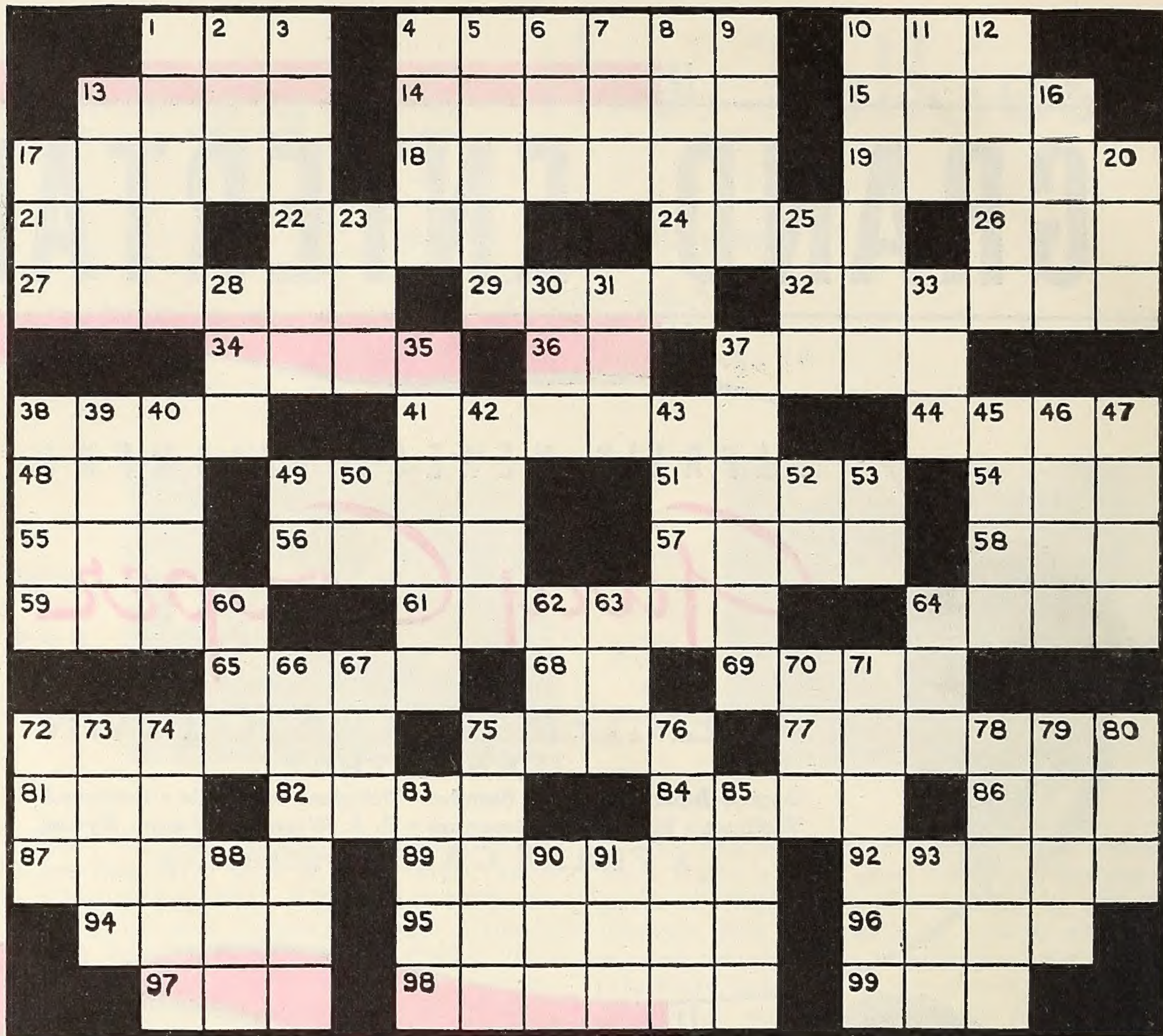
☐ CAKE or ☐ CREAMY
☐ BLACK or ☐ BROWN or ☐ BLUE

SU-4

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

ACROSS

1. Comic star of "Alibi Ike"
4. Star of "Riffraff"
10. Receptacle for coal
13. Summon
14. Black and yellow bird
15. Scent
17. Heroine of "Without Regret"
18. African antelopes
19. Gangster in "His Night Out"
21. Monkey
22. Faction
24. Girl's name
26. Famous Marie Dressler screen role
27. Hate
29. Middy
32. Away from the seacoast
34. Girl
36. Compass point (abbrev.)
37. To surrender
38. Round object
41. Comedienne whose death recently caused investigation
44. Crawford's new married name
48. Anger
49. Plant with bitter juice
51. "Man of _____," (a movie)
54. Featured actor in "Collegiate"
55. Born
56. Wasteland
57. Solitary
58. Famous Spanish hero
59. Co-star of "Peter Ibbetson"
61. His new film is "The Great Ziegfeld"
64. Depend upon
65. Periods of time
68. The boy friend
69. Overhanging edge of roof
72. Famous Hollywood make-up expert
75. Hero in "Chinatown Squad"
77. Star of "Mary Burns, Fugitive"
81. Danish money of account
82. Greek letter
84. Grate harshly
86. Native metal
87. First mate, in "Mutiny on the Bounty"
89. Rich "boss" in "Barbary Coast"

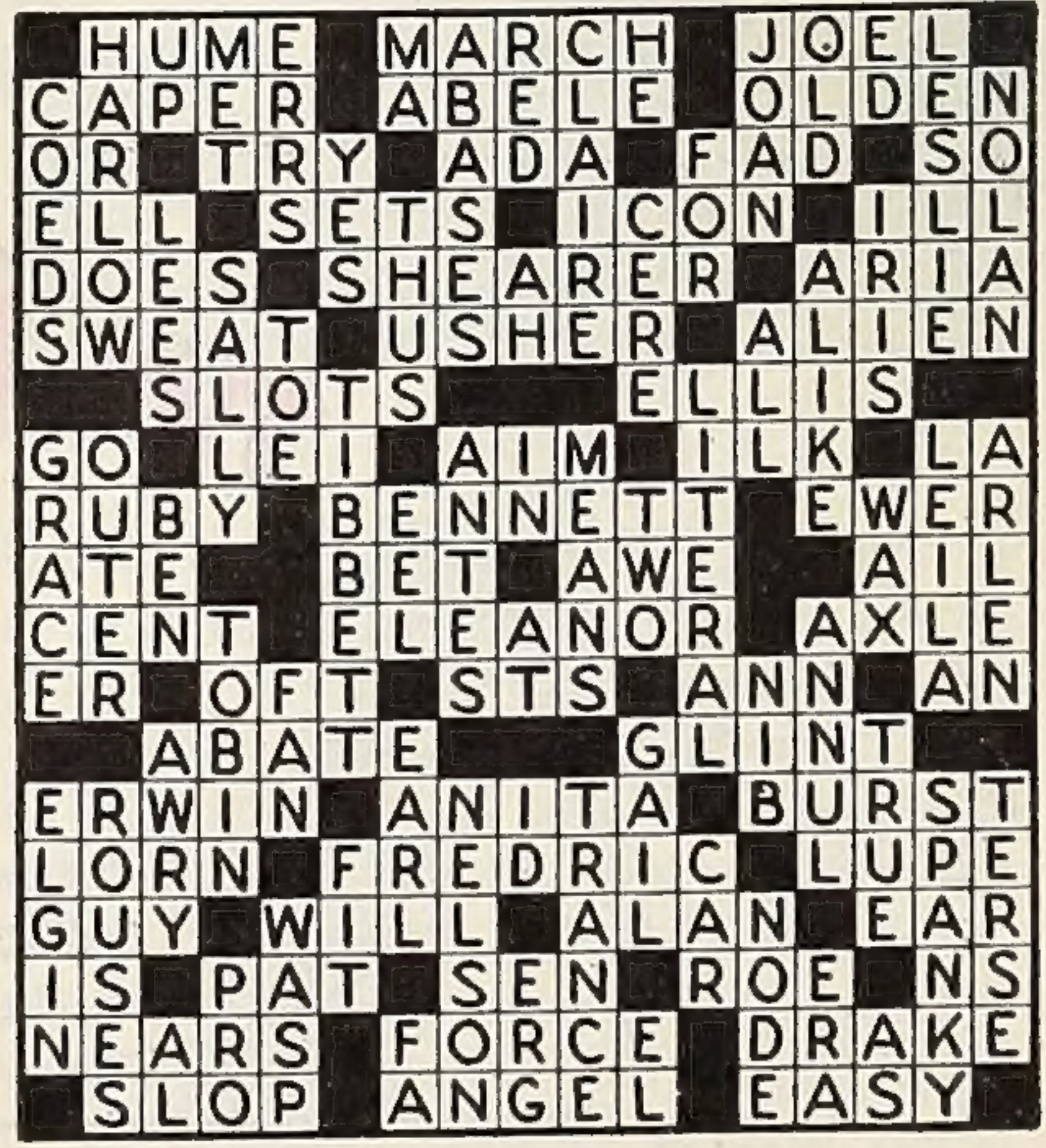
92. Featured actress in "Bright Lights"
94. England's enemy in "Cavalcade" war sequence
95. Era
96. Horse of a certain color
97. To make an edging
98. Rustic poems
99. This shines on the stars in Hollywood

DOWN

1. Her new film is "Small Town Girl"
2. A star hates to get this way
3. First name of 17 across
4. Loosened soil with a tool
5. Star of "Let 'Em Have It"
6. Narrow inlet
7. Deceased star famous for horror make-ups
8. Ancient
9. Her new one is "Klondike Lou"
10. You've laughed at her often with Charles Ruggles
11. Thelma Todd's last hostess
12. Mrs. Irving Thalberg
13. Sleeveless wrap
16. Destroy
17. Boy
20. Final scene in a movie
23. Possessive pronoun
25. Bond
28. Wing of a house
30. A number
31. Wise bird
33. To allow
35. Bends over
37. She had her "Hands Across the Table"
38. Crooning star of "Anything Goes"
39. Range or scope
40. The way the villain looks at the heroine
42. Leading man, any picture
43. Shaded walk
45. One time only
46. Hero of "Honey-moon Limited"
47. Co-star of "Rose Marie"
49. Part of to be
50. Behold!

52. One
53. Compass point (abbrev.)
60. Still
62. For what reason?
63. That slippery fish
64. "_____ Salute," (a movie)
66. Rich young man in "The Bride Comes Home"
67. Exist
70. Donkey
71. Snakes
72. Thick mist
73. Street urchin
74. Killer in "Show Them No Mercy"
75. Loaded, as a boat
76. New star, of "Captain Blood"
78. Hero in "One Way Ticket"
79. Ireland
80. Aye, aye, sir
83. Indian wigwam (variation)
85. Sums up
88. Meadow
90. Distorted (as face)
91. To trouble
93. Mae West's new role

Last Month's Puzzle



Look!—Ruby's got a new dancing partner! With Paul Draper, sensational Broadway importation, she does her dandiest dancing to date to the tune of Warren & Dubin's new hits, in this swell story which Alfred E. Green directed.

And what a comedy team this turns out to be! Yet Hugh and Louise are just part of a convulsing cast that includes Marie Wilson, Luis Alberni, Berton Churchill, and Olin Howard.

A DOZEN

GREAT STARS

Go 'Round and 'Round in

COLLEEN

THE PICTURE

OF THE

MONTH

Warner Bros.' Stunning New Musical Displays the Terpsichorean Talents of Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Jack Oakie, Paul Draper and—of All People!—Louise Fazenda and Hugh Herbert, While the Rhythm of Four Swell New Song Hits Comes Out Here . . .

Between love scenes with Ruby, Dick vocalizes "You Gotta Know How To Dance", "Summer Night" and "I Don't Have To Dream Again"

Everything's Oakie-Doakie when Jack and Joan "swing it" to the strains of "Boulevardier From The Bronx".

And just for good measure, 200 assorted Hollywood lovelies go to town in an up-to-the-second fashion show and other lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly!



TO CLEAR UP SKIN TROUBLES

*Try This Improved
Pasteurized Yeast
That's EASY TO EAT*

IN case after case, pimples, blotches, and other common skin troubles are caused by a sluggish system. That is why external treatments bring you so little lasting relief.

Thousands have found in Yeast Foam Tablets an easy way to correct skin blemishes caused by digestive sluggishness.

Science now knows that very often slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is brought on by insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer function properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons, accumulating in your system, cause ugly eruptions and bad color.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B complex needed to correct this condition. These tablets are pure yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. This improved yeast should strengthen and tone up your intestinal nerves and muscles. It should soon restore your eliminative system to healthy function.

With the true cause of your condition corrected, pimples and other common skin troubles disappear. And you *feel* better as well as *look* better.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets have a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And pasteurization makes them utterly safe for everyone to eat. *They cannot cause fermentation* and they contain nothing to put on fat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

Free!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. S.C.-4-36
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name

Address

City State

White Magic at Mayfair



One of the most interesting couples at the Mayfair Ball, Janet Gaynor and Gene Raymond, are joined by Anita Louise, left, and Marion Davies and Dolores Del Rio, right, for this group pose. Note all four of these ladies obeyed the edict to wear all white evening dress.

HOLLYWOOD'S recent Mayfair party was a dazzle of white—what with all the ladies, with but two exceptions, appearing in white, all white. That was Carole Lombard's idea, and as Carole had charge of the affair, the idea was carried out. The party also displayed signs of a new romance—Gable and Carole Lombard, who ran the show. Clark arrived with Louella Parsons, and sat across from his former wife, who studiously looked the other way.

Then he moved to Marion Davies' table, and when last seen, he was dancing with Carole, whose party he joined. Carole arrived with a contingent of young men, Robert Riskin being ill. She had Cesar Romero, Walter Lang, and sundry other young men at her table, as well as Bing and Dixie Crosby. Cesar drifted over to Virginia Bruce occasionally, and Clark drifted very definitely to Carole, so one assumes it all came out even.



David Niven, Merle Oberon, Norma Shearer, who declared her independence of the "all white" order by wearing a red gown, and Irving Thalberg.



Lydell Peck, Janet Gaynor's former husband, and Loretta Young, now fully recovered from her recent illness, attend the very swank party together.



Nobody said you couldn't wear eye-glasses at the party, but Harmon O. Nelson thought he'd check his, so his wife Bette Davis found room for them in her evening bag.

NORMA SHEARER and Mrs. Joe E. Brown were the only two who broke the Mayfair rule for white gowns this year. Norma defied the rather autocratic decision by wearing a brilliant red gown. Mrs. Joe E., who sensibly concluded that white is not too kind to the matron's figure, wore blue.

MORE interesting combinations at the Mayfair—Janet Gaynor with Gene Raymond, who danced a lot with Anita Louise, too. Lydell Peck, Janet's former husband, brought Loretta Young, who was one of the most gorgeous blondes present.

HENRY FONDA in tails and white tie and blushing like a school boy escorted the glamorous Jeanette MacDonald to the Mayfair, Hollywood's most social event in years, and danced and danced like mad. But even three orchids, Jeanette MacDonald, and a white tie couldn't make a sophisticate of Henry. As I heard one movie star murmur to another, "Henry Fonda is still playing 'The Farmer Takes a Wife.'"

All photographs of the Mayfair Ball by Bob Wallace.



A combination that had all Hollywood guessing! Jeanette MacDonald and Henry Fonda were companions at the Mayfair Ball. Did that cause talk!

CINDERELLA* tags these dresses

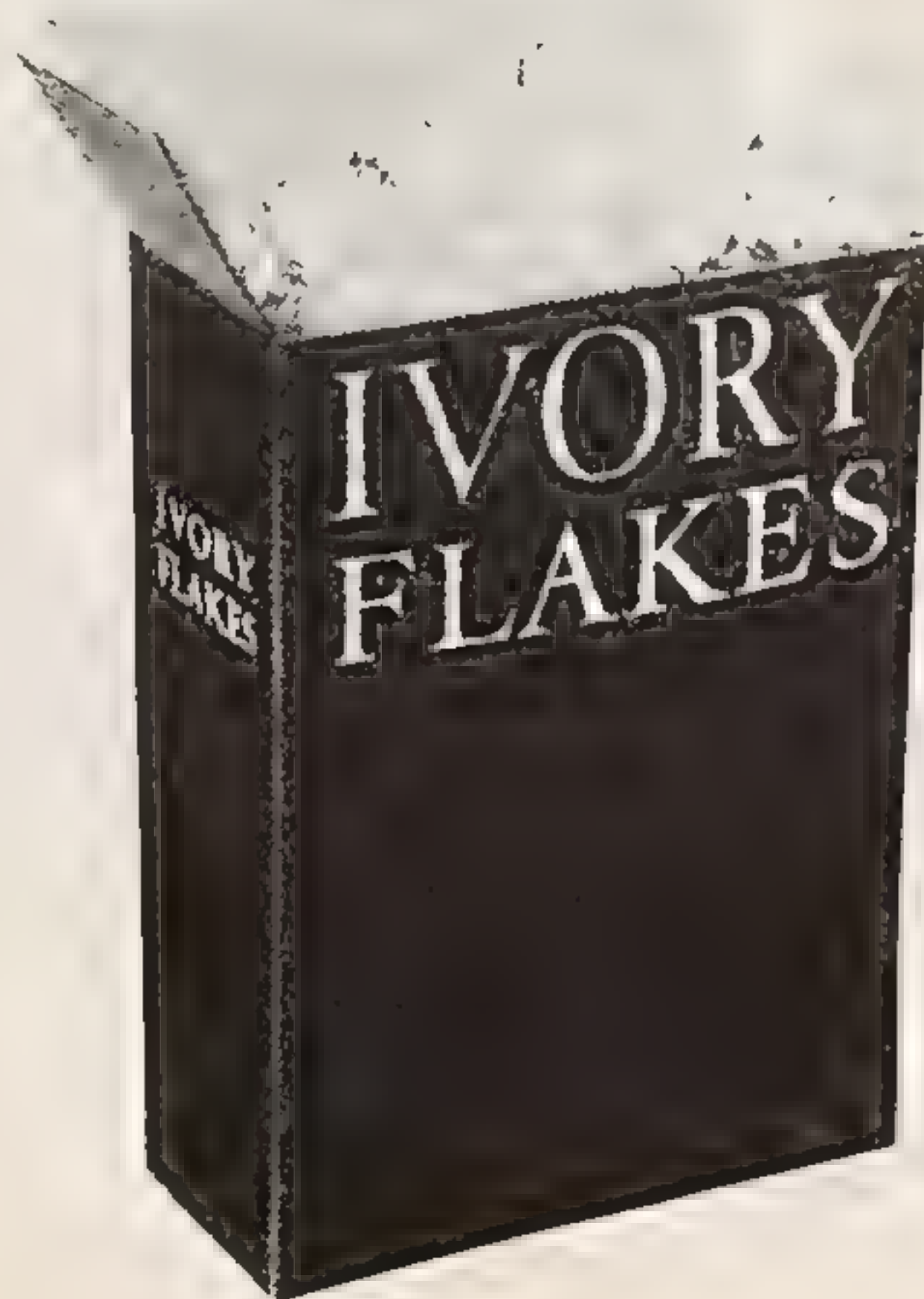


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* Makers of the famous Cinderella Frocks for children recommend that they be washed in Ivory Flakes. Exact washing directions are tagged on each dress.



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*The people lived together,
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*Half gargled;
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● A Doctor made this famous test—he proved that Pepsodent Antiseptic did reduce the number and duration of colds!

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Inside the Stars' Homes

Beautiful Bachelor Girl
Entertains! Gail Patrick
Divulges her Secret—
Recipes for Waffles!

By Betty Boone

I THINK I'd better discuss the kind of parties I'm planning, rather than the ones I've given in Hollywood," said Gail Patrick, as we opened the gate in her white picket fence and sauntered up the prim walk between the rose trees that marched two by two from gate to doorstep.

"You see, this is the first house I've ever owned, and I want to make it as hospitable and informal as my home in Alabama. As yet, it's just a promise—like the garden."

She smiled toward the newly planted, very neat flower beds that fringed the lawn. Already it boasts the rosy pink of Martha Washington geranium, the varied blues of plumbago, periwinkle and delphinium and the orange of lion's tail. Double nasturtium seeds are in and daffodils are putting forth light green spears.

"The parties I enjoyed most when I lived down south were the Sunday night parties," she went on, her dark eyes lighting up, "so I'm going to begin with one of those. Sometimes one girl would give a party, sometimes a group of us would give it together. The boys would devote the evening to what they called 'pop calls'—they'd go to first one party, then another,

until they had made the rounds. Sometimes as many as fifty boys would drop in at a girl's house during the evening. It was exciting. We used to try to outdo each other in the good things we'd have to eat.



The slim, Southern, and patrician Miss Patrick shares her pet recipes with you, with particular emphasis on new ways to make the popular waffle more exciting. The pictures show our bachelor girl as hostess at a waffle supper like those Gail learned to have in her native Alabama.

"I remember I used to favor waffle suppers, so I'm going to begin with one. I've brought my cook up from home with me—her name is Gilly, isn't that a nice name? Especially since her husband's name is Willy! He's here with us, too. Gilly has the sort of cooking genius that puts in a dash of this and two snips of that and maybe a cup of something else, flavoring by instinct, and measuring by the looks of the thing, until her masterpiece is ready; but we've figured out recipes that will turn out the same way."

This is Gilly's basic waffle recipe:

Sift 2 cups flour with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 teaspoons sugar. Add to these the well-beaten yolks of 3 eggs mixed with 2 cups milk; add 1 tablespoon melted butter and beat smooth. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites; place a tablespoon of the batter in each section of the waffle iron and bake until crisp and they will leave the iron clean.

The waffle iron should be hot. Never wash it; brush it clean with a stiff brush if any batter sticks to it.

By this time we were in the living-room, a beautifully proportioned room with white woodwork and knotty pine walls, chintz draperies in an odd combination of burgundy and old ivory, the same colors repeated in the upholstery of the furniture. The lamps are white and set on small tables just where an eager bookworm can get their light wherever he chooses to sit. Books fill low shelves within easy reach of a reader's hands. A deepset window looks out on the garden; double doors open onto a sunny patio at the other side.

"Ever taste gingerbread waffles?" Gail wanted to know. "They are awfully good. You can serve them with a scoop of ice cream on top, or with a preserve that's quite tart or fruity like damsons."

GINGERBREAD WAFFLES

Beat 3 eggs until light. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses, 1 cup sour cream. Beat together. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon each of ginger, soda, baking powder. Beat smooth. Stir in $\frac{1}{3}$ cup melted fat.

"You can vary your plain waffles by cutting up pieces of raw bacon and sprinkling grated cheese over the top when the batter is on the iron. I like cheese so I'm partial to that.

"You can chop up walnut meats or pecan meats and cook them right in with the batter, if you want something different.

"This sounds terrible, but it used to be one of the favorite dishes at a Sunday night supper: You cut your waffle in half, cover a half with strawberry preserves, put whipped cream on that, and then cover that with the other half of the waffle.

"I'm talking as if we hadn't a thought beyond waffles, but we used to serve southern fried chicken with them. You know, lots of gravy and the chicken meat fairly falling off the bones. But I'm going to have a new hot dish for my first Sunday supper. I got it from Tala Birell when we were both working on the 'Lone Wolf' set. It's called Chicken Paprikaas."

CHICKEN PAPRIKAAS

Select a good-sized chicken—a young hen—cut it into pieces smaller than quarters. Simmer onions in butter until they are very brown, then put chicken in with them and allow it to simmer on the open stove for 15 minutes. Do not add water, but cover the pot and bake for one hour. Then add salt, white pepper, and a generous amount of Hungarian paprika. Add cup water and a

(Continued on page 73)

From Heartache to HEART-THROBS



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kept love
from your lips?

Lips that look kissable...and *are* kissable must be satin smooth. Never rough! Yet some lipsticks seem to dry and parch!

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Come to a new world of beauty...with the new Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder!



SUB-DEB

LIPSTICK

50c

TAGGING the TALKIES

Continued from page 8

Next
Time
We
Love
Universal



Fine acting and direction make Margaret Sullivan's new film worth your while. Ursula Parrott's story has the usual superficial smoothness, but it is too talky and forced to be altogether convincing. However, the star and her new leading man, James Stewart from the stage, aided by Ray Milland, manage to hold your interest most of the time. Miss Sullivan is at her brilliant best in the rôle of a newspaper man's wife; her marital troubles, including assorted separations and reunions, form the plot. A little more direct action and less conversation would have solved the wife's problems and provided better entertainment. However, the star and James Stewart are splendid, so let us be thankful for that.

Music
Goes
'Round
Columbia



Using the popular song, and the excellent services of Harry Richman, Rochelle Hudson, Walter Connolly, and other favorites, this makes highly entertaining musical screen fare. Besides the title song there are tunes you will remember. The story is about a girl entertainer and her father, owner of a Mississippi showboat, who are taken to New York by a manager, Richman. Broad comedy and neo-dramatics well done.

The
Calling
of Dan
Matthews
Columbia



Richard Arlen as the crusading cleric of Harold Bell Wright's melodrama about the corruption of a small town and how a sincere and zealous young man fights it down. Dick does the best that could be done by this now somewhat dated character, and whatever of interest you find in this picture is due to the star and his hard-working supporting cast, including Mary Kornman and Douglas Dumbrille.

The
Seeing
Eye
Fox-
Educa-
tional



A short subject that rates a featured place on everybody's must-see list! It is the story in pictures and dialogue of how dogs perform a noble duty as guides for the sightless. The intelligence, efficiency, and particularly the devotion of these animals to those they serve, stir your imagination and touch your heart. Here, indeed, is a factual human-interest story that is far more stirring than most fiction. Don't miss it!

Tough
Guy
M-G-M



Jackie Cooper and Rin-Tin-Tin Jr., in a picture the kids will love, although the story strains the long arm of coincidence. The kid runs away because his father wants him to part with the dog. Both boy and dog get involved with a stick-up gang, and thereby hang thrills and action. Joseph Calleia gives another of his A-1 performances, and Jackie and his dog are grand. Simple stuff, but it gets you just the same.

Man-
Hunt
Warners



Marguerite Churchill, school-teacher, and Bill Gargan, reporter, decide nothing ever happens in their town, but just then a notorious criminal runs amok in the old village. There are chases, runs on the bank, and Chic Sale, a doddering ex-sheriff, who is determined to get in on things in spite of his hen-pecking wife, Maude Eburne. There is some excellent character comedy and good fast lines here.

Exclusive
Story
M-G-M



A thrill comedy that exposes the "numbers racket," and includes a ship burning at sea and other excitements among its chief features. Madge Evans' father is driven out of business by numbers racketeers, so Madge appeals to a crusading reporter, Stuart Erwin, for help. The heretofore spineless legal adviser of the paper, Franchot Tone, becomes the real hero. Dialogue is bright. While spotty, it's worth your time.

The
Oregon
Trail
Republic



A better-than-ordinary western which gives a lot of early history and lots of action. John Wayne is one of the pioneers who set out for the West. His father is murdered and he seeks revenge. Wagon trains, Indian warfare and plenty of gun-play hold your attention. Ann Rutherford is the settler's pretty daughter. There are two well-played comedy parts to add to the show. Good for a rousing evening.

Last
of the
Pagans
M-G-M



Continuing the cycle of South Sea native romances, with Mala and Lotus Long, whom you remember—don't you?—from "Eskimo," as the sweethearts whose love overcomes all opposition. Pictorially this is a very notable piece of work, but from the story angle it seems very repetitious of what has been told and told time and again—not always, it's true, with such natural beauty as a background. Just fair.

The
Leaven-
worth
Case
Republic



Murder melodrama that lets us in on how the villain does his dirty work but manages to hold interest anyway as we watch the modern *Sherlock Holmes*, played by the personable Norman Foster, bring the culprit into the clutches of the law. Donald Cook, the sinister doctor who rids this world of a rich man in order to marry his widow, with the aid of a trained monkey; Warren Hymer, and the others are good.

Dan-
gerous
Waters
Universal



Jack Holt plays a gallant seaman who averts panic when a passenger ship catches fire, thus winning a captainship, and proving he deserves the reward by bringing a ship to port after an unruly crew tries to scuttle it. Red-blooded stuff played to the hilt by the star, Grace Bradley as an adventurous wife, Robert Armstrong, Charlie Murray, and Willard Robertson. Good, especially for Jack Holt fans.

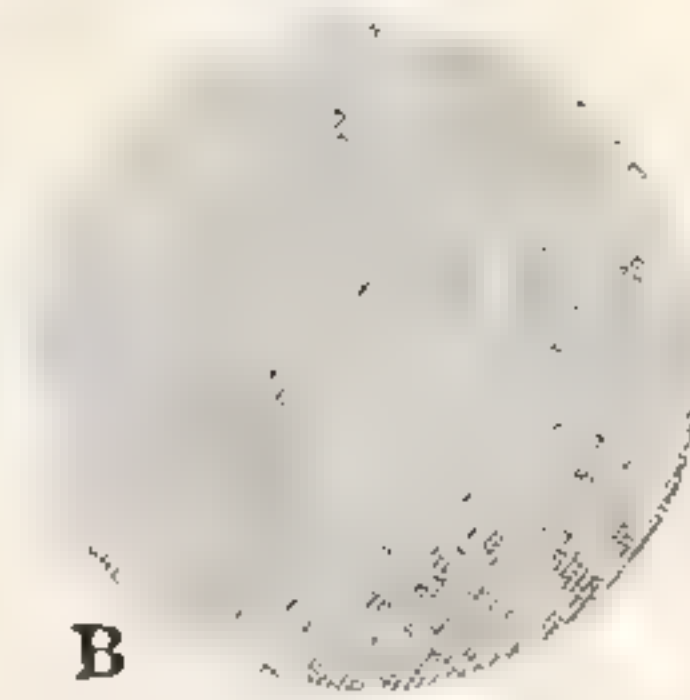
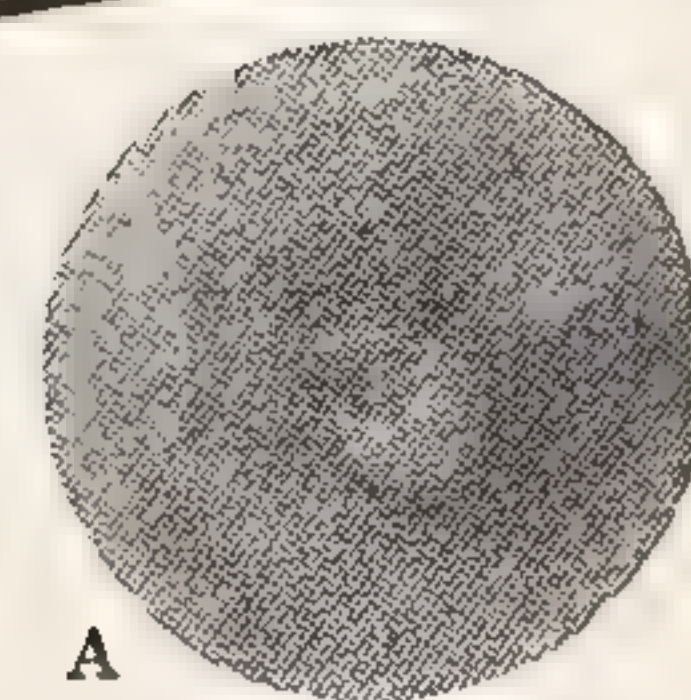
Scientific Ingredient keeps these two Beauty Creams



Germ-Free



WHAT CAUSES BLEMISHES? A blemish on the skin may be caused by impurities in the blood. No external treatment can prevent blemishes of this type. Many blemishes, however, occur from a surface bacterial infection...when germs invade some tiny crack in the skin. Try to avoid this danger by using beauty creams that are germ-free...and stay germ-free to the very last.



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When a tiny break occurs in the skin, as from chapping or dryness, the skin's defense against germs from the outside is weakened. If germs get under the skin a bacterial infection, or germ-caused blemish, may result, as shown in the photomicrograph labelled "A".

Picture "B" is a section of clear, unblemished skin magnified many times. Germs are constantly present, even on a lovely complexion. Woodbury's Germ-free Beauty Creams, which remain germ-free as long as they last, help to guard the skin against the attack of germs, thus greatly reducing the chances of blemish.

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John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6364 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario. Please send me free (except for mailing costs) "Loveliness Kit" containing generous tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, six packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder, and a guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. I enclose 10c to cover packing and postage.

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Flowers in Your Hair

Hollywood
beauties set
new styles in
floral decora-
tions for hair

By
Elin Neil



Little white gardenias add beauty to Jean Parker's luxuriant locks.

FRESH flowers in her shining dark tresses help Jean Parker remember her beloved "outdoors," even when she's dancing to soft music! Jean is the lithe, vibrant kind that seems to bring the sunshine in with her whenever she enters a room. She spends all the time she can steal away from her work out in the open—swimming, riding, playing tennis or hockey. Her ambition, I'm told, is to play "Peter Pan." I warn you, when you see Jean in "The Ghost Goes West"—you'll be letting yourself in for a case of Spring Fever!

Another devotee to the vogue for flowers in one's hair is Joan Blondell. In "Colleen" she wears a wreath of gardenias across the front to intensify the soft sheen of her blonde hair. Fluffed bangs and sculptured curls piled high at the back of her head make Joan a real treat to the eyes. Incidentally, Joan can take all the credit for her glorious hair because she washes it in kerosene, (a trick the French have used for years), and shampoos and dresses it herself. She doesn't like to wear a hat because she thinks it's good for her hair to get an "airing" as often as possible.

Pretty Mary Carlisle, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer featured player, likes real flowers in her hair, too. She wears two white gardenias, for formal occasions, piquantly arranged at the front of her hair, aslant and rather high above one ear. Mary says they help keep her hair in place while she's dancing.

Débutantes, like the young Hollywood set, are giving

gardenias a big play for formal wear in their hair. So far as I can see, there's no end in sight yet for the gardenia rage, which started with a deluge of perfumes and eau de Colognes with the scent of the demure yet sophisticated little white flower. Orange blossoms may give them some competition, though, judging from the enthusiasm with which that fragrance was received at this year's Florida National Exhibit in New York City. Soon brides may not be the only ones to wear orange blossoms in their hair!

Then there are orchids—and what a variety of ways they are being used to lend allure and expensive-looking smartness to the hair! Amabilis, the little bell-shaped white spray orchids, are being worn just as they grow on the stem. One smart hair decoration consists of a spray of six white orchids running in a straight line from the top of the head down behind one ear.

Three of the ordinary lavender orchids, the smaller type, are worn on a velvet ribbon tied around the head. They are grouped at the top like the "Prince of Wales" feather head-dress worn at English Court functions. The ribbon may be green to match the stems or it may be a shade that picks up the accessory color of the costume.

Those little yellow "Butterfly" orchids are worn in a cluster at the back of the head, just behind one ear. Wreaths or bandeaux of small spray orchids are worn across the front of the head, an inch or two above the hair-line.

(Continued on page 96)



"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"

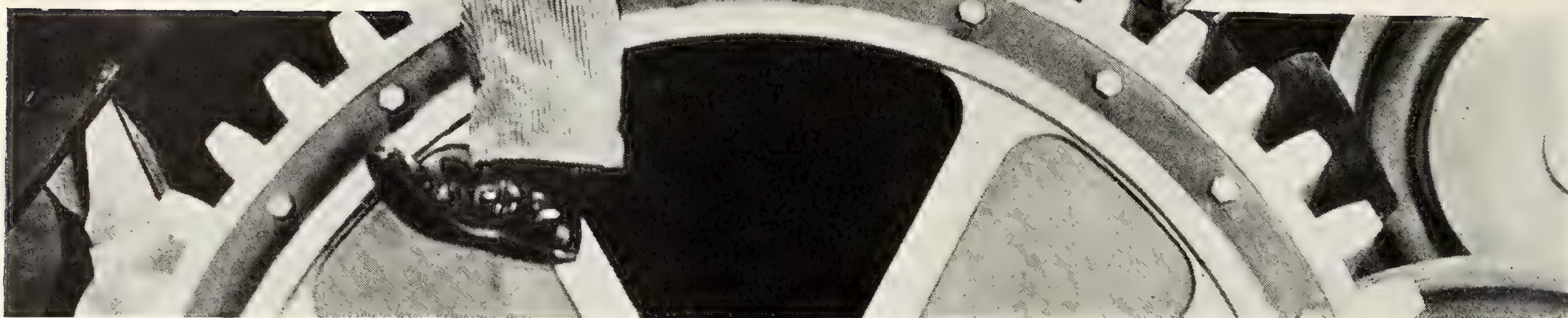
A new treat awaits movie fans, judging from Hollywood reports about Paramount's "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Sylvia Sidney, Fred MacMurray and Henry Fonda have the star roles supported by Fred Stone, Nigel Bruce, Robert Barret, Fuzzy Knight and Little Spanky McFarland. Henry Hathaway, brilliant

* Technicolor process

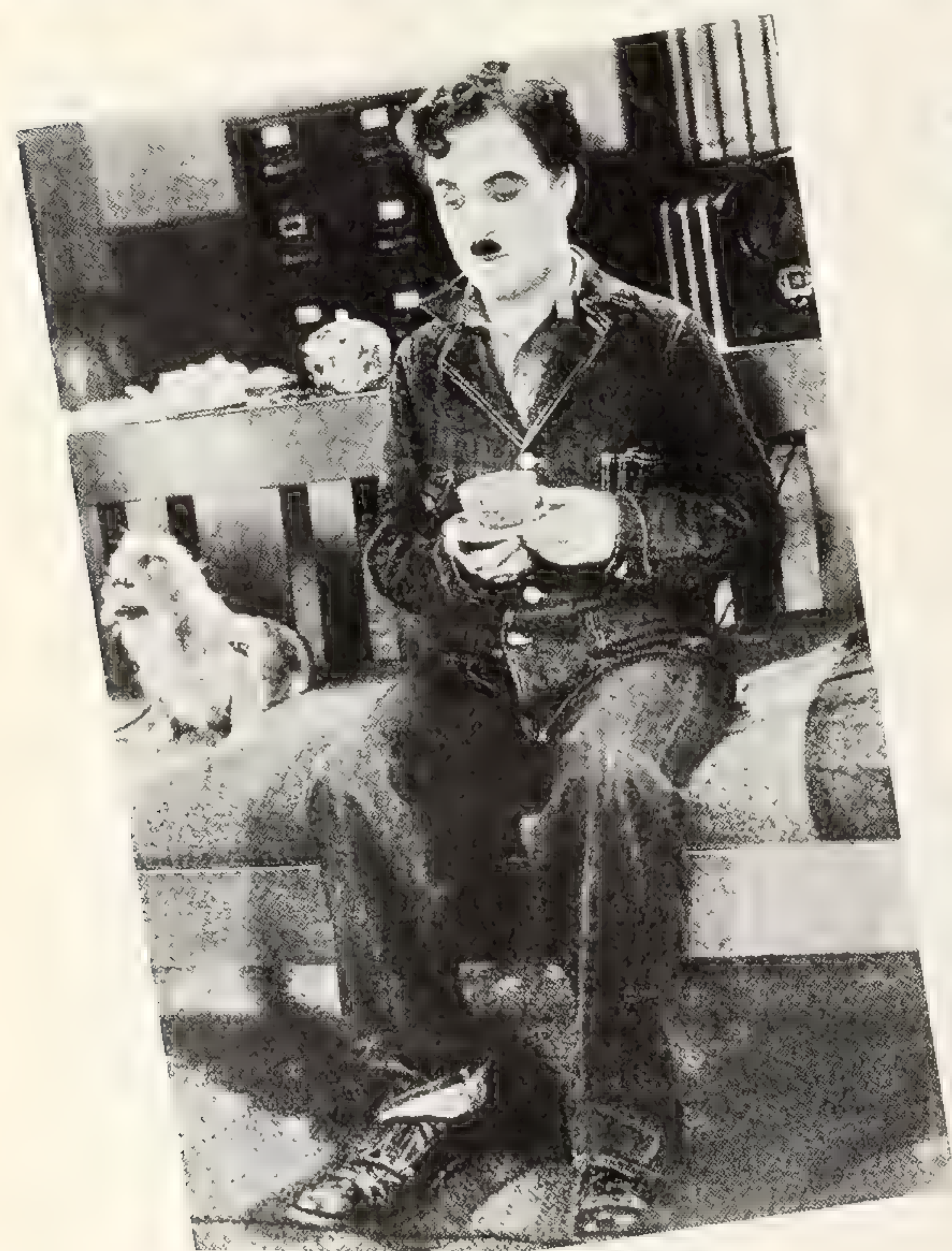
director of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," has the directorial assignment. Walter Wanger produces. Most interesting, is the fact that "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" is the first full-length outdoor romantic drama to be produced in natural color*. Those who have seen it say the scenes are breath-taking in their beauty.

Cheers for Charlie!
His new picture,
"Modern Times," is
a triumph for Char-
lot the clown and
Chaplin the thinker

Charlie, the one and
only, comes back
even funnier than
ever, and earns our
highest tribute, this
award of honor



SCREENLAND Honor Page



Charles Chaplin in "Modern Times" tells it all! Chaplin has progressed in his art and imagination. Still the same beloved character in over-sized shoes and diminutive moustache, he projects himself into the midst of hectic modern life, with hilarious and incredible results. The same Charlie—and yet not quite the same; for the artist Chaplin here surpasses the clown, without ever sacrificing entertainment values. Only Chaplin could do it! In Paulette Goddard, pictured here with Charlie, the great comedian has found his ideal foil, a vivid creature with ardor and imagination to match his own. Once more, cheers for Charlie Chaplin!



The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Bing Crosby



The "Old" Bing Crosby.



The "New" Bing Crosby.

DEAR BING:

Where did you get that bee-stung lip? When I saw "Anything Goes" I couldn't believe my eyes. The voice was the same, but I couldn't place the pout. Could this be Crosby? Or Chevalier, by some foul chance? The billing said "Bing Crosby." But there must have been some mistake. Bing Crosby didn't stick out his lower lip; he didn't look coy when he crooned; he didn't "act." Well, I said at first, if it isn't Chevalier back again! Then I listened some more. No accent. So it must be Crosby—perhaps the "New Crosby." You know—all Hollywood stars after a certain time in the spotlight, have to change their personalities. Who'll ever forget "The New Crawford"—no, not the last one; the one before that. And "The New Hepburn"—only she must have changed her mind at the last minute, because she still looks like the Old Hepburn to me. All right, so we have The New Bing. But I'm old-fashioned; I liked the first, original, and only Crosby. Boo-boo-bring back, oh bring back, etc.

Remember when you were our pet troubadour? Or will you have minnesinger? Our minnesingers are nice and fresh today. Anyway, you were a short-subject boy for Mack Sennett and SCREENLAND gave you your first interview and called you "Bing! Bang! Crosby" by way of prophecy that you were going to make a big noise in pictures. You were shy and boyish and naïve; you never seemed camera-or-

mike-conscious; you had that disarming air of deprecation about your voice that won people who would never have been won by your voice alone.

From short subjects to Paramount stardom was like nothing at all. You sang, better than ever; your careless charm created a Crosby cult; even your girl-fans' brothers and boy-friends liked you; and despite the fact you never learned to "act," you managed to turn in some pretty grand performances. Best of all, success never went to your head; if it went to your waistline a little, nobody minded, for it was all in keeping with the Crosby tradition of casualness. And now "Anything Goes." You sang *Sailor Beware*; the voice was boo-boo-beautiful, but you did lip-service to Chevalier. That spoiled it for me. What is there for you to pout about? Were you only cursing Khayyam? If so, think of something pleasant while singing. You don't want Crosby fans to close their eyes and just listen—they could stay home and listen to the radio or the records for that. Remember, television is just around the corner—where I hope it stays for quite a while. Meanwhile, "Anything Goes"—but does it?

Delight Evans



Fred MacMurray and Lillian Lamont, above, seem to be laughing at the idea that a new screen lover's chances are better if poor little Cupid is knocked out! Below, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, whose recent photographs keep romance rumors alive. Below on opposite page, Robert Taylor and Irene Hervey.

The FIGHT to Keep New Screen Lovers Unmarried

NOT since the days when Francis X. Bushman was kept busy denying a wife and four or five children, have the movies waged such a battle to keep screen lovers unmarried!

If Robert Taylor marries Irene Hervey . . . if Fred MacMurray marries Lillian Lamont . . . if Henry Fonda marries Shirley Ross . . . if Dick Powell and Joan Blondell elope . . . if Nelson Eddy gets serious about Anyone—(and any, and all may break out in matrimony at any minute)—it will be in direct defiance to the wishes of their respective studios, managerial advice, and the growing local suspicion that the most ardent mass adoration is falling to the non-married, rather than to the happily married professional lovers.

It's an old twist in a brand new guise.

For years, Hollywood hasn't particularly bothered itself one way or the other as to whether the newest lovers were married. Actors no longer fibbed about the little help-mate at home and the patter of little feet. It was considered old-fashioned publicity philosophy to dodge the marriage issue. And certainly some of the most fascinating gentlemen of the screen were benedicts.

Clark Gable was married to Rhea Gable and was the step-father of two grown children at the very time Miss America fastened onto his romantic shadow and hoisted him to the pinnacle of great lover interest.

After a slight flurry toward keeping Robert Montgomery's marriage in the background, the press agents finally gave up the attempt to conceal the pretty Mrs. Montgomery.

Freddy March's wife, Florence Eldridge, has been a prominent factor in his private life publicity from the beginning of his Hollywood career.

Gary Cooper went and got himself married to Sandra Shaw right at the height of his box-office flare.





Cruelty or common-sense? What's your verdict of the trend to "kayo" Kid Cupid?

By
Dorothy Manners



Bing Crosby had not only Dixie Lee Crosby, but Gary Evan Crosby and *twins* right in the face, you might say, of his fanatics!

Fred Astaire brought his bride with him to Hollywood; and John Boles and Warner Baxter have, apparently, been married all their lives!

The women of America, and points East and West, were supposedly used to the idea that even if they came to Hollywood and met The Dream Man he couldn't fall in love with them, anyway—without legal complications and delays.

And then along came 1935, the biggest banner year for bringing out new emotions since Clark Gable struck with one fell blow. After years of more or less "going along" on the outskirts of the family groups with the older established favorites, the girls were suddenly struck with Taylor-torridity, MacMurray-madness, Fonda fondness, Eddy-ecstasy; and to cap it all, what did the New Year bring but Clark Gable as a free man!

If Gable had driven them goofy as a married man, he proceeded to set his admirers stark, raving mad as a "free soul." Not since the torrid days of Valentino had any actor ever set the mad fan pace Clark did on his recent visit to New York when the story of his separation broke. Everywhere he went he was mobbed. Women lined the corridors of his hotel longing for a glimpse of the Great Lover—newly released! So intense were the demonstrations from the women of New York welcoming him back to bachelordom that Clark was forced to flee to the country, practically in hiding. For three solid days his name headlined newspapers throughout the country. Editors, evidently mistaking a separation for a final divorce, rumored his "romances" with Loretta Young, Elizabeth Allan, and Mary Taylor. In short, the girls discovered Gable all over again!

And not for one moment was this Gable demonstration, coupled with the advent of the Messrs. Fonda, Taylor, MacMurray and Eddy, lost on those cagey gentlemen of the Hollywood Front Offices whose business it is to keep a finger on the public pulse. From the moment of the sure success of the Bachelors, the fight was on to keep them that way.

Certainly no altar-bound romance has ever suffered more interruptions, set-backs, and just plain difficulties than that of Irene Hervey and Robert Taylor. It's on again, it's off again! Their engagement has been announced and denied and then indefinitely dated for sometime in the dim future, until now it is doubtful if even Bob and Irene know exactly what they are going to do.

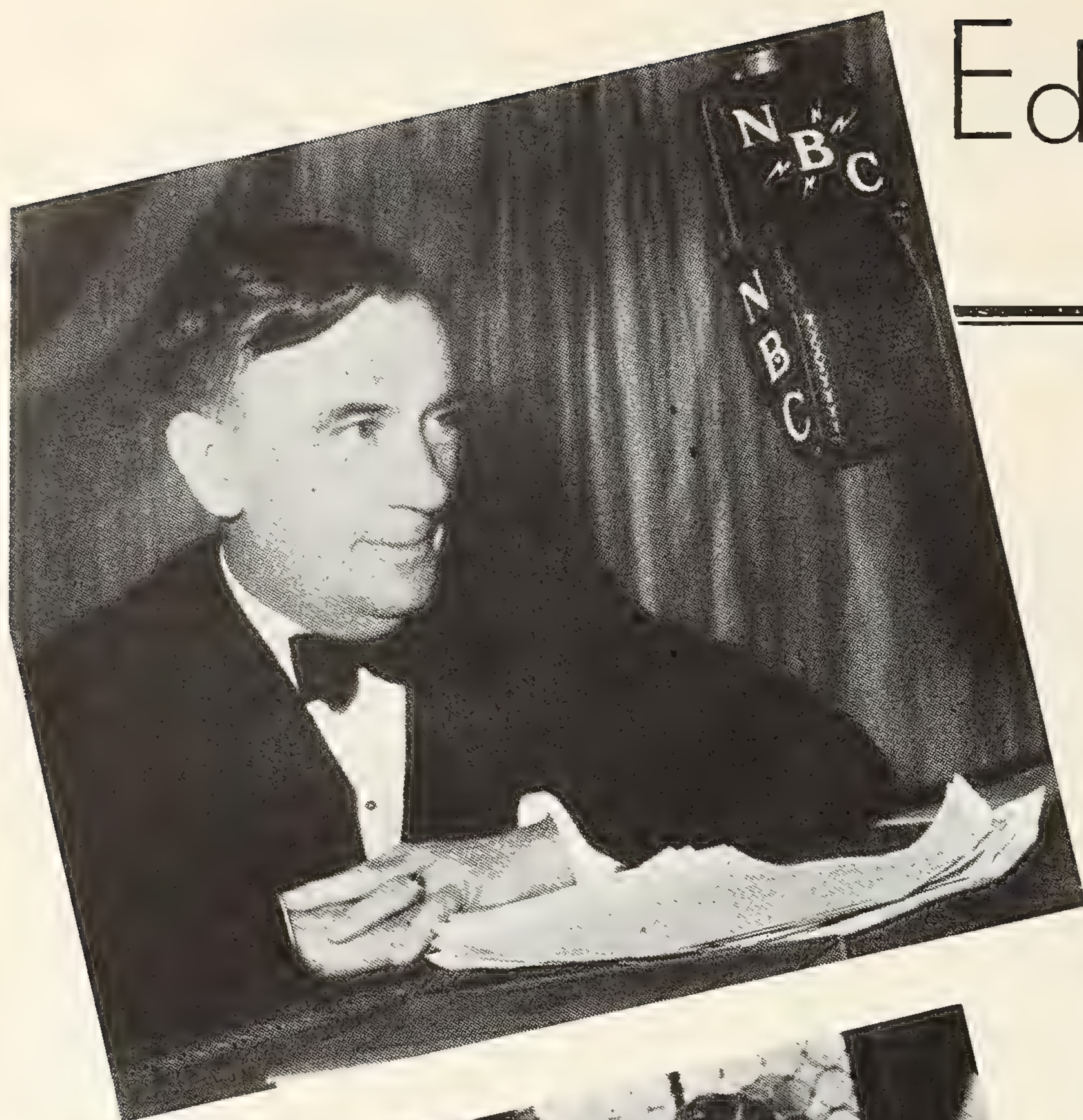
It is not secret that M-G-M, discoverer of the attractive Mr. Taylor, would like him to avoid matrimony for at least another year or two, though it is *not* true, (as previously rumored), that Bob was forced to sign a "no marriage" clause in his new contract before receiving a substantial salary rise.

If the kids were left alone no doubt their own good common sense would carry them through this difficult phase of Career *vs* Cupid. But the gossips and the chatter writers have mixed into this private life romance so completely that there are those who now say it may never materialize.

Every other day it may be printed for one and all to read, even those who run, that Mr. Taylor's romance with Irene is cold, that the lady is interested elsewhere, and that Bob is completely smitten with Jean Parker. Another column, the same day, may carry the news that Bob and Janet Gaynor are reading their love scene lines from their new co-starring film, "Small Town Girl," with real meaning. But in spite of the gossip fight to keep this particular bachelor unmarried, it was on Irene's slender wrist that Bob put that pretty diamond bracelet Christmas. The odds are two to one in this love story, and you can put your money either way: Love or a Career?

(Continued on page 83)

Edgar A. Guest



HOLLYWOOD

A strange, mad world of maids and men,
Chasing the will-o'-wisps of fame
Till time shall call them back again
Some simpler form of joy to claim.

They are so young who gather here
In search of glory and renown!
So fresh and lovely! that I fear
Time's careless step may crush them down.

Into this mart called Hollywood
They bring their little gifts to sell
And which are poor and which are good
Only the testing hour shall tell.

What disappointment, grief and pain
Shall come to them no man can say.
A thousand here must try in vain
Where only one shall find the way.

Edgar A. Guest



Edgar A. Guest, as a gracious gesture to his old friend, Charles Darnton, writes a poem about Hollywood, reproduced at the top of this page. You also see Mr. Guest broadcasting, top; with two Hollywood beauties, Valerie Hobson and Binnie Barnes, center; and chatting at Universal City with two young cinema hopefuls, Jean Rogers and Don Briggs.

AS a syndicated poet he is Edgar A. Guest. But as a circulating person he's just Eddie.

His twinkling blue eye, his crinkly smile, his hearty laugh as he throws back his thickly-thatched head, and his kindly face, a road map of pleasant human ways, tell you as much.

Youthful in spirit, Eddie Guest still is as incorrigibly the boy as when we were cub reporters together in Detroit. Since that distant time his uncommon gift has brought him fame and riches beyond the dreams of Mr. Rockefeller's bright new dimes. But his hat's the same size, and it's no fair-weather one.

For that matter, the trouble is to get him to talk at all about himself. To do this you have to wrestle with him and put your knee on his chest, and even then he wriggles out of it. Give him his own way and he'll tell you of the aged newspaper man who was told to come down to the office only on pay days for the rest of his life and of the blind man who felt the world had been lost to him only to find it brought back by the radio. Barrie might have written "Sentimental Eddie."

But when we foregathered in Hollywood, business was the order of the day and something had to be done about it. For here was the "home poet" planning to take his first plunge off Universal's springboard as a screen actor, eventually if not right now; so it was up to him to say what he thought of the movies in their relation to the home and the heart

Judges Hollywood

By
Charles Darnton

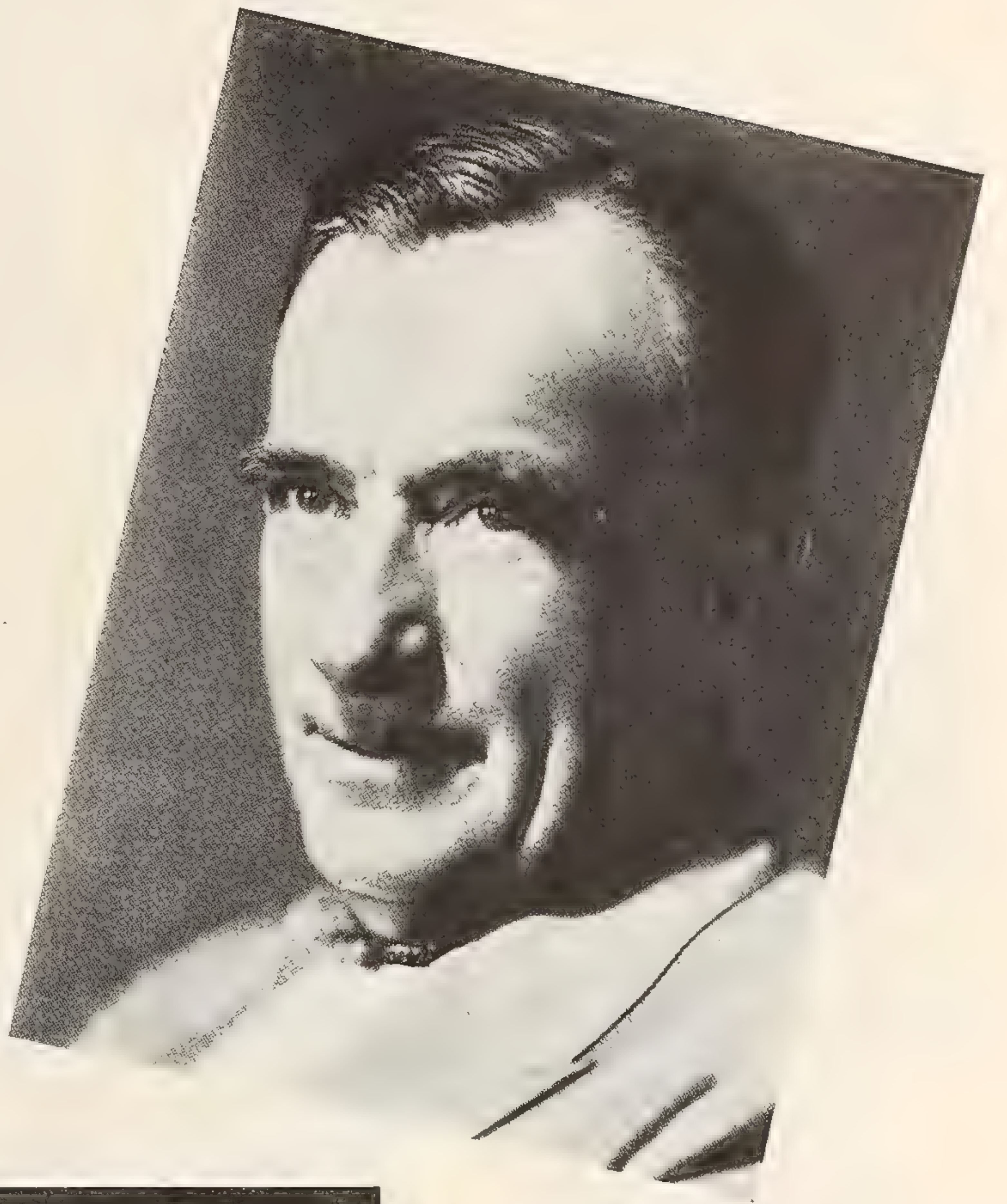
America's "home poet" gives SCREENLAND his exclusive impressions in verse and interview of America's most fabulous folks, the movie stars

of the family, their influence on individuals and society.

"Well," he considered, "take our family. At home Friday night is our picture night. We all go together—Janet, with school over; Eddie, if he happens to be around the house; Mrs. Guest, and myself. We're probably a fairly average lot—just a family. We like the better kind of picture. Janet is fond of musical films, but through the week she'll sneak off to a horror picture. Mrs. Guest leans toward the romantic type, not the ordinary love story but something with truth in it, and actors like Ronald Colman and Fredric March. Somehow even I haven't been able to kill the romance in her! The boy and I are strong for comedies and we love Bill Fields."

Now Janet, you must know, is a charming girl of thirteen; Edgar A. Guest, Jr., a strapping lad of twenty-three who has followed in his father's ink-prints as a *Detroit Free Press* reporter.

"We steer clear of sex pictures," pointed out the wary parent. "The movie theatre is the first place children want to go, so this makes it the most important thing outside the home. If the movies are a menace, then they are the chief menace to my thirteen-year-old daughter. It is said Hollywood producers are selling entertainment. They are actually selling something else. It may be poison, or it may be things that go into the making of fine men and women. Taking this as a fact, it not reduces, but increases, the responsibility of father and mother, if their children are to be rightly trained. I don't think children should, or can, be denied the movies, which are as much a part of their daily lives as roller-skating. But every care should be taken to see that they go to the right kind. You can't explain sex pictures to children. Nor is it good for them to go to crook plays, to be eye-witnesses to crime and ear-



America's popular poet-philosopher likes Hollywood, and he tells you why in this "scoop" feature. Above, a recent portrait of Edgar A. Guest. Left, arriving in Hollywood with Mrs. Guest and their daughter, Janet.



witnesses to talk belittling the rights of others. It may be considered smart, but it's the wrong kind of smartness. Another unfortunate thing is that not only actors but pictures are typed, running in cycles. Life doesn't go that way. But now that I've seen some of the difficulties under which pictures are produced I'm less inclined to be critical. I realize their producers do the best that could be done with the people and material available. Morally, pictures are not as good as they should be. But personally, mother and I do not fear this outside influence because we're always on the job."

This, coming from the man whose daily poems on the home are printed in no less than 175 newspapers, hit home.

"Pictures," he resumed, "still have a long way to go. For one thing, they're just beginning to learn the deftness (Continued on page 93)

In Shirley's Grand Prize, a lovely "best dress" is included in the outfit. Here's Shirley smiling over it!



Prizes to delight the heart of every little girl—and every grown-up who likes little girls. Right, Shirley wears one of her hair-ribbons, many of which are among the prizes. Below, Shirley's new "best hat," included in the Grand Prize outfit. See Shirley in her new swim-suit? Yes, it's included in our prizes.

Girls of all ages go in for beautiful undies! Left, below, Shirley shows you the pretty robe which is one of the prizes; and, directly below, the smart little slip included in the Grand Prize outfit.

Enter Shirley's Contest!

By popular demand, SCREENLAND presents the second Temple contest—new prizes!



The gay silk pajamas, below, and cozy bedroom slippers offered in the contest. Then the Shirley Temple Song Album, of which 40 are to be awarded.



IT'S practically all fun and no work, entering our new Shirley Temple contest. All you have to do is to answer a simple question in as few words as possible, not exceeding 100. The question is: "Do you prefer to see Shirley in musical movies such as 'Curly Top' or in straight dramatic pictures like 'The Littlest Rebel?'" That's all! No fancy art work or involved essays necessary; just a simple statement of preference and a clear, concise reason for your opinion, within the 100-word limit. Mothers, fathers, sis and brother—the whole family will enjoy Shirley's second SCREENLAND contest. The prizes are well worth winning. Read the rules on Page 87. Fill out coupon on opposite page and mail with your entry. Get busy; don't miss this!



PRIZES:

GRAND PRIZE: Complete Shirley Temple Outfit, consisting of coat, hat, dress, handbag, pair of shoes, 3 pair hose, dozen hair-ribbons, silk pajamas, silk panty and slip, bathing suit and sandals, bath-robe and bedroom slippers.

1st PRIZE: Large Doll Trunk, complete with clothes and Shirley Temple Doll.

2nd PRIZE: \$50.00 in Cash.

3rd PRIZE: Shirley Temple Outfit consisting of coat, hat, pair shoes, handbag and 1/2 dozen hair-ribbons.

4th PRIZE: 22-inch Shirley Temple Doll.

4—5th PRIZES: School Dresses with 3 pair hose and 1/2 dozen hair-ribbons.

2—6th PRIZES: 18-inch Shirley Temple Dolls.

5—7th PRIZES: Shirley Temple Hats.

5—8th PRIZES: Pajamas with Bedroom Slippers.

10—9th PRIZES: Bathing Suits with Sandals to match.

6—10th PRIZES: Slips with 3 hair-ribbons and 3 pairs socks.

8—11th PRIZES: Handbags.

6—12th PRIZES: Bedroom Slippers.

8—13th PRIZES: 1/2 dozen hair-ribbons.

6—14th PRIZES: 3 pairs socks.

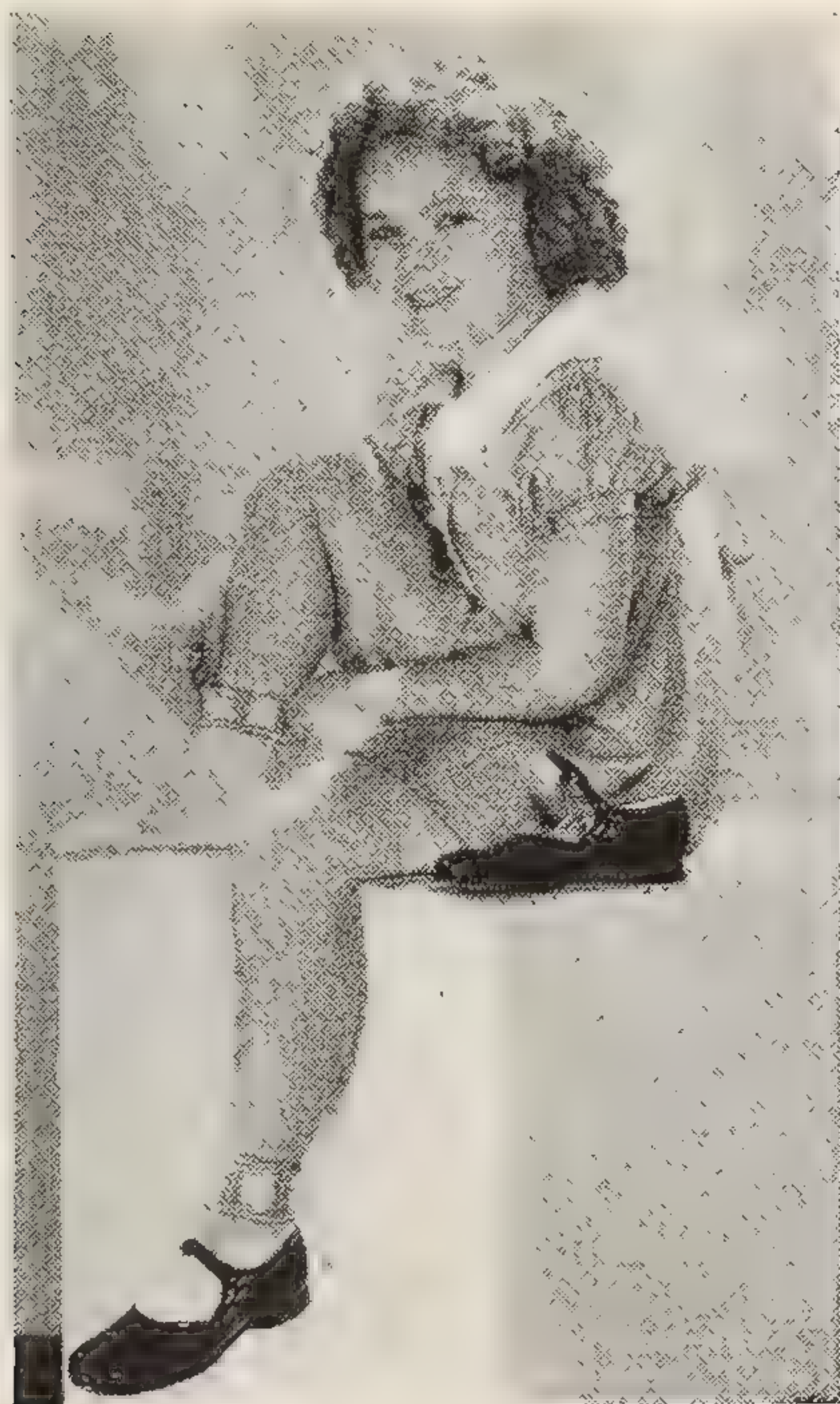
24—15th PRIZES: Shirley Temple Novelty Soap.

40—16th PRIZES: Shirley Temple Song Albums.

SCREENLAND wishes to express appreciation to the following manufacturers, for their co-operation in this Shirley Temple Contest:

Dolls and Doll Trunk: Courtesy Ideal Novelty and Toy Co.	Bedroom slippers and Bathing Sandals: The Restful Footwear Company.
Dresses: Rosenau Brothers.	Shoes: The Green Shoe Company.
Coats: H. and J. Block.	Handbags: Pyramid Leather Goods Company.
Hats: L. Lewis and Son.	Hosiery: Kramer Brothers.
Ribbons: The Ribbon Mills Corporation.	Soapy Theatre: Kerk Guild.
Pajamas, Slip, robe, and panty: Kaufman Brothers.	Song Album: Movietone Music Corporation.
Bathing Suits: Shawmut Mills. Forest Mills.	

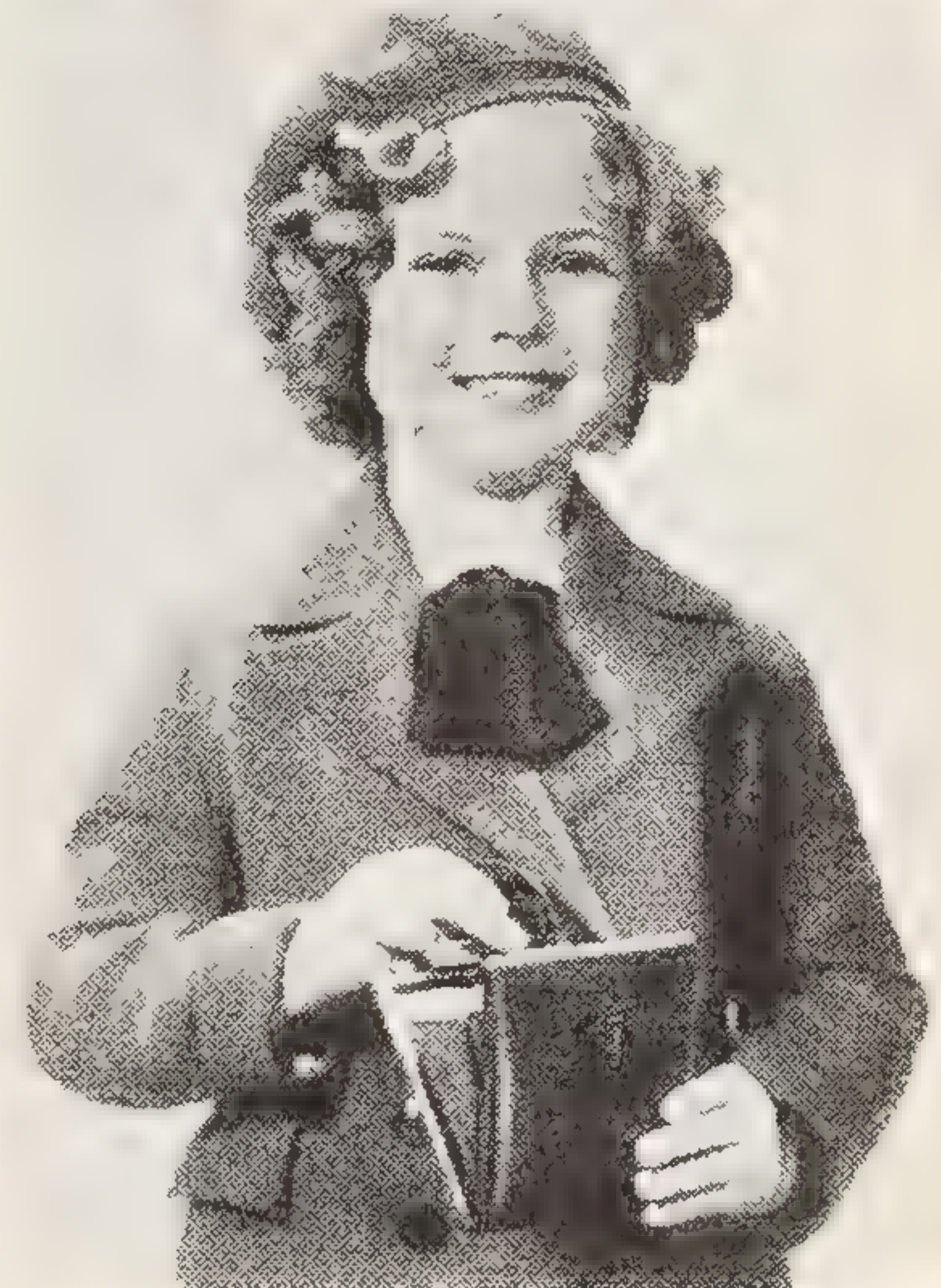
Be sure to read the rules on Page 87.



First Prize: large doll trunk, complete with clothes and doll! Shirley loves it.



More prizes! Shirley's dancing feet, above, are decorated by snappy shoes and socks. Right, above, Shirley's prize school dress. The Shirley Temple coat and handbag, right—just right for every little girl. Another style swim-suit, left, included in our prizes. The swim-suits have sandals to match. Then Shirley is shown, at far left, completing her smart ensemble with Shirley Temple socks and elegant new shoes. Socks and shoes are listed among the prizes as well as Shirley Temple Novelty soap, shown below at left.



I am entering the SCREENLAND Shirley Temple Contest, with my letter enclosed.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....



Ed Stone



Wide World

See 'em run at Santa Anita, center. Joe Brown with his racer, Barnsley, top. Bob Montgomery, and Fred Astaire, above, with Alfred G. Vanderbilt, left, and Joseph Schenck, right. Clark Gable, below, with Beverly Hills, "comedy horse."



The Horses Go

It's a "difference of opinion" that makes movie stars like the horse-races at Santa Anita. Come along!

HOLLYWOOD was never one to do things by halves, and Hollywood has gone simply mad over horses. Horses, horses, horses—that's all you ever hear from morn till night. I doubt very seriously if we'll be able to get any pictures done this month, for *la belle* movie queen is at the track yelling her lungs out for Sweet Man to get up there in front, and the sex-appeal sensation of the hour is much too busy trying to figure out what Faithful Maud will do in the fifth to give much mind to Faithful Marlene waiting at the studio to do her big love scene. All those smoldering eyes, which cause you to have to be carried out of the theatre swooning in ecstasy, are glued on horse-flesh now. Feminine pulchritude is the Forgotten Woman.

But fortunately for you, who just must have your Fred Astaire, your Clark Gable, and your Bing Crosby every Saturday night at the Bijou hot or cold, the Santa Anita racing season only lasts from December 25th until February 22nd—if it lasted any longer we'd just have to call off the movie industry. But it's certainly gay while it lasts. The horses go 'Round and 'Round, Yo-Ho. And so do you, Ho-Hum. At the Santa Anita track—which, by the way, is the most beautiful track in the world with its palm trees and mimosa and towering Sierras resplendent in shades of blue and mauve—you can find more screen stars mulling around than you can spot at a May-

Wide World



Bob Wallace

'Round and 'Round!

By
Elizabeth Wilson

Bing Crosby, below, with Khayyam. Above, Gene Raymond takes his mother and brother to the races. At top we see Dick Powell and Joan Blondell at Santa Anita.

fair dance or in a David Selznick picture. If there is any interviewing to be done and there is plenty of it to be done, thank goodness, you have to go down to the race-track to do it, and now I hope you thoroughly understand why I am so often found at Santa Anita, I just bet you do. Merely a matter of business, but whose business we won't say. But if only I had been on Loafer, (that dope), the other day when he unexpectedly came in a hundred to one shot, honey, you would have been spared all this. Anyway, my frequent interviewing trips to the track to see a man about a horse have caused me to become more or less an authority on the goings-on of the horsey crowd, and if you'll hold on for a couple of minutes I'll tell you how your favorite screen stars play the ponies, or how the ponies play them—(for suckers).

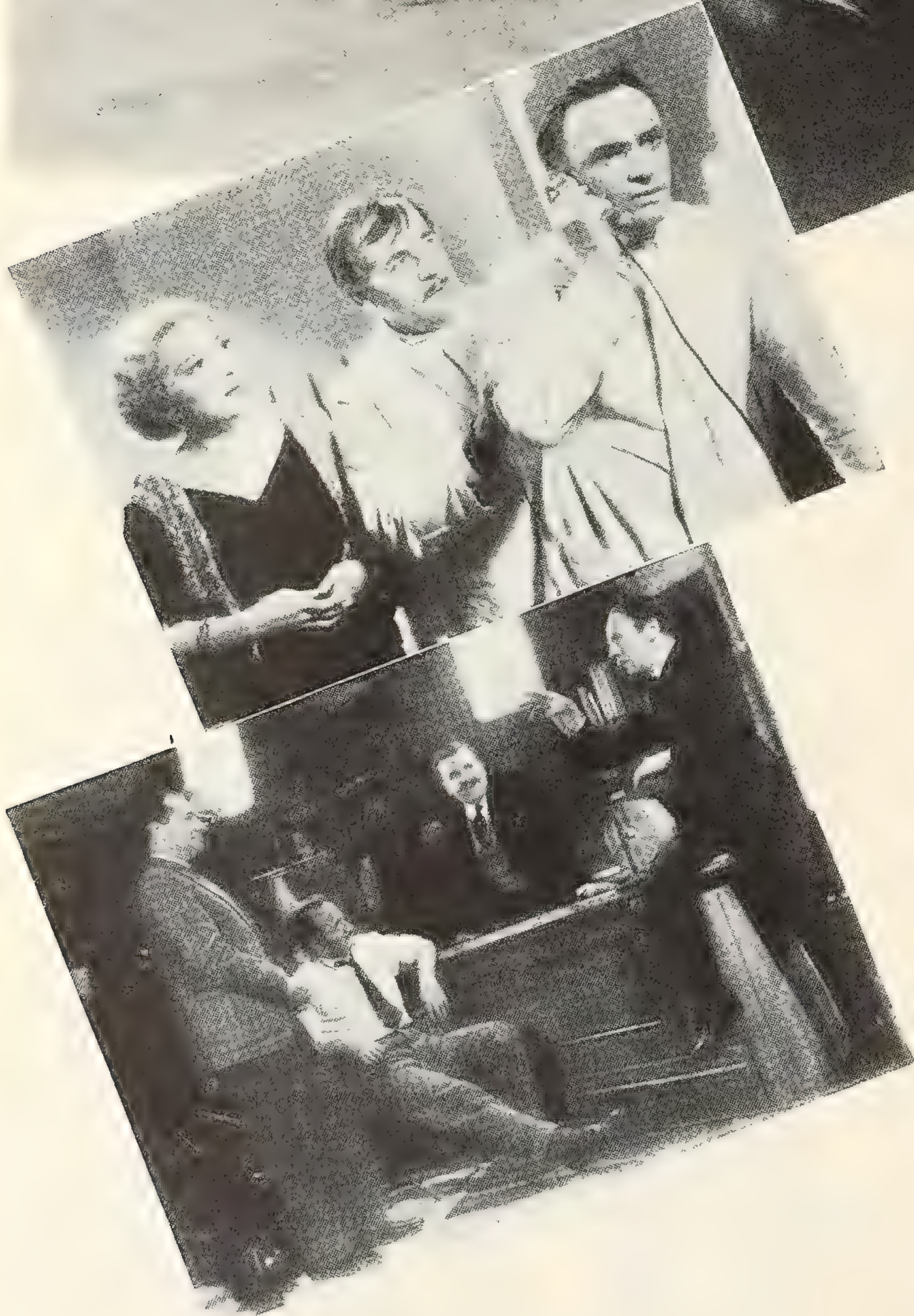
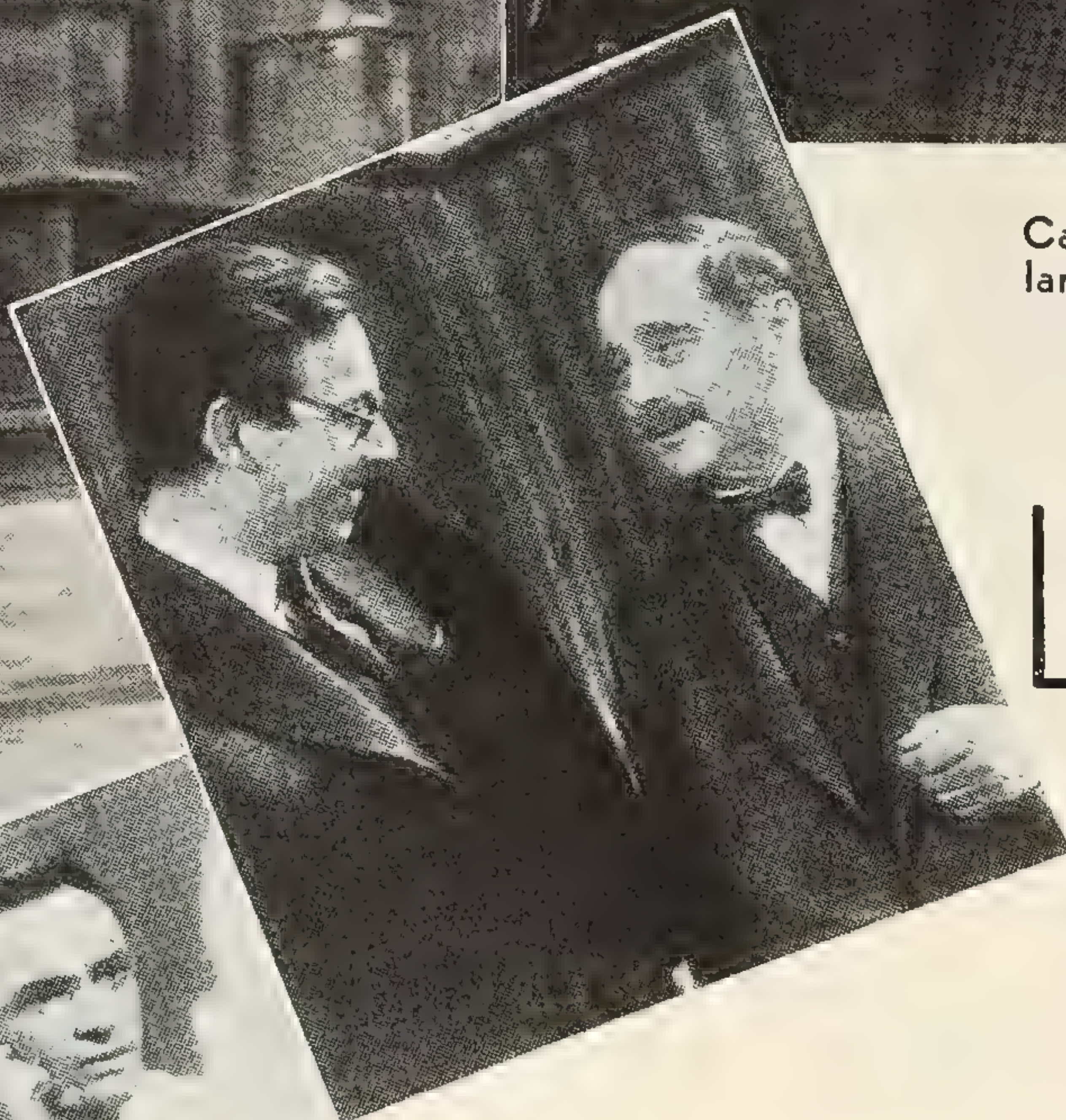
Bing Crosby, it seems, is the most horse-minded of the movie stars, though Fred Astaire runs him a close second. Bing's horses are all sons and daughters of thoroughbreds and the American Revolution, but they are either too young or too old or too indifferent to win a race, all of which irks Bing's family considerably as they naturally would like to have a winner occasionally and be able to stick out their tongues at the Whitneys and Vanderbilts who are always winning races, but Bing it irks not at all. "I think my horses are cute, and I'm fond of them, and I don't care whether I win or (Continued on page 74)





Wide World

Cary Grant, who was born in Bristol, England, besieged by autograph fiends on a visit to the old home town.



London's "Little Hollywood"

THOUGH I've never been to California I often spend a pleasant hour on Hollywood Boulevard! That's what we have rechristened the long lounge of a famous London hotel where from seven o'clock till eight you can see the screen stars scintillating, listen to the latest gossip from the studios, drink real Western passion-fruit cocktails and read the Los Angeles newspapers—only a fortnight old.

Outside is the damp grey atmosphere of a London evening, thickened by the rumbling omnibuses and the hurrying throngs. Here are warm golden lights and great bowls of rosy flowers and celebrities of the film world, both American and British, sitting in the shell-shaped chairs, relaxing after their day's work before they go on to dress for dinner.

Wherever you look you see a famous face. There's tall Cary Grant with his black hair and merry brown eyes and the chin that's attractively cleft. (Don't call it a dimple if you want the owner to count you among his friends!) His engaging smile flashes frequently, for Cary has just achieved his great ambition.

For the past four years he has been Hollywood's Leading Man No. 1, partnering all the lovely ladies—Hepburn, Dietrich, Mae West, Sylvia Sydney and the rest. Now he has just been promoted to stardom himself and Paramount have lent him to Garrett Klement in order to make his stellar debut over here in his native country. His coming film is called "The Amazing

What ho! Jean Parker sight-seeing, top. Then Alexander Korda and H. G. Wells. Next, Helen Vinson, Noah Beery, and Conrad Veidt. Directly above, seated, Hal Rosson, Hollywood cameraman once married to Jean Harlow, watches Roland Young in a scene.



Eugene Pallette from Hollywood sees the Tower of London escorted by pretty, English Patricia Hilliard.

You don't really know some of your picture pets until you've watched them work and play in England in this entertaining story

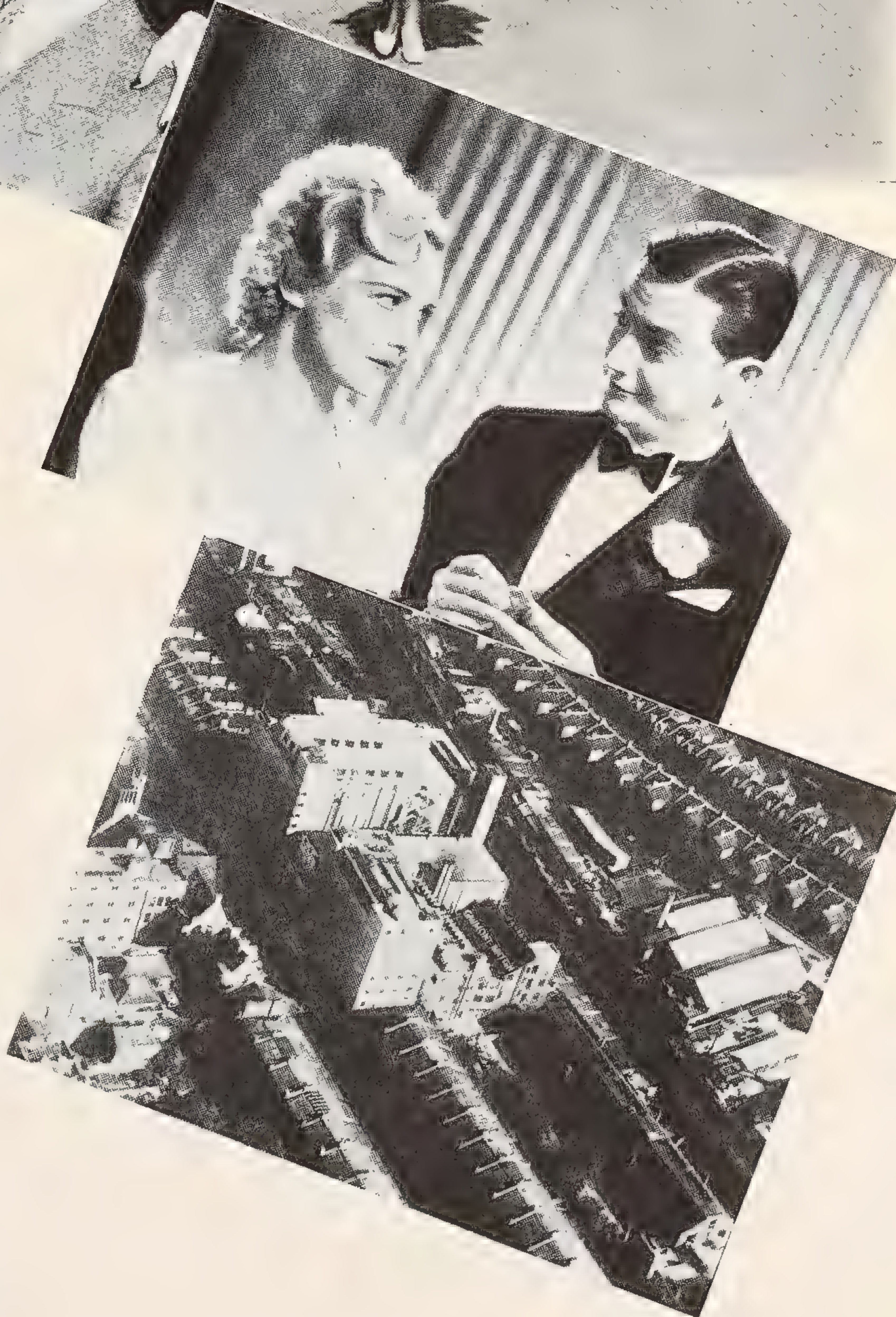
By
Hettie Grimstead

Quest" and he portrays *Ernest Bliss*, a wealthy philanthropist who makes a drunken wager that he will live entirely on his earnings for a year and then is held to his bargain.

So Cary is naturally on top of the world these days—but he hasn't lost his balance. He doesn't talk precociously about his ultimate purpose in cinematic art nor has he decided to forget the fact that he made his first public appearance with a troupe of knockabout vaudeville clowns. He just goes on working hard, eating his favourite roast beef for lunch nearly every day, playing badminton as often as he can, and buying new leashes and collars and badges for his little Sealyham terrier, Archibald, who is surely going to be the most fashionable dog in Hollywood next season.

Cary's leading lady in the new picture is Mary Brian, a very popular member of London's Little Hollywood with her gay laugh. She has adopted a new fern perfume, delicately suggesting the summer woods and harmonizing very well with the trim tailored suits in which she likes to dress daytimes.

Then there's Fay Wray, continually travelling between England and California to make one picture here and the next over there. She is usually wearing red, with lips and nails tinted to match. She says she regards filming in London as a vacation—English producers work so much more slowly and quietly than American ones. She often (Continued on page 88)



Airplane view, above, of Gaumont-British Studios at Shepherd's Bush, England. Then Madeleine Carroll with our own Robert Young in "Secret Agent." You'll recognize Ramon Novarro, now in London, in the close-up with his sister. Top, Jean Parker, still sight-seeing.



FOREVER YOURS

By Margaret E. Sangster

PART IV

KAREN read the news the next morning in her paper. She read, "Tom Kildare, bachelor . . ." She read, "Surprise wedding . . ." She read, "Mary Kennedy—not an actress . . ."

She absorbed the words slowly. She ran the fingers of her left hand through the waves of her burnished hair. Finally she said to her maid, "Get me Meester Kildare on the telephone."

But Mr. Kildare didn't answer. With a radiant bride, ("I've loved you for years," the girl had whispered), he was flying east. He was on the first leg of his round the world trip.

Within the next six months Karen learned—not by letter, never by letter—that Tom had broken the bank at Monte Carlo, and had been entertained by the Prince of Wales, and interviewed by that Viennese psychoanalyst. Subsequently she saw a photograph of him with his wife in front of the Opera Comique, in Paris, and on camel back in the shadow of a flock of pyramids. Eighteen months later she saw them pictured against a row of twisted Japanese cherry trees. Tom wore a comic-opera kimono and an expression of deep gloom. Four months from the cherry tree episode she read that the Kildares were en route to Africa, and much later she heard—in a round about way—that Mrs. Kildare had contracted a nasty brand of tropic flu.

There was one item, however, that she never read—she nor anybody else. No one knew that Tom Kildare had received word, when he and his slowly convalescing young wife arrived in Cape Town, that there had been a grim brokerage failure and that the gilt on his very formidable securities had become tinsel. Tom managed to keep that bit of information out of the papers—he had his pride!

When he and his wife sailed for the United States, extremely incognito, it was on a tramp steamer that smelled of cattle and

ILLUSTRATED
BY
GEORGIA WARREN

Tom felt strange, shy, in the agitated atmosphere of a Hollywood premiere. Karen smilingly addressed the microphone. "I return him to you as a great actor, I introduce Mr. Thomas Kildare," the star said with characteristic simplicity.

Turn to Page 80 for Synopsis of Preceding Instalments



Hollywood life depicted in a heart-stirring novel! Two famous stars face the realities of love in the land of glitter and make-believe

took God knows how long to make its way to New York, its home port.

The night they arrived in New York Karen Kent's latest super-super picture was opening a million dollar theatre. The name of the picture was one of life's little ironies. It was called "Undimmed."

Jobs are hard to find for comedians who have ceased to be a part of the industry. Studio heads turn so fast, and are chopped off so mercilessly, that the world seems peopled with new faces to a man who has been away for a matter of years.

Tom Kildare looked in on the eastern studios, and looked away again. He did a turn at small-time vaudeville—but his billing was bad and the public had fresh ideas. He made a few im-personal appearances at second-rate picture houses. And then an especially wicked winter came, and he bought a cheap second-hand car (Tom, who had once gone in for de luxe, special body jobs!) and he and his wife started west. The western climate, Tom thought, would be beneficial for Mary, who was still coughing—the aftermath of flu is hard to shake sometimes—and thinner than ever.

Mary was a courageous little thing; she'd kept her chin up at the time of her grave illness, and had actually laughed when the savings vanished, and had been sport enough to whisper, watching Tom's tense face at the opening of "Undimmed,"—"Karen's so lovely!" She was a courageous little thing—but even courage has its limitations. Somewhere beyond Albuquerque she looked at Tom with an expression of piteous apology and collapsed, and a doctor, hastily summoned, said: "You'll have to put her in a sanitarium, old man." When they were alone he added, "This sort of ailment is apt to move very fast, you know. Your wife should have ease and comfort and rest—"

The sanitarium took the last of Tom's money; and the situation took nearly the last of his grit! He had never loved his wife with the mad, passionate breathlessness that spells supreme joy, but he had felt toward her a supreme protectiveness. His voice was so cheery that it hurt on the day he left her at the sanitarium.

"Take it easy, lamb-pie," he said in parting, "while papa pushes on to a place where there are gates to crash."

Tom's wife had never whimpered. She didn't whimper now. She smiled and said:

"I'll be watching for your picture in the fan magazines. You'll do it all over again, dearest, when you get where there are real jobs. And when you've had a couple of breaks, will I—" she coughed violently—"will I be proud!"

So Tom pushed on in the (Continued on page 80)

Taking the of Movie

Some like 'em hot, some like 'em cold! Here's that new sidelight on Hollywood



Why not take the temperature of a movie set? Imagine the mercury climbing: first, Fred MacMurray and Carole Lombard; then William Powell and Myrna Loy—when Myrna plays a love scene, the mercury sizzles. But it takes Mae West, top, to shoot it up to a feverish 103!

ANYTHING can happen in the land of the lotus-eaters, and usually does, and I'd be awfully bored if it didn't. I thought when I had seen the costly programs at the premiere of "Midsummer Night's Dream" with the gold plaques of Reinhardt, the Warner Brothers, and Old Bill Shakespeare all as palsy-walsy as bugs in a rug; and the blow-out given by *Cleopatra* for *Antony* on Mr. DeMille's barge with the bed of rose petals and the gilded bull; and the horse that had its face lifted to give it a sweet expression for the screen; and the smartest restaurant in town where daily the cream of the wits dabble in Colbert sauce with the cream of society transformed into a barnyard with cows and pigs and chickens and privies for a movie star's party; and Mae West's bed with its white satin sheets and regal canopy with a huge mirror, and Junior, (her monkey), hanging from the priceless Valenciennes lace—well, I thought I had just about seen everything there was to see in this hectic town. And then one day I noticed a news item to the effect that movie stars are now taking thermometers to their sets. I must say that threw me for a bunch of laughs. Taking the temperature of a set—What next?

Well, maybe *not* so silly after all. You talk about taking the pulse of the nation, don't you, so why not take the temperature of a movie set? The idea fascinates me, so let's disguise ourselves as a couple of fan writers, (oh, pet, you must get that wave out of your hair and let it look as if it had been combed by a propeller), and go visit stages where the glamor girls are at work—for five thousand a week I'd work too.

Some like 'em hot, some like 'em cold—sets, I mean—but it seems that it is only Norma Shearer who actually gets the temperature she wants and she gets it because she really does have a thermometer on the set. Norma lives in an air-conditioned house by the sea; it isn't glass and she can throw all the stones she wants to; and she catches cold easily so she just takes along her little thermometer to see that the temperature on the set is the same as it is in her living-room. I am awfully glad that she does for there could be nothing worse than a *Juliet* with sniffles. Just imagine the famous balcony scene with *Juliet* going, "D'O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore d'art d'ou Romeo—Ker-chchch-chew!" That *would* be letting Shakespeare down.

So just be awfully glad that Norma has sense enough not to catch cold. (As soon as Joan Bennett reads this she'll dash right out and buy a thermometer for *her* set, for our little Joanie has one of the worst cold phobias in Hollywood. If someone sneezes on the far side of the dance floor at the Trocadero, Joan will immediately assume that she is taking cold and will start tanking up on aspirin and soda water.) It's going to be a lot of fun when all the stars start toting thermometers around to the sets, for imagine how interesting it'll be to watch the cute little mercury settle down to a dismal below-zero on a Garbo or Dietrich set, and then shoot up to a feverish hundred and three on a Harlow or West set.

Temperature Star Sets

By
Margaret Angus

After all, I don't have to tell you that a star controls a set, (the director likes to think he does, but he doesn't), and whatever her emotional temperature is, why, that's the barometric pressure of the set. When you get to be an old set-setter like me you can feel the atmosphere of the set the moment you plant your carcass in a studio chair, and you know quite definitely whether its star works at feverish pressure, whether she's one of your cool and collected beauties, or whether she manages somehow to strike the golden mean between the two.

Norma's set, even without the little thermometer to check up on things, would probably register a nice, normal, air-conditioned sixty. • Norma is a very nice person to have around; she never goes into temperamental outbursts; she never throws things at the director, or breaks a chair over her hairdresser's head. She conducts herself in a quiet lady-like manner, though you have a very definite feeling that Miss Shearer knows everything that's happening on the set and in Adrian's salon and in the "front office." She doesn't go in for gags and horseplay; she has never sent her director a big two-hundred-pound bear for a birthday present the way Carole Lombard did Norman Taurog; or invited unsuspecting people to sit down in an electrified chair as happened to yours truly with mortification on the "Diamond Lil" set—ah, no, Norma is there to make a picture, a good picture, and that's all she's interested in.

Of course Norma has her mad moments and irresponsible impulses when she can become as crazy as the best of them, (show me an actress who isn't slightly mad and I will show you an old frump), but she saves these insane moments for her family and friends. Between "takes" on the "Romeo and Juliet" set a three-piece orchestra plays classical music while she discusses Shakespeare with Leslie Howard, Professor Strunk and Director George Cukor—who, you may be quite sure, never calls Miss Shearer "Ella" the way he does Katy Hepburn. The entire atmosphere of the set is classical, with only one individualist disrupting the calm and dignity of the Bard, and that is John Barrymore who (Continued on page 86)



Clark Gable takes up ice-skating in self-defense when cast with two such sizzlers as Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy. Shiver with Dietrich; be cool and collected with Gary Cooper. Fair and warmer: Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard. Top: Carole Lombard with Cesar Romero—hmm, hot!



TORTURED

BY A NATION

FOR HIS ACT OF MERCY!

Tricked by fate into helping an assassin, an innocent man is torn from the woman he loves...shackled...condemned to a living death on a fever island where brutes are masters and sharks are guards!

THE STARK DRAMA
of "I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang"

THE MIGHTY POWER
of "Les Miserables"

THE PRISONER of SHARK ISLAND

Starring WARNER
BAXTER

with

GLORIA STUART
CLAUDE GILLINGWATER
ARTHUR BYRON
O. P. HEGGIE
HARRY CAREY

AND A CAST OF ONE THOUSAND

A **DARRYL F. ZANUCK**
20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer and Screen Play
by Nunnally Johnson

Based on the life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd

The True Story of a Nation's Hidden Shame





Clarence Sinclair Bull

Who'll Win Him?

Will the Wife-Type—Myrna Loy—or the Secretary-Type—Jean Harlow—woo Clark from his new freedom? We're watching!

The femme world is watching Gable with more interest than ever before. Now that he's free, and in his new film, "Wife versus Secretary," he is fought over by two such beauties as Jean and Myrna—well, where does Clark go from here? The pictures on this page show Gable's latest portrait, right; a scene with "Secretary" Harlow, below; the stellar trio, above; and an embrace with Myrna Loy, right above.





Elmer Fryer

Brunette In White!

Smart Kay Francis! She enhances her ivory-and-ebony beauty with this shimmery white satin gown. If Kay really scorns that "Best-Dressed" title, why, oh, why, does she dress like this?



Elmer Fryer

Joan Blondell, new version! Golden hair brushed back from a lovely brow; slim figure swathed in shadowy black chiffon; eyes alight with a new lure—Blondell begins to blaze in "Colleen."

Blonde In Black!

They Must Be

Prime examples of the current type of unspoiled beauty so popular today. Jean Parker, left, sun-bathing in her own back yard. Right, blonde Mary Carlisle. Lower right, Paula Stone. All devotees of outdoor exercise.



Cecilia Parker is at home on the branch of a tree as much as the most agile country girl. Irene Dunne, above, foremost among the wholesome types in films.



Wholesome!

Screen lovelies to be popular today must have that salubrious sparkle of freshness

Beauty that radiates good health and the sparkle of youthful enthusiasm accounts for much of the magnetic charm of Claudette Colbert, right. June Lang, extreme right, now playing in "Captain January" with Shirley Temple, typically the nice girl type now in demand for films. Below, Astrid Allwyn doesn't look too sophisticated even in a pose that suggests the worldly woman.



Sunshine gives that wholesome bloom to young screen beauties. See how Rita Cansino, right, and Gertrude Michael, left, below, cultivate health under Old Sol's beneficial rays.





Scotty Welbourne

Dick Powell is a good-natured guy, all in all. He'll let you beat him at tennis, or try to steal his scenes. BUT, if you want to stay friends with him, don't call him a crooner! Dick never will stand for that.

Smile When You



Eugene Robert Richee

Call 'Em "Crooners!"

Bing Crosby loves his wife and his kids, is no camera-hog, and goes out of his way to be good to dumb animals, especially horses. BUT, unless you want to start something, don't call him a crooner!

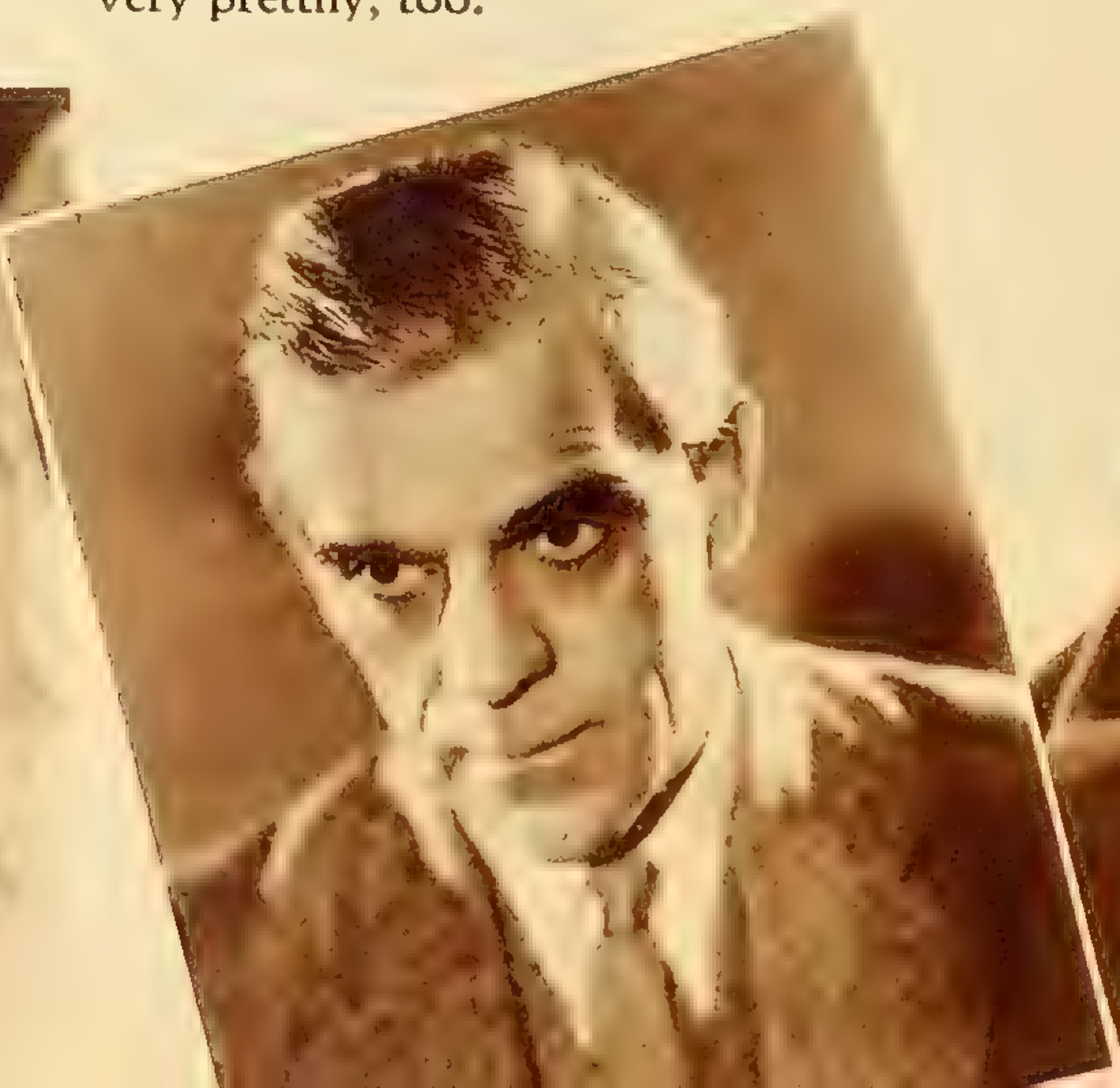
Up to Their Eyebrows

Charles Boyer's sophisticated eyebrows seem to express a Continental cynicism. Frederic March in two phases of "Anthony Adverse"—below and right—makes his eyebrows act for him. The cigar helps, too!



Jack Oakie needs only one eyebrow to put over a comedy scene—see below. The disappearing-eyebrow technique is demonstrated by Jack Haley, left, with Grace Bradley and Adrienne Marden. Lionel Barrymore's famous shaggy brows, aided and abetted by his scraggly moustache, next appear in "The Voice of Bugle Ann," touching dog story.

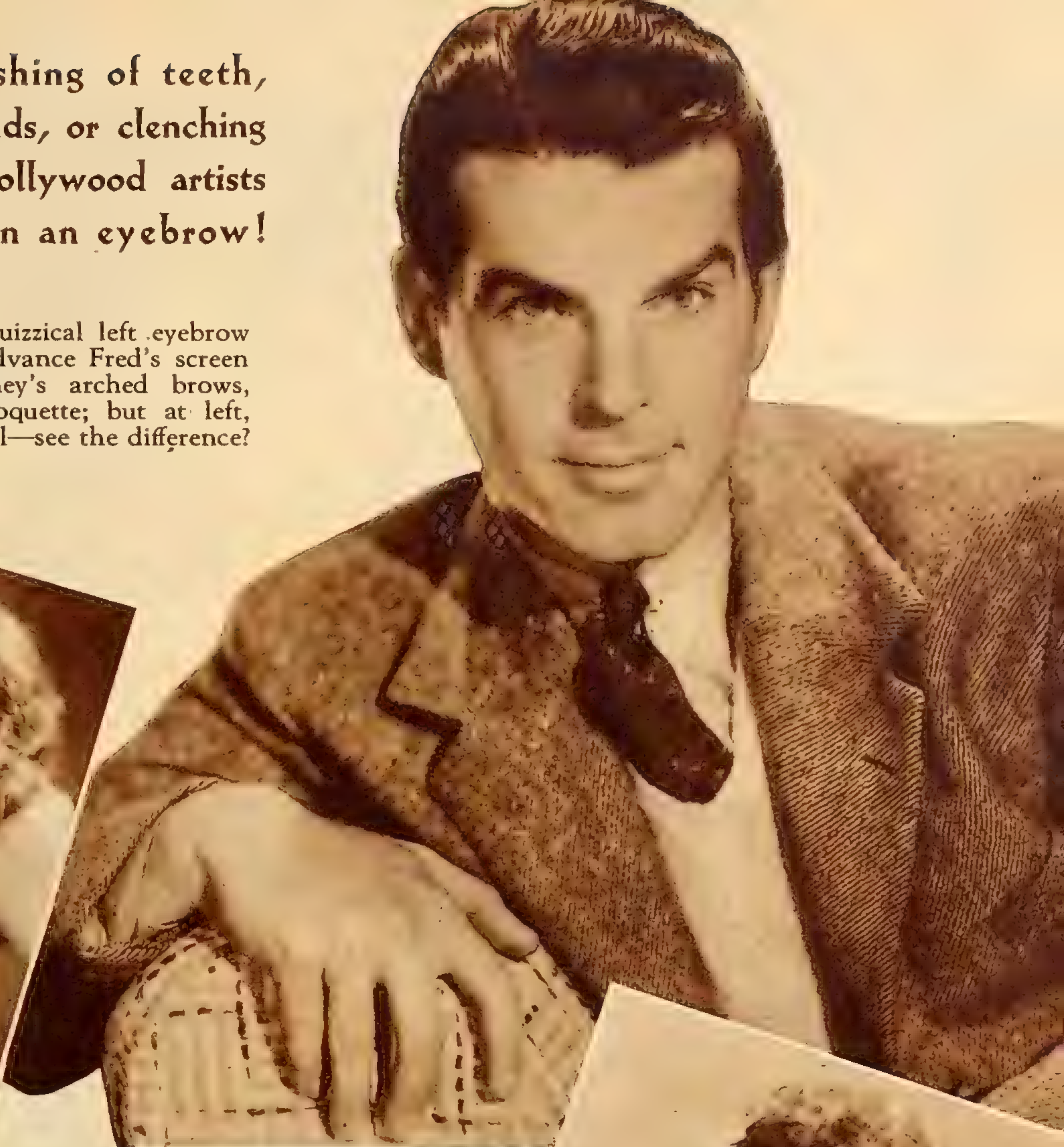
The forbidding eyebrows of Boris Karloff, right below, will scare you next in a merry little opus called "The Walking Dead." Gail Patrick, left below, registers fright, and very prettily, too.



in Art

No more gnashing of teeth, wringing of hands, or clenching of fists—our Hollywood artists express it all in an eyebrow!

Fred MacMurray's quizzical left eyebrow has done a lot to advance Fred's screen career. Sylvia Sidney's arched brows, below, betray the coquette; but at left, Sylvia goes thoughtful—see the difference?



Robert Taylor, below, has romantic eyebrows and makes them work. A study in terror—Frances Drake and Reginald Denny, right. Jane Withers in "Gentle Julia," extreme right, makes her unplucked eyebrows act overtime, to make up for her dog's total lack of 'em.



"Thank You, Jeeves"—and the inimitable Arthur Treacher, below, in the rôle of the P. G. Wodehouse valet, lifts an eyebrow in acknowledgment. Steffi Duna's eloquent eyebrows, left below, need no caption.





Well, will you look at the belligerents on this page! Jane Withers gives Jackie Searl a piece of her mind and muscle, left. "Wise guy, eh?" says Paul Kelly to Ralf Harolde, above. Better duck, Ralf. "When you call me that, smile!" growls Wallace Beery to Herbert Mundin in "A Message to Garcia," right, above. Dick Foran and Monte Blue, left, above, are whooping it up in "Treachery Rides the Range." Freddie Bartholomew, the new fierce "Little Lord Fauntleroy," gives Jackie Searl another beating—top, left. Jackie earns his salary these days. Can Henry Fonda take it! Consult the picture at top right—yes, Henry can take it. It's a fight scene in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

Wanna Fight?

What's that you said? Oh, I am, am I? You will, will you? So it's mutiny! All right, let's fight! Wow! Bam! Socko! Ouch! See our current scrappy cinemas for further details



Joan Bennett, above, looks daggers at Fred MacMurray in "13 Hours by Air." Will Fred accept the challenge? Warner Baxter, right, does NOT want to fight, but he may have to yet, in "The Prisoner of Shark Island."



"Peace at any price!" whimpers beautiful Gail Patrick—who turns out to be the most pictorial girl of the month in our opinion. If you think there's too much of Gail in this issue of SCREENLAND, blame the lovely gal's photographability. On the other hand, Sally Martin, the little spitfire just across on the opposite page, seems to be trying to start a scrap with Dickie Moore. The kids are together in "Timothy's Quest."



"Boy Meets Girl Boy Loses Girl Boy Gets Girl"



"Man meets Girls"—
lucky Bill Powell, above,
meets no less than three:
Luise Rainer, Myrna
Loy, and Virginia Bruce,
in "The Great Ziegfeld."
Fred meets Ginger again,
left, in "Follow the
Fleet." Warner Baxter,
right, gets his girl, Gloria
Stuart, so ho, for the
happy ending!



The so-called "Hollywood Formula" is taking a terrific kidding on the Broadway stage. Visiting movie stars hurry to see "Boy Meets Girl," a play by Bella and Samuel Spewack poking fun at Hollywood—for Hollywooders love nothing so much as a good laugh at their own expense. The comedy will certainly be filmed for you; but meanwhile, here are a few reminders that the old, old story is still being told, with new trimmings



"Boy meets girl"—for the first time! Dickie Moore and his real love, Virginia Weidler, above. Looks as if Gene Raymond, left above, is going to "lose girl" if Wendy Barrie has her way, in "Don't Bet On Love." The young man with the Valentino profile at left, is the new Boy, Robert Livingston. Irene Hervey is the Girl. Katherine DeMille and Kent Taylor, over there on the left, are lovers in "The Sky Parade." The pastoral scene below is from "Farmer in the Dell," with Jean Parker and Frank Albertson. Directly below, "Boy Gets Girl" once again—Eric Linden and Maureen O'Sullivan.





Dancing Dynamite

Ruby Keeler and Paul Draper go through the evolutions of a whirlwind routine, above, for the new picture, "Colleen."





New highs in rhythmic nip-ups!
Better look before you leap to
imitate these sensational steps



Whew! Our camera is just about able to follow the fleet feet of Fred Astaire, over there on the opposite page, and Ginger Rogers, his partner in terpsichorean trickery, here at the left, as they dance in "Follow the Fleet."



Malcolm Bulloch

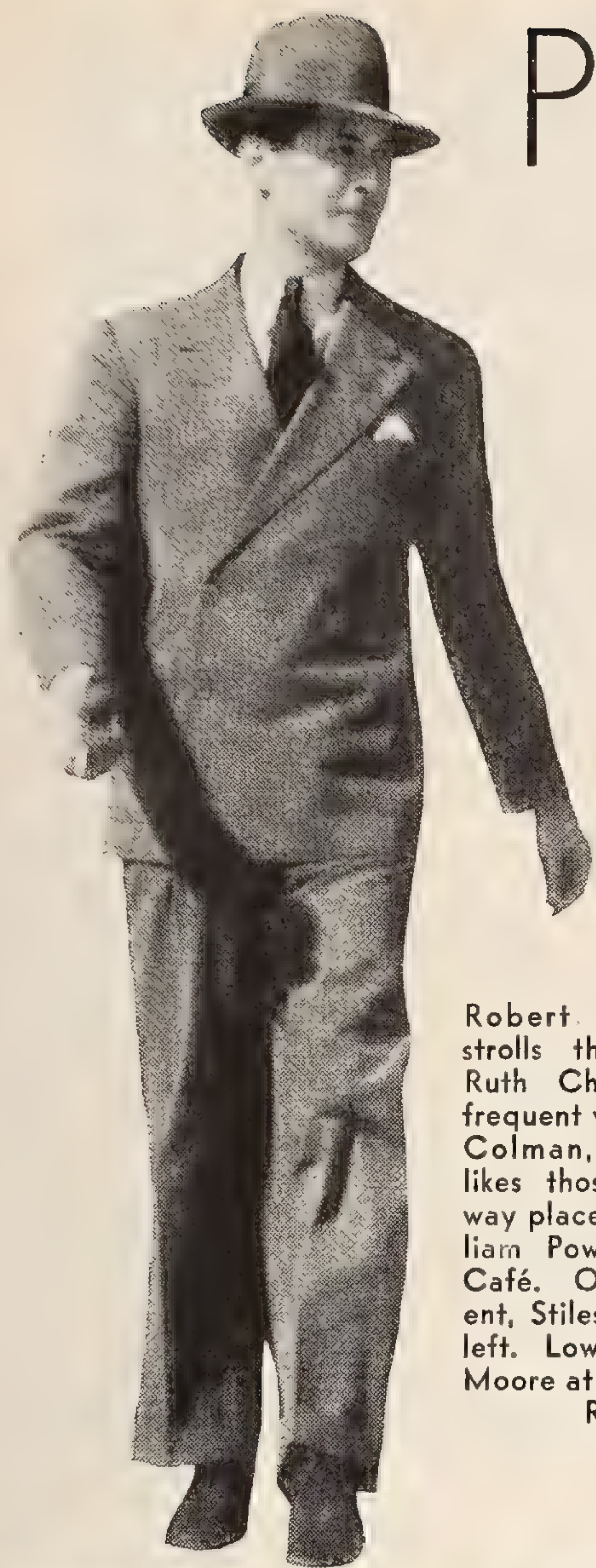
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Freddie Bartholomew in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"

Playing Around Paris

Notes from the diary of a guide
who showed our stars the town

By
Stiles Dickenson



Robert Montgomery strolls the boulevards. Ruth Chatterton is a frequent visitor. Ronald Colman, upper right, likes those out of the way places. Below, William Powell at a Paris Café. Our correspondent, Stiles Dickenson, at left. Lower right, Grace Moore at her villa on the Riviera.



Acme

ON A PHOTOGRAPH William Powell wrote, "To Dickie, guide, philosopher, friend and wet-nurse," which about sums up in a nutshell my experiences here in Paris. The very atmosphere of the place gets one before they step off the train at Gare St.-Lazare. And it's amusing to see how that atmosphere affects the different stars. In Paris the gals and boys of the flickers can turn loose, be themselves and no one cares. At least the gals can't wear pants here. Marlene Dietrich was living in Versailles, near Paris, and thought to saunter about town in her now-famous pants. But the police kindly requested her to stick to her skirts when coming to town. La Dietrich turned to the other extreme and blossomed forth in her most feminine ruffles—though in or out of pants no one seemed to bother one way or another.

Ronald Colman, William Powell, Ernest Torrence and his wife Elsa descended on me. Elsa had her hands full with her three boys. It is sad to think that dear old

Ernest is no longer in the land of the living but on that Paris visit he was very much alive and in fine form. Elsa would spend her afternoons shopping and join us for the evenings, but very often would slip away, telling us to go on without her. Bill Powell looks exactly off as he does on the screen and of course Torrence could not be mistaken any place. Ronald Colman is less easy to recognize. We would go about together and no one would give him a glance, but the moment Bill and Ernest joined us the people would start nudging each other and staring. So Ronnie complained to Ernest and said the moment the people spotted Ernest they immediately said, "Oh, look at the movie actor." Ernest with a twinkle in his eyes said, "Oh no, my boy, they are saying, 'What a man, what a man!'" And he certainly was a grand man, every inch of his six feet and something. Ronnie and Bill were just as enthusiastic at romantic, historical places as at the Folies Bergere or gay dancing places. At Versailles we would wander (*Continued on page 90*)



The Petrified Forest—Warners



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans

 THE most fascinating picture on current screens! Robert Emmet Sherwood's fine play becomes even more impressive cinema, with Leslie Howard and Humphrey Bogart in their original stage rôles, and Bette Davis in her best part. Here is a super-thriller, an intellectual exercise, or a magnificent nightmare of emotion and melodrama; take your choice. You will hear talk such as you've never heard from the screen—no, no, not that kind! I mean stimulating dialogue of ideas and lost ideals, which when uttered in the melting voice of Mr. Howard will convert you to a chattier cinema. As the defeated poet who wanders into a gas station-lunch on the edge of the desert, to lose his heart and his life to a beauty-loving girl stranded there, Mr. Howard plays subtly and superbly his most sympathetic rôle. Surrounded by showier actors, Mr. Howard nevertheless dominates every scene. Bette Davis as the girl is a revelation, a different, adorable Davis; practically a new "find!" Humphrey Bogart is a most picturesque bad man. "The Petrified Forest" will leave you breathless or bewitched.



The Milky Way—Paramount

 HAROLD LLOYD'S long-awaited comedy turns out to be the funniest he has ever made. It is even better than that—it is one terrific howl, or roar, or hysterical giggle from first scene to last. If you have never laughed at Lloyd pictures before, you are going to rock at this; and if you happen to be a Lloyd fan, "The Milky Way" will be your favorite picture of all time. The laughs are so fast and so furious that they overlap. I am so enthusiastic about this picture because it proves once and for all that it is entirely possible to make an uproarious comedy without descending to vulgarity—possible, that is, if Mr. Lloyd produces it, and stars in it, and surrounds himself with a brilliant cast including Adolphe Menjou, Lionel Stander—one of the funnier men in the world—Verree Teasdale, Helen Mack, and Dorothy Wilson—and permits his cast to shine. Harold plays a naïve milkman who, much to his surprise, becomes a prize-fighter. The gags are not obvious, but inspired. Lloyd achieves a really splendid characterization, and Menjou and Stander are terrific. Brave, Harold! You're head man again.



Strike Me Pink—United Artists

 EVERY new Eddie Cantor picture seems to me his best. Maybe "Strike Me Pink" really is. All I know is, it's Cantor at his craziest, the Goldwyn Girls at their gaudiest, Ethel Merman at her maddest, and a star-studded cast of "legitimate" performers to lend weight to the hectic goings-on—a cast including Jack LaRue, William Frawley, Brian Donlevy. Sally Eilers is the heroine, which helps. Eddie has himself a holiday in the part of *Eddie Pink*, who starts as a timid little tailor and by taking a mail-order course in personality develops from "Mouse" to "Man" and the manager of an amusement park, with brisk encounters with gangsters for good measure. You haven't really laughed until you've watched Eddie being menaced by the businesslike Jack LaRue. As customary in Mr. Samuel Goldwyn's musical epics, the "girl" numbers seem to have a verve and dash distinguishing them from other such spectacles. Rita Rio is a colorful newcomer, and Sunny O'Dea the latest contender for Eleanor Powell's tap-dance crown. Also present is "Parkyakarkus," Eddie's radio stooge—if you care.



Modern Times—United Artists

 TIMES may change, but Chaplin is still supreme! Eternal symbol of The Little Fellow against the World, Charlie, in his first film in five years, defies fate and new economic programs, machinery and—always—police-men, with all of his old magnificent hilarity and an added depth and insight. Chaplin the great showman has merged with Chaplin the philosopher without losing his comic shrewdness. "Modern Times" has important implications if you care to claim them, but it is never uncomfortably "significant" and can be watched as entertainment alone. The sublime little clown is seen successively as a factory worker, a night watchman, a waiter, a café singer—and Charlie breaks his long silence with a curious "song" which must be heard to be appreciated. "Modern Times" is not a "silent," neither is it a talkie. An ingenious musical score solves the sound problem, with occasional outbursts of appropriate noise. Chaplin rounding corners, Chaplin on roller-skates, a figure of inimitable grace, suggesting that he could play Nijinsky to perfection; Chaplin the suitor, with charming Paulette Goddard—and mad, irresistible moments of the grand old Chaplin ribaldry. Cheers for Chester Conklin, too.



Rose Marie—M-G-M

 A JOY, that's all! From first scene to last, "Rose Marie" is marvellous entertainment for eyes, ears, and ribs. You'll be thrilled by the Eddy-MacDonald singing; you'll be enthralled by the many "Most Beautiful Stills of the Month" which make a gorgeous background for the elegant co-stars; and you'll be teased and tickled by the grand burlesque of all temperamental prima donnas to which Jeanette MacDonald treats you in the opening scenes. And speaking of Jeanette—in this picture she hits a new high, in voice, beauty, and acting. You may have liked her before; now you'll rave. She plays a spoiled pet of opera who leaves it all to go dashing into the Canadian wilds to save her bad-boy brother, and encounters a Northwest Mountie also on brother's trail. Nelson Eddy as the handsomest policeman in the world eclipses his "Naughty Marietta" performance vocally and dramatically—ah, that uniform. Mr. Eddy is musical dynamite, and when he and Jeanette sing the *Indian Love Call* you will cheer. Miss MacDonald's two operatic numbers are sensational. "Rose Marie" is my pet picture of the month.



The Lady Consents—RKO-Radio

 THE New Wives' Tale! Ann Harding's best picture in too long will appeal to every wife, ex-wife, and wife-to-be. It is definitely what is known as "a woman's picture," but because of Edward Ellis, men will manage to sit through it without too much muttering. Mr. Ellis, long one of the finest actors on the screen, here has his great chance, and how he takes it! As Annie's father-in-law, a diamond in the rough, and a thoroughgoing grand guy, Mr. Ellis practically steals the picture. It's a heart-warming performance, and I wish I had an extra Honor Page to give him. Miss Harding plays a devoted wife whose routine is sadly interrupted when her husband, Herbert Marshall, is won from her by Margaret Lindsay. Gallantly Ann gives Marshall a divorce so that he may marry Margaret to the disgust of father-in-law Ellis who remains loyal to Ann, and who finally is the means of reconciling his son and his real wife. Sympathetically directed, exquisitely acted by Miss Harding, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Ellis, and Walter Abel as Ann's unlucky suitor, "The Lady Consents" is excellent civilized entertainment.



Anything Goes—Paramount

 AS gay and giddy as you could ask, this picturization of the record-breaking long-run musical comedy will serve to amuse you mildly and send you home humming. Don't, however, plan to make a family theatre party of it without your own sneak pre-view, for parts of "Anything Goes" are in pretty bad taste, and your Aunt Tillie's tolerance may be strained a bit by some scenes. Luckily the film has a breezy, wholesome cast of likeable performers, with Charles Ruggles bearing the brunt of the comedy, and Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman attending to the singing in their own inimitable fashion. *You're the Top* is still tops in song numbers, and you'll enjoy Bing's and Ethel's duetting of it. Lavishly mounted in the prodigal Paramount manner, and boasting the presence of Arthur Treacher, at his most hilariously solemn, and Ida Lupino for those who like her, "Anything Goes" gives you your money's worth, even if it does hold out its "big" chorus number until the very last—here I was hoping they had forgotten. Something seemed a little raucous in the sound department from where I sat. Otherwise, smooth.

The "Farmer" Takes a House



young actor keeps house in his newly-acquired home.

Driving up the curving roadway to the entrance, I saw Henry leaning against a tree waiting for me and he looked so like *David*, in "Way Down East," that it gave me a start. He laughed when I told him this and confessed that he hated to dress up and whenever he can he enjoys the informality of sweaters, open-neck shirts, and old loose trousers. There's an alertness, however, a swing of eager youth about the young body under these sagging garments that makes you realize he is a person that really counts, someone who has things to do and places to go!

The quaint Mexican farmhouse, flooded with the afternoon's warm sunshine, has an air of quiet leisure and substantial comfort that is just the right setting for Henry. I couldn't picture him against a frivolous, an ornate, nor an exotic background. He is too real, too

sincere himself, to have any companionship with artificiality.

He says it was Son, his police puppy, a gift from Shirley Ross, that was responsible for his domestic urge. One can well imagine that a small apartment and a frolicsome dog wouldn't prove very congenial; and so



His police puppy—Shirley Ross' gift—was responsible for his domestic urge, Henry says. At top, a general exterior view of the house, with young Mr. Fonda seen in the foreground. Upper left, the terraced garden with tennis court. Left, Henry's bedroom, severely masculine. And below, the playroom.



HENRY FONDA has a house far off the beaten path, up among the high hills in Brentwood. It sets back from the road and is a rambling Mexican farmhouse type of architecture, with a row of old pepper trees across the front that makes it look as if it had been there since California began.

For a number of weeks, Henry had been on location making out-door scenes for Walter Wanger's natural-color film, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Then, one Saturday, after he had annexed a very black eye in a screen fight, and been sent home to nurse it back to normal, I visited him to find out just how this popular

Henry Fonda, the screen's new homespun hero, is your host in his quaint "Mexican farmhouse"

By
Maude
Cheatham

one Sunday morning, following an especially devastating encounter between the two, Henry decided he must have a backyard. So he started out to look for one, with a house attached.

"I had not become used to my screen salary," he explained, "and still followed my old habit of rigid economy, so I limited the agent to a very small rent. Well, we wandered all over these hills and couldn't find a thing I liked. Then, late in the afternoon the agent became a real diplomat; he remarked that he had a charming place he wanted to show me—oh, yes, yes, he knew the rent was more than I wanted to pay, but we'd just take a look at it anyway.

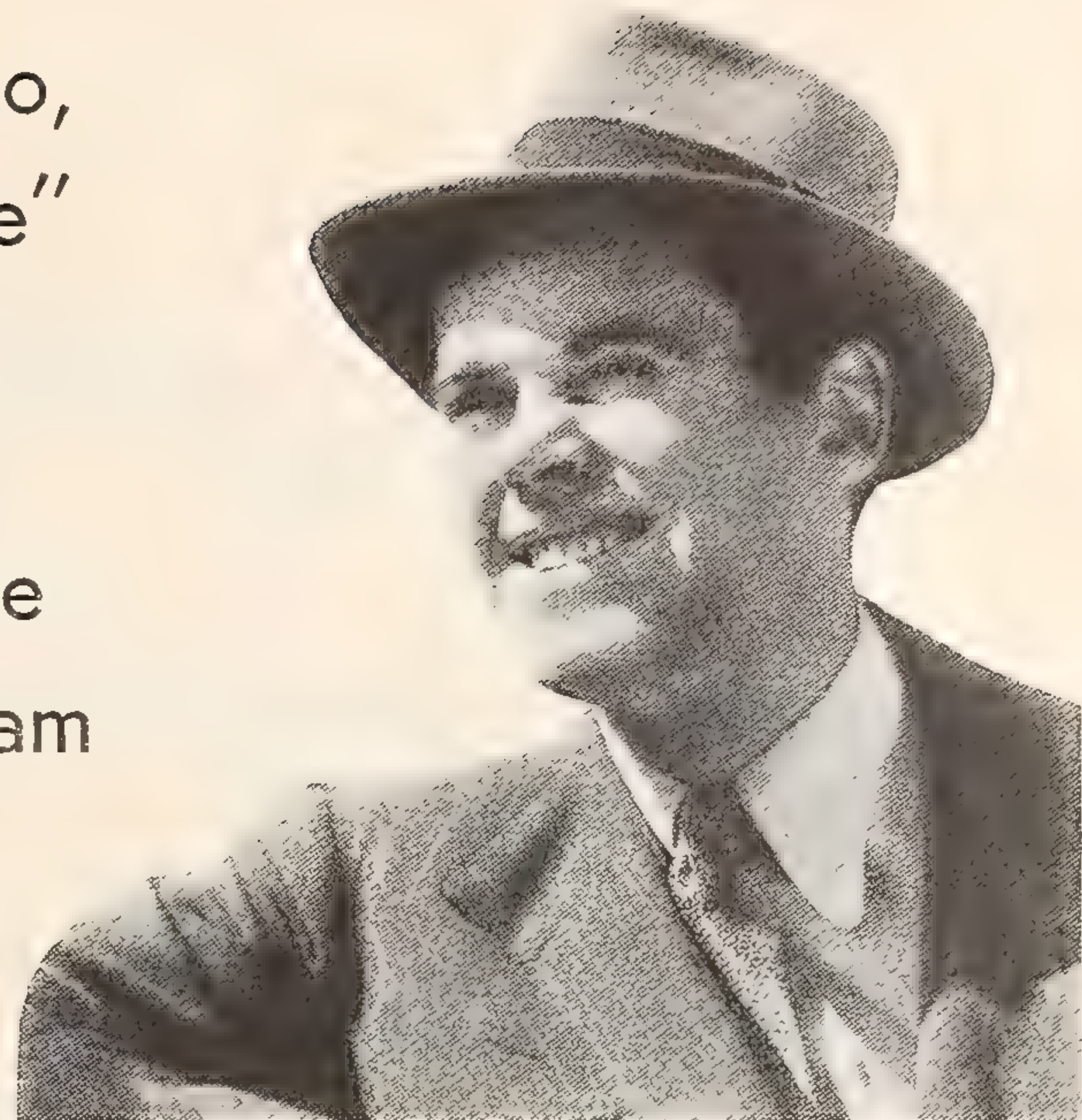
"Funny thing," Henry continued, with a grin, "but as we came up the long driveway and I saw this house and the pepper trees in the glow of the setting sun, it was like a dream come true. I knew it was my home, that it belonged to me. I practically leased it then and there before I even went through it!

"Son took to it with as much joy as I did. Since then, I've acquired a companion for him, a Scottie, named Boy. We are all very happy and so for us, it is farewell forever to apartments and hotels.

"I have a colored couple, George and Cassie, to look after us, and they are jewels. They've worked for picture people before and my irregular hours never disturb them. Also, I can round up a bunch of friends and bring them home with me at any hour and Cassie, with absolute magic, gets up a grand meal at a moment's notice.

"They take care of the place inside and outside, do the marketing and planning. I never interfere. I have no budget but never go in for extravagance, and once a month I attend to all the bills and start out with a clean slate. Cassie does my laundry and mending, and she

"When I discovered this house, it was like a dream come true," says Henry Fonda, who particularly enjoys the enclosed patio, upper right, which commands a view of the Pacific. Right, the dining room has a quiet charm; note the handsomely carved furniture. Below, the living room, informal and friendly.



also picks up my things that I'm apt to leave around—and so, altogether, things run smoothly with no help from me."

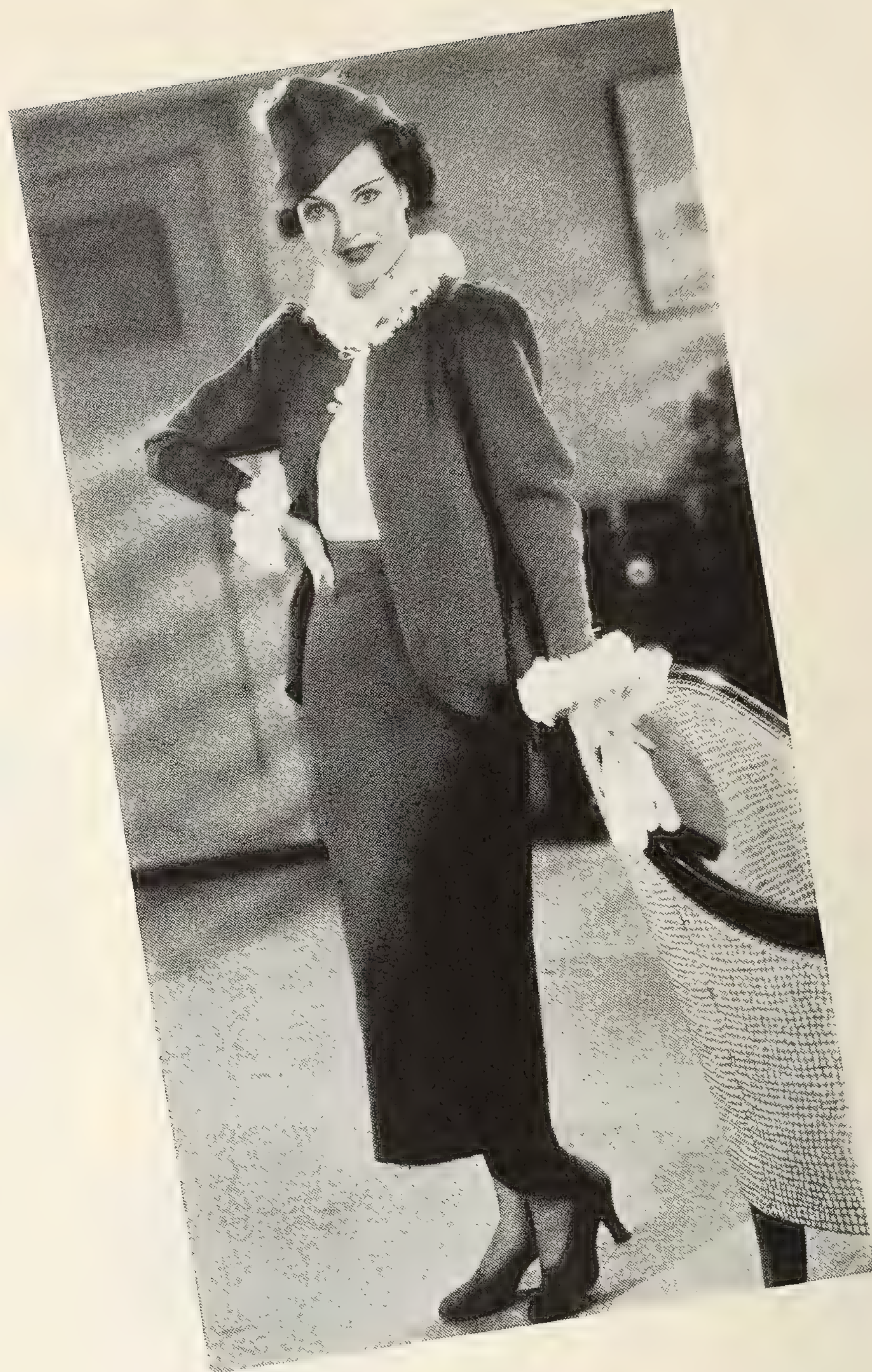
With a touch of pride, Henry offered to show me over his domain. The living-room is one of those friendly, informal rooms we all love. At one end is a large fireplace; at the other, a grand piano, and on the wall beside it is a screen where he shows motion pictures.

There's a playroom, with a small bar, opening off the living-room. Its distinguishing features are a fireplace, three feet from the floor, so typical of Mexican houses, and the dozens of priceless (Continued on page 94)

SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by

Rochelle Hudson



Inspired by the classic costume of Pierrot, Rochelle's coat suit, shown above, introduces the ingénue color combination of violet and flesh pink for Spring: violet chiffon wool fashions the suit, flesh-pink chiffon the blouse and the ruching about the neck and the sleeves. Every girl can't wear the colors, but the ruching is flattering, isn't it? Pink appears again in the satin brocade picture frock, left. Three full pink silk roses soften the square backless effect. At the right, a pale blue organdie tea-time dress has fuchsia velvet ribbons at neck, waist, and wrists, and sunburst pleatings. Rochelle wears these costumes in her new picture, "Everybody's Old Man," with Irvin S. Cobb.





Salute to Spring!
Rochelle Hudson,
Hollywood's most
Spring-like star,
greet's the new
season with re-
freshing fashion
ideas as brisk and
smart as they are
youthful



A suit suggesting the Easter season is Rochelle's costume, above, of maize yellow basket-weave wool, with black and white striped taffeta collar, gilet, and cuffs. Rochelle's hat is yellow felt with black and white pom-pom. More pink, this time the shell shade, is used for the eyelet collar and cuffs of Rochelle's light-weight grey wool, left. Note the double collar, the black velvet bow, and the silver hook-and-eye fastenings. And now, by way of contrast, turn to the right! Rochelle's black dinner dress has white chiffon ruching to outline the neck and the V-shaped skirt front. All the clothes worn by Miss Hudson were created by Gwen Wakeling, 20th Century-Fox.



Hat Interest!

You know all about Hollywood Heart Interest, but here's the top! Perhaps the two go together, at that—for what helps fair lady to win faint heart more than a brand new, grand new hat?

GAY KAY!

All Hollywood, and the rest of the world as well, looks to Kay Francis for the right, bright thing to wear. Especially in hats—for Kay, conservative as to clothes, goes gaily mad in choosing her chapeaux. For example, the huge new straw pictured below, with the long chiffon scarf spouting out of the top of the crown! Look, too, at Kay's jacket with its bold flowers.

Elmer Fryer



BABY BUCCANEER!

Otherwise Olivia de Havilland, left, above, still under the influence of her "Captain Blood" rôle, tops her navy blue, white-piqué-slashed suit with a pirate hat.

BEAUTY IN A BREEZE!

Anita Louise, right, above, holds on to her hat, and who wouldn't? Because it's nice, it's new, and it's perfect with her first Spring frock—which has that piqué touch.



DON'T BELIEVE IT!

It's Kay Francis, yes, at right; but what's that on her beautiful head? The dream of an inspired mad milliner, maybe? Anyway, Kay never looked lovelier; and don't overlook her bracelets: her favorite, and only, jewelry.



Elmer Fryer

A NEW GREEN HAT

Gail Patrick, true to her name, wears a jaunty green felt affair with a pom-pom of yarn at the tip of the pointed crown. Her dress? Oh, it's a sports suit of beige wool, with blouse of green crepe dotted in beige.

JUNE IN BLOOM

The charming little Travis girl, left, above, gives us a grin under her new natural straw—a pert and perky hat which is especially good when it tops a demure daisy print with that "quaint" expression.



HERE ARE HATS!

Lucille Ball, young Hollywood hopeful, models for us five of the smartest by famous French milliners. Reading from right to left, above, right across to the opposite page: Jean Patou's "Mickey Mouse" with three grosgrain bows climbing up the steep crown. Schiaparelli's roll-brim Breton with pom-poms. Marie Alphonsine's new squared crown and visor brim, and the same milliner's paper panama with square crown, brim squared, over the eyes, and patent leather band and bow. Suzy's sombrero, with band of bright threads.

Jeanette MacDonald, caught in confiding mood, makes some colorful revelations about her life and work



Gorgeous Jeanette with her co-star in "Rose Marie," Nelson Eddy. The MacDonald-Eddy combination shares with Astaire-Rogers the distinction of being the most popular team on the screen.

"I Shouldn't Tell This ~ But I Will!"

By Ida Zeitlin



"**M**AYBE *I'm* wrong," said Jeanette MacDonald, "—it wouldn't be the first time. But it's my opinion you want, isn't it? And my opinion is that ambition's like cake—you can't eat it and have it too."

Can't you? I thought vaguely. But try as I would to concentrate, I found my mind wandering from what she was saying to the way she looked. When Television comes to stay, it will have justified itself, if for only one reason—that reason being Jeanette MacDonald. You think you've seen her, you think you know what she looks like, but you're wrong. Black-and-white libels her, washes out the lovely flush of rose that you know isn't rouge as you watch it come and go under her clear white skin—washes out the blue-green of her eyes beneath her true red-gold hair, whose colors shimmer and melt into each other at every turn of her head. I think anyone seeing her for the first time must gasp in admiration or, if his manners outrun his feelings, choke on the gasp. Myself, I have never beheld in any human being color at once so brilliant and so matchlessly blended.

I detected what looked like a gleam of amusement in her eye, and hastily dropped my own. In any case, amusement or none, I'd been sent not to gawp at beauty but to get beauty's ideas on that topic of never-failing interest: Is the unswerving pursuit of a single ambition worth all you give up for it? I'd been sent to insinuate delicately that Miss MacDonald was regarded as one of Hollywood's most ambitious young ladies, to hint with a light and imperceptible touch at the general feeling that, for her, career came above all else. It took her exactly thirty seconds to catch the drift of my delicate fumbings and flounderings and, on a (Continued on page 75)

Gaynor is Gay Again!

Janet's first interview in over a year tells you why she is headed for happiness

By
Maude
Stacey

"Little Gaynor" is happy in new surroundings and her co-starring association with Robert Taylor in "Small Town Girl," her first film since her long rest.

"**M**Y DESIGN for living? What I want out of life?" Janet Gaynor repeated my questions slowly, though there was the usual twinkle in her eyes. "Very definitely, I want *happiness!*" Then she added, quickly, "Of course, I realize that is an elusive answer, for happiness means something different to every person; and even to ourselves, it is always changing its aspect as we pass through the varying experiences we call living.

"Time is the most precious element in human life—and the least appreciated. I want to live fully *today!* How do I know there will be a tomorrow? I want to make each hour count, to have a well-rounded, broad life in which I can enjoy the applause for a rôle well played, a swim in the ocean, a good book, a formal dance, or a simple meal eaten off oilcloth—all with equal zest. I want to meet every emergency unafraid; to know when it is all over that I have truly *lived*. It was Elbert Hubbard, wasn't it? who said, 'Don't be afraid you will die, rather be afraid lest you never lived!' So many people never really live; they merely exist through years and years. I don't want to do that."

We were talking in Janet's portable dressing-room between scenes in "Small Town Girl," which she is making at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and this was the first interview she had given in more than a year.

She was in a gay mood, very happy and thrilled, for this is the only time she has ever been loaned to another studio since that day, nearly ten years ago, when she signed her first contract with the Fox company, and she was enjoying the novelty of the new surroundings. She's being co-starred with Hollywood's new heart flutterer, Robert Taylor, and it is proving a merry association. A few minutes before, Bob had said to me, "Janet's only as big as a good sneeze—and what a grand girl she is," while Janet demurely confided that she thought Bob was "very handsome and very charming." The truth is, that the love scenes in "Small Town Girl" have a flash of realism that sets one wondering if this is a new romance. However, you can't tell about this hero and heroine; both Bob and Janet have well-disciplined hearts. So, perhaps, it will just develop into a new (Continued on page 97)





Hollywood in New York

Reporting the Manhattan
interludes of some
famous screenlanders

By Tom Kennedy

HOLLYWOOD is getting less opinionated and more adult; more mature and confident. You can tell that because even in New York you can't find apologists for the place that now is the Mecca of the amusement world. Time was when a screen star visiting in the East could regale you with some satire that ranged from poor to pretty good, according to the individual wit of the speaker, about the naïve or the just plain dumb goings on in sections of the high command at the cinema factories. But now!

Even newcomers to the added fame that Hollywood has put on careers already marked with eminence in other fields—the stage, opera, radio—even these unblushingly pay their respects to Hollywood and its creations.

In one day, within the space of a few hours, the ears of this reporter distinctly heard only the most complimentary things about Hollywood and its picture plants, from the lips of two famous feminine stars. And their opinion carries authority since they represent experience of grand opera, the dramatic stage and radio and the concert auditoriums of America and Europe.

Another day an actor now more famous for his screen work than for that which he contributed to the stage and won distinction in the theatre thereby, told me he thought the pictures were actually far ahead of the stage as a growing dramatic medium. This from Edward G. Robinson, who can turn back the pages of dramatic criticism to columns in praise of his performances in many important stage plays.

Robinson's trip to New York started as the first leg of an overseas hike from Hollywood to London, to do a picture. But London must wait, because Eddie and his home studio—for which he hasn't made a picture in nearly two years—got enthusiastic about a story called "Bullets or Ballots," and back he went to Hollywood and Warners.

What with sitting in his hotel apartment admiring a Van Gogh painting sent for his inspection by an art dealer, and visiting the art galleries, Robinson's excursions about the sidewalks of New York were far removed from the usual haunts of the Broadway lads and lassies.

"There, look at that—do you like it?" he said waving



The Robinsons arrive! Above, the star with his wife and Eddie Jr., were all set to sail for London, but a change in plans sent Eddie Senior back to Hollywood to make a film. But he had a chance to view, and buy, works of art in New York.

a hand toward the luminous canvas hung over a divan. "No, I haven't bought it yet," he replied to our question. But you knew jolly well that this was even now on its way to hang with two other Van Gogh masterpieces in that gallery of many fine works of art, the Robinson home in California.

"There," called Mrs. Edward G. Robinson through the door from another room, "there goes my next year's Christmas present!" And with a boyish grin, Mr. Edward G. Robinson confided, *sotto voce*, that the bankroll would suffer an awful set-back if he bought it. That was no news, because even if all you know about art is what you read in the papers, you know that any Van Gogh work costs lots and lots these days.

A few minutes later, leaving to lunch at one of 52nd Street's many highly publicized eating places, Robinson waved again at the landscape of sun-lit wheat fields, with squat farm buildings seen on a far horizon and white clouds sweeping across the blue of a clear autumn sky. "It's a wonderful thing!" he exclaimed.

During the luncheon Robinson told how he feels happy that he and his studio have gotten together on a story they both like. "It will



Adrienne Ames wants to change her usual screen type, like this above, to more demure rôles, like that portrayed in the pose at upper left. Gladys Swarthout after her return from Hollywood, extreme left, and, left above, before her screen triumph. Left, Helen Gahagan, who returns to Hollywood soon.



be like going home—to my home studio," he said. The film he'll do is a topical story concerning the underworld and its influence on politicians. Only Robinson won't be a gang chief, but rather a detective of heroic stature.

able to give more than he is asked to take in his conflicts with the baddies.

Afterward, Robinson set off toward Fifth Avenue to visit some art galleries—he had a slip of paper with notes, the addresses of galleries and particular works he said he must see before leaving New York.

At one of the galleries Eddie pulled the nifty that soon made the rounds of New York and Hollywood. Recognized by a dealer, the alert merchant of art introduced himself. "I go to see your pictures and I like them immensely, Mr. Robinson. I hope you will like my pictures," he said. "Yeah," replied the actor whose screen pretending has made large sections of the public think he is more interested in pistols than paintings. "Thanks. But you can see my pictures (Continued on page 72)





Girls, if you had a date tonight with your Hollywood dream man, do you know how much make-up you should wear? Here's a story that tells frankly what the world's handsomest escorts demand in girl appeal

By
Ruth Tildesley

Johnny Downs, collegiate star of "Coronado," has very definite dislikes about his girl's make-up, which our story reveals. His pretty dancing partner here is Jacqueline Wells, also a Paramount hopeful.

Paint Jobs for Those

IF YOU had a date tonight with Gene Raymond, would you know how much make-up to wear?

If, instead of Gene, your escort was to be Tom Brown or Jimmy Cagney, would your paint job be the same?

Don't fool yourself! Any girl preparing for a big evening with the very blond Gene had better buy herself a sun lamp, if the natural stuff isn't so reliable where she lives. Gene likes "that sun-tanned look."

"I mean I like it if it isn't overdone. Warm tones in the skin, you know, plus just enough of the proper shade of make-up to bring them out, will usually improve a woman.

"But watch that lipstick! Most girls use too much. When it comes off on the rims of coffee cups and on the cigarettes they smoke; and when you know that if you kissed them, you'd be one big smear—then it's too much lipstick!

"If a girl has a beautiful skin, she should wear just as little make-up as possible. So few can get away with no make-up that those who can should take advantage of the chance to be different."

Just the same, if you want to make a hit with young Tom Brown, you'd better not forget the make-up kit; for Tom simply isn't attracted to a girl who doesn't know about rouge and powder and all the rest of it.

As for Jimmy Cagney, he's diplomatic—even if his statement does leave a poor girl hesitating between the cosmetic jar and a simple powder puff. "Yes and no," says Jimmy, helpfully. "Some faces need it—and it's pathetic when they try to avoid rouge. Other faces look best without make-up."

Gary Cooper doesn't like to have his illusions shattered by being made to notice that the rosy flush on the lady's cheek came out of a rouge pot or that Nature didn't start her out with such long eyelashes. If you want to get a second bid to dinner with



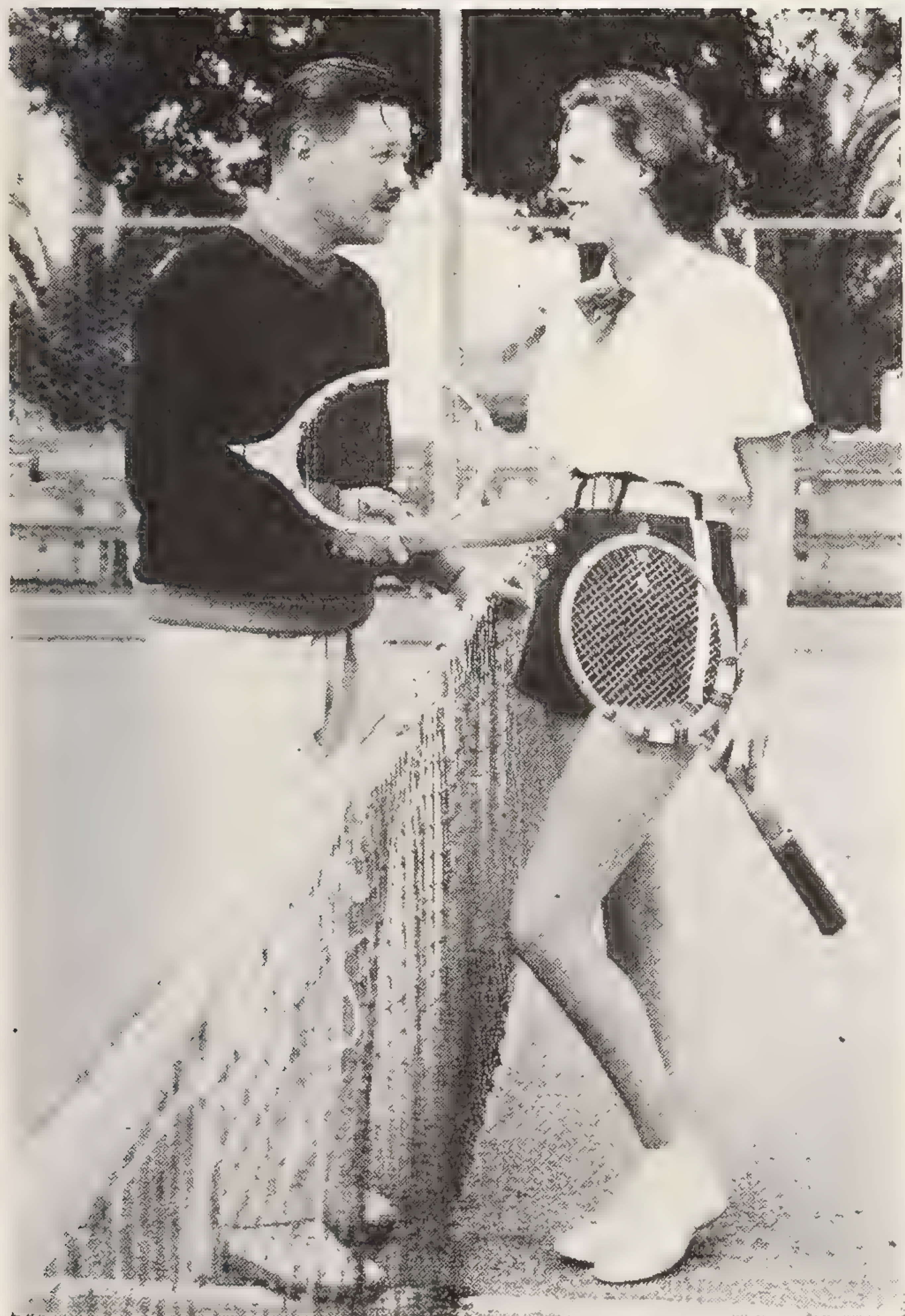
Bing Crosby, being married to one of Hollywood's prettiest girls, Dixie Lee Crosby, above, knows about make-up.



Whether married or single, Hollywood men are fussy when it comes to painting the lily. That gay young bachelor, Gene Raymond, shown at right with Jeanette MacDonald, likes "that sun-tanned look." Bob Montgomery, at left with his wife, is eyebrow conscious. Preston Foster admits he likes make-up—perhaps because his lovely wife, above, uses it intelligently.



Hollywood Dates



When Jack Oakie goes "courting" he prefers a very pretty girl as partner. This time it's Wendy Barrie. Just pals!

the Montana he-man, you'll see that your aids to beauty are so subtle that you look as if you were born that way.

That sophisticated youth, Erik Rhodes, accepts adornment of good looks as a modern necessity.

"Most men like what they term 'naturalness' in women's make-up. But if she is clever enough to know that her type can get away with a dead white skin, no rouge and a startling mouth, I say swell! Such make-up sometimes helps to set her off as a unique personality."

How many girls have dreamed of dressing for a date with Bing Crosby? If the dream ever comes true, don't go in for heavy make-up gals. The lad hates it.

But Jack Oakie—he may not be romantic-looking, but he knows how to have a good time—doesn't care how much a maiden puts on so long as it doesn't come off. "It's got so a bachelor can't take a dame out for a drive without coming back looking like a red flag!" he mourns.

Two cowboy stars dispute the question.

Shiny noses and freckles suit Buck Jones, who thinks that natural beauty beats that out of bottles any day. "A girl who can play a corking game of tennis needn't worry about a smudge of dust across her nose!" says he.

"I like make-up," retorts Ken Maynard. "I don't want it to look as though you could take a knife and scrape it off, but careful make-up shows a girl takes pride in her appearance. There's no excuse for a woman not to look her best at all times."

Maybe you haven't considered what it would be like to doll up for Edward Arnold, but if you ever do, soap and water will probably be the best speed.

"I'm so sick of girls with eyebrows shaved off and thin black lines pencilled on, I sometimes wish they'd blot out their whole physiognomy and draw a new one," (Continued on page 84)

Here's Hollywood

Your roving reporter takes you for a topical tour of Screen Town

By
Weston
East

IMAGINE Miss Shearer's and Mr. Howard's surprise the other morning when they arrived on the set to do the famous balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet" to discover a balcony so high that poor *Romeo* had to shriek his lungs out to make *Juliet* hear. It would have gone something like this: "I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes. Yoo-hoo, Juliet, can you hear me? I say, I have night's cloak—" When Hollywood builds a balcony Hollywood builds a balcony, and all other Shakespearian balconies are pikers in comparison. Norma ordered the balcony rebuilt at once, something a little more cozy. But when the new balcony was delivered Leslie Howard refused to climb it, declaring it was far too dangerous, and had to have a double. Mr. Howard also uses a double in the duelling sequences, and if you don't mind me saying so it rather seems that there will be a lot of *Romeo* that isn't Leslie Howard. Poor *Juliet* will have to work her way through a whole line-up of *Romeos* before she lands her dream prince.



Ronald Colman in his latest film is a soldier who jests at scars. Ronnie can—he felt the wound when a knife that was meant to miss, hit him, in a scene for "Under Two Flags."

HOLD everything! There will be a close-up in "Desire" of a kiss between Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper that will have 'em all stopped. The camera was placed only a few feet from their faces, and it wasn't all swathed in gauze and chiffon, either. It's quite a moment, boys and girls.

AFTER a day at the track where he had the disappointment of seeing Khayyam come in last in the sixth, (what, again!), Bing Crosby arrived home to find a wire waiting for him. How he laughed when he read: "Dear Papa I am so sorry I was so slow this afternoon but my feet just seemed glued to the track I guess I am about ready for the glue factory. (signed) Khayyam."

OFTEN a bride but never a wife. Myrna Loy has been married seven times on the screen, but nary a time off the screen. However, just as soon as Arthur Hornblow, Jr.'s divorce is final Myrna will take the fatal step. When you ask Myrna when she expects to marry, all she will say is, "I only know what I read in the papers"—and gives you a Loyish look.



Carole Lombard must choose between Preston Foster and Cesar Romero in her new film. Up to now Preston is in the lead—but what develops later?—Only the screen can answer that one.

RONALD COLMAN and Benita Hume are dining together so frequently in public that the fact can hardly be ignored. Ronald is not exactly a public-eye boy, and when he ventures out three times in one week with the same lady, it's NEWS.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT has put on ten pounds since her marriage, which certainly is a good argument for Dr. Joel Pressman. Claudette needed 'em; she was a leetle mite too thinnish. Her new husband has her out for a hike in the hills back of the new house, every day, and there is no better appetite-promoter—as you know if you've tried it.

BILL POWELL has gone on a strike, a clothes strike. Seems Bill shuns the "best-dressed" title just as the actresses are doing. Claims he's no clothes-horse, and substantiates it by admitting he hasn't bought a suit of clothes since 1933. Yes, but Bill, it was a *good* suit.

DID you know that the animal-renting business in Hollywood amounts to \$195,000 a year? If you have a nice pet python around the house, you can rent him out to be an actor for \$75 a day. We are very short of cobras at the moment, and one was needed for "Under Two Flags," so they had to make up a cute old black-snake with a hood and everything, to look like one. A good shark sells for \$200, and a camel will bring in \$25 a day, with \$10 for his trainer. Of course, the demands for their services are rather few and far between, and we have often wondered how a mongoose amuses himself between pictures. Bet he doesn't get in half as much mischief as lots of regular actors manage to when they are on a lay-off. We know one, now that we happen to think of it, who merely appears at a party and they send for the patrol wagon. It's simply out of kindness to him, and the cops see him safely home, without any damage being done, except to the actor's head the next morning. This is sort of straying from our original topic of animals, but it has also often been a source of wonder to us—just who sees the Hollywood *cops* home?



Evelyn Venable poses for her first picture with her seven-months-old daughter, Evelyn Venable Mohr, whose daddy is Cameraman Hal Mohr.



Flash! First stills of Anna Sten in her new British film. Henry Wilcoxon, with her above, is the leading man, and the locale is Russia. At left, Sten performs a Russian peasant dance.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT isn't what you might call husky, but the gal packs a wallop. Ask a 315-pound wrestler who was doing a scene for "Under Two Flags." Seems the wrestler was supposed to muss up a much smaller actor, and did entirely too good a job of it. His enthusiasm got away with his discretion, or something. So Claudette sauntered over and remarked, "I'm going to hit you as hard as you hit him." And according to the wrestler, she did.

HURRAH, strike up the band! Bill Fields will be back among 'em and rarin' to go before you read this. His picture is called "Poppy"—and was once "Sally of the Sawdust" when he made it years ago in the silent days, for D. W. Griffith.

GARBO isn't ill at all—don't let 'em fool you. Her good friend the Countess Wachmeister cabled to a Hollywood friend that the great Greta is in exceptionally fine fettle, and she had just attended a Stockholm theatre with her. She says nothing about the star's departure for America, but Greta will probably maintain her mystery in the usual style.

HERBERT MARSHALL has been keeping pretty much to himself since Gloria Swanson's departure for New York. The other evening he dined with Madeleine Carroll in the Beverly Derby—first time anyone has seen him out. But you can hardly build anything from it, since Madeleine is a fellow Britain, an old friend—and has a charming husband.

SEEING George Barnes visiting on the Joan Blondell set every day, and several times a day, started a new reconciliation rumor. No dice to it. The low-down is that George has a punk memory—he loses things, forgets business details, etc., Joany has merely been helping him remember. Her divorce is final in August, and everybody and their brother says it's a cinch for Joan and Dick Powell to step off together.

GOOD news! They're going to remake the old "What Price Glory?" at Twentieth Century-Fox. The new "Oh, yeah" team will be Clark Gable and Wallace Beery—in the happy event that they can pry Clark loose from MGM long enough. They kinda like him on his home lot and are extremely reluctant to have him go visiting. But they will pay and pay and PAY to get him for the picture, and here's hoping the deal goes through.

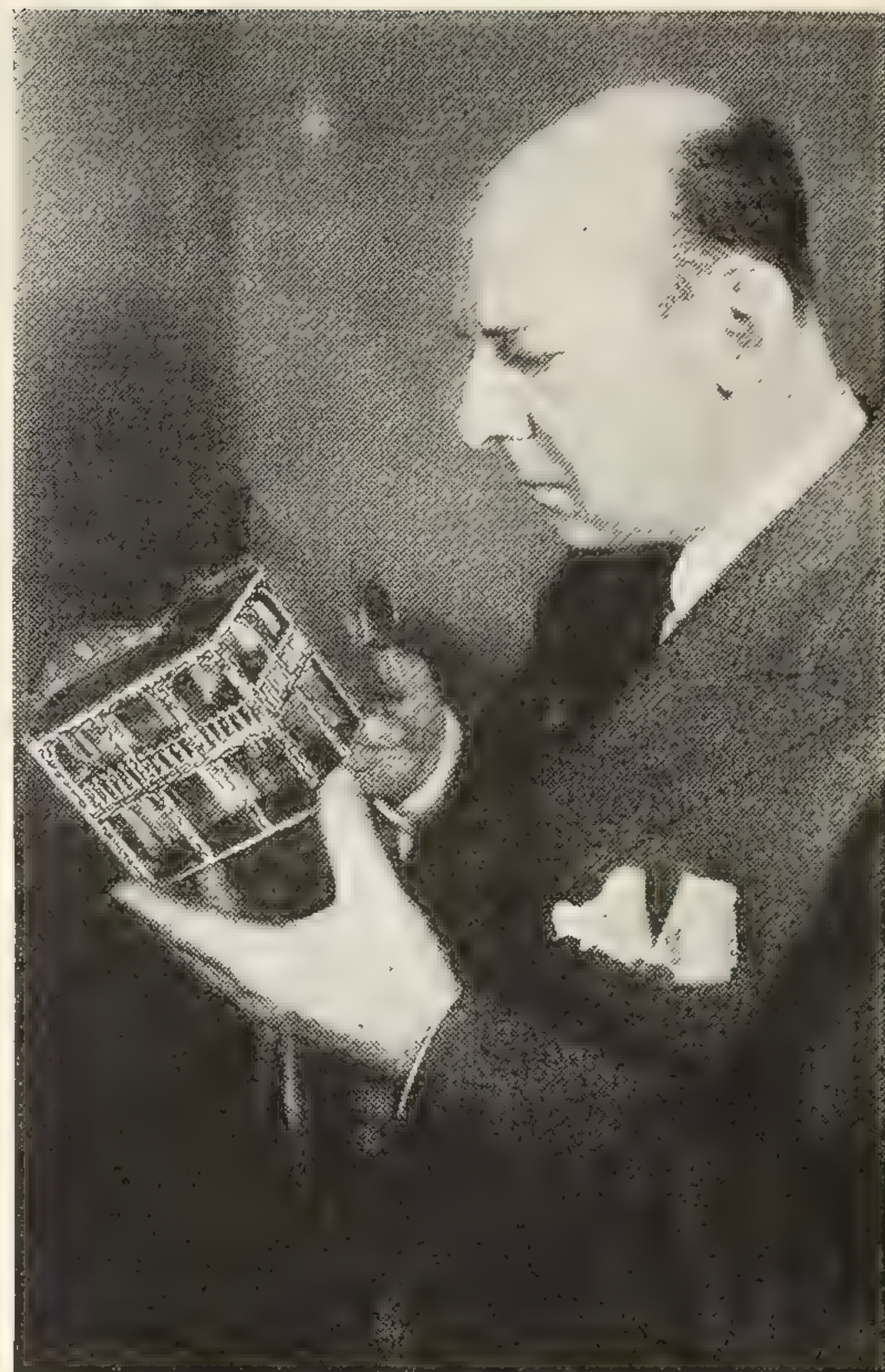
WELL, well, so now Johnny Weissmuller is taking voice lessons! With that hair, he ought to include some violin study. Seems he's preparing to make a personal appearance tour through Europe, with Lupe. That ought to be *something*, with reverberations and detonations heard clear to Hollywood.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT was greatly amused over the announcement of her wedding in a Yokohama newspaper sent to her by one of her friends living there. It merely said, "Hollywood, Calif. Claudette Colbert, actress, married last week." There are times when Claudette and a lot of other stars wish that Hollywood reporters would be content with a line.

PAULA STONE, (Fred's daughter), and Dick Foran are a new pair of inseparables, and put in a lot of time at the shooting galleries on the Venice midway. Don't ask *me* what they're practicing up for. Anyway, they are both pretty fair shots—they may even be big-shots ere long. Paula's career is coming along nicely, and wasn't Dick grand as the big disappointed football player in "Petrified Forest"? And just imagine—with a figger like that, he *sings*, too.

Jimmy Dunn plants a kiss of fervent rejoicing on Sally Eilers' brow, to celebrate their reunion as a screen team. Remember them in "Bad Girl"?

Marc Connelly, author of "The Green Pastures," and now directing a film version of that play, scrutinizes details of a scale model of a set, right.



MAYBE you don't pay any particular attention to the scoring in pictures, but we do. We think it is grand, and getting better all the time. Just close your eyes sometime when you run into "Captain Blood" again, as you undoubtedly can't resist doing, and listen a moment to the music alone. It is one of the most magnificent, soaring, majestic and *lifting* scores ever done in a picture—or even in a symphony concert, for that matter. The glorious musical accompaniments to such pictures is doing as much to improve the public taste as the radio is trying to do, and the day will come when a picture will be judged equally for its scoring merits as for its acting, direction, and photography. In fact, the day is practically here. Avaunt jazz! Enter Beethoven—and three rousing cheers!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY offered \$1000 for an avocado tree that would grow on his New York State farm, (on account he's so fond of avocados), and he has been deluged with letters. Looks as if he'll wind up with a frostless avocado grove. And that reminds us: one of the things that impress and amuse Eastern visitors is the radio broadcast every night during cool weather of the temperature in every small town around that grows avocados. That's so the growers can go out and put on the flannel nighties over the trees, or whatever they do.

HITCH-HIKERS out Hollywood way are getting more and more temperamental. Or so Ralph Bellamy thought en route to Hollywood one day recently from his Racquet Club in Palm Springs. When a young boy waved him to stop, Ralph did so gladly with an "Okay, buddy, hop in."

The boy hesitated for a second, and then said, "Say, Mister, have you got a radio in your car?"

"Why—er—no," Ralph admitted.

"Okay, then," said the hiker bowing off, "I'll wait for the next ride. There's a program I always like to listen to at this time of day."

ROMEO and JULIET pledge their love in song! Left, Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura in an operatic sequence in their film, "Give Us This Night."



FROM all hospital reports, Fred Astaire "took it" worse than his wife when the baby boy arrived. He was underfoot until a doctor hired him a room next to Mrs. Astaire's, just to get him out of the way. It seems that didn't work, either; the doctor forgot to lock the door. So at dawn, a pale, haggard, bearded Fred was treated for acute fatherhood, and sent home.

ALL this talk about Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres goes on and on. Ginger did leave for a New York vacation, taking her mother and leaving Lew in Hollywood. But the reason given is that Lew remained to direct a picture, a professional experience for which he has long yearned. Ginger has a six-weeks vacation allowed in her contract, and she will be back just in time to begin her next with Fred Astaire, "I Won't Dance."

(Continued on page 78)

Get ready for giggles and gaiety, for here, right, are Joan Blondell and Joe E. Brown collaborating on entertainment for "Sons o' Guns."

Allan Jones, left, as GAYLORD RAVENAL, male lead in "Show Boat," a prize part Allan won for his work in "A Night at the Opera."



YE Olde Fault-Finder: This month we are crusading against all actors who say "a-tall" meaning "at all." Hey, Ronnie Colman. Even you are guilty. We heard you in "The Man Who Broke The Bank," etc., at a belated catch of that picture the other night. Well, better late than not *at all*, eh? How can we bring up our children to be English purists with things like this going on? Second Peeve: Directors who have *every* extra in the Metropolitan Opera House audience applauding. Have you ever watched a theatre audience, Messrs. Directors? Nowhere does every person in it, with one accord, break into frantic applause, no matter what has just happened on the stage, even a major miracle. Please look into this little matter and have it adjusted.

CLIFTON WEBB, celebrated Broadway dancer, has figured in a tremendous lot of publicity during his stay in Hollywood. Webb and "Mabel," his mother, have been courted by screen stars as fashionable adjuncts to parties, and have given a few themselves. You have seen a lot of "society" pictures of him. But he is leaving Hollywood without having appeared in a moving picture!

WHEN Henry Fonda first came to Hollywood he was merely an encumbrance to his pretty wife Margaret Sullivan. Now he is one of the most popular and highest paid actors in Hollywood with a Walter Wanger contract. He has just finished "The Moon's Our Home" with Margaret, and they do say that now the kids are divorced and Margaret is married again that they get along better than they did before. Anyway, he took Maggie to the preview of "Rose-Marie" and they were having a swell time until up popped the photographers. The James Stewart who is Margaret's leading man in "Next Time We Love" is one of their "old family friends" for James and Henry used to room together in New York. So Miss Maggie's last two pictures have been just like old home week.

Right, Edward Arnold as JOHN SUTTER and Binnie Barnes as COUNTESS BAROFFSKI introduce a romantic interlude from their new film "Sutter's Gold."



Hollywood in New York

Continued from page 65

for a quarter, and yours will cost me a couple of thousand!"

"I used to think the hardest work a singer could be asked to do was opera," said Gladys Swarthout, recounting her experiences in Hollywood making two pictures for Paramount. "But now I know that acting in pictures is even more exacting. You work all day and are so tired at night the only thing to do is rest up for tomorrow."

At the time the Chapman apartment that is the New York home of Frank Chapman, Jr., and his wife Gladys Swarthout was being turned into a work shop, it seemed to me. A photographer was popping away with the last several of several dozen flash bulbs on poses of Miss Swarthout wearing various examples of the latest in millinery,

even better support have suffered permanent injury to their potential progress in films. That the public accepted Miss Swarthout so warmly and that the reaction is a whetted appetite for more of this strikingly attractive and gifted lady in pictures, is proof that Gladys Swarthout is destined to enjoy tremendous popularity as a screen star.

We said that, and Miss Swarthout then made it plain she thought any credit should go to the technicians of the sound machines and the cameras, the director and all the actors and actresses of the cast, all who "were so patient, so untiring and courteous in their efforts to work with me and help me in every possible way."

Modest lady!

One of the most versatile women the

work—"I hadn't previously devoted much time to the study of *Lieder*," she explained.

In case you don't recall, Miss Gahagan's personal history records the fact that at the time she was the highest paid actress in the theatre and an acknowledged popular favorite as well as a recognized artist of the highest dramatic attainments, she suddenly left the stage to devote herself to singing, and went off to Europe to study, and later sing operatic rôles in Germany, Austria, and other Middle European lands.

She had won acclaim in Molnar's "Fashions for Men," "Leah Kleschna," "Enchanted April," "Young Woodley" and other plays. Why, we wanted to know, did she drop all that to become a singer?

"Oh that's a long story," Miss Gahagan replied. "But it was not because I thought singing would be a better way to earn a living. I have the utmost admiration for those people who can say, 'being an actress, or a singer, that's a good thing to do—I guess I'll be that.' To succeed on the stage, dramatic or operatic, one faces such discouragements. I don't understand how, unless you have the patience of the very devil himself, you can do it if you have not the feeling that you want to do it whether it means a living or starvation. I have done all my work in the theatre because since I was five years old I knew I just had to be in the theatre."

The story of how Helen Gahagan got interested in singing, briefly, is this. Her mother loved to sing, "She had the most beautiful natural voice I think I've ever heard," Miss Gahagan said, and wanted her daughter to study voice culture. But Helen was not interested until a conductor at the Metropolitan overheard Miss Gahagan sing a few bars, something Helen did by way of personal amusement or emotional outlet. He advised her to study voice, but she said she never met a teacher she thought she could be interested in. Several days later the conductor phoned and said he would like Miss Gahagan to see a certain woman teacher he had just learned was in New York. "She was such a remarkable woman," Miss Gahagan narrated, "I'd have taken up floor-scrubbing if she had advised me to do that." And there's the way it happened.

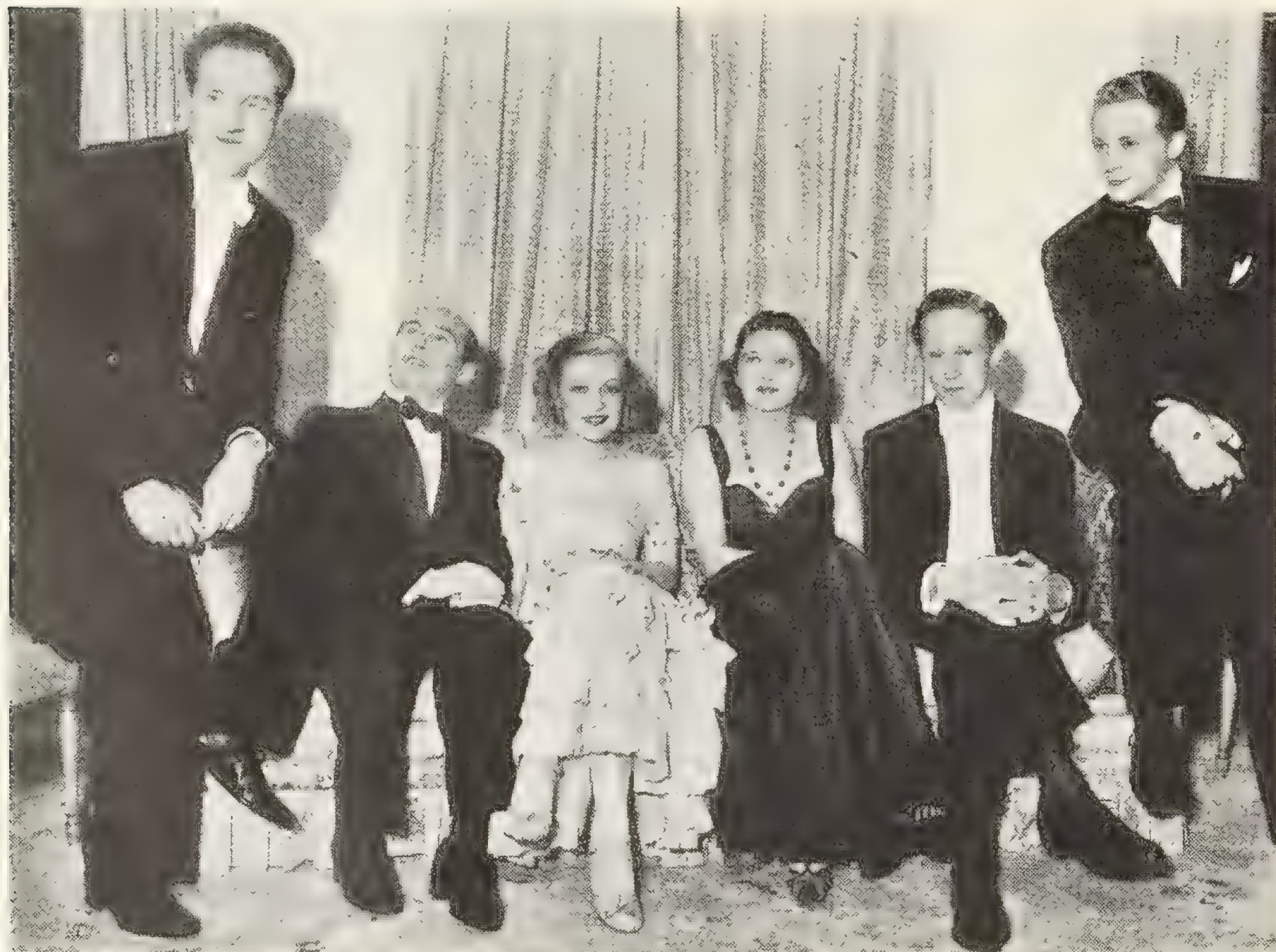
Helen Gahagan made her American operatic debut with the San Francisco Opera Company last Fall, singing "Aida," one of the several operatic rôles she sang in Europe.

She is very much interested in picture work. Frankly she admitted that her first picture, "She," was not all that she had expected. "I did not like the way the story was treated. But," she added, "in the theatre and in opera you find yourself in disagreement with the way works are treated and produced."

Singing opera, Miss Gahagan says, is a wonderful experience. "You feel as though you are flying. I really believe the artist has a much better time than the audience," she added.

Do you wonder that every singer, male or female, who has sung opera, wouldn't give it up for the world!

"I'm going back to Hollywood and work like the very dickens to acquire a new type of speaking voice, and you just watch and see if I don't get ahead playing 'sympathetic' rôles," said Adrienne Ames, two days before she ended a month's vacation in New York. A vacation, by the way, that was such a social success that Adrienne admitted she would need a rest and so decided to travel back to California by boat. "I've been to the theatre every night,



Acme

Guests at Pickfair! Delmar Daves, Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth, Kay Francis, Leslie Howard, and Gene Raymond, form the group, above, seen at Mary Pickford's recent reception in honor of Lady Mendl.

as your correspondent was ushered into a large and very attractively furnished living-room, with a cheery glow coming from the crackling logs in the fireplace.

No wonder Miss Swarthout spoke with more enthusiasm about her impending vacation in the South than she was able to give to other subjects during the interview. The vacation was to be followed by a concert tour tracing a devious pattern across the map from Florida to Detroit. After that some performances at the Metropolitan, and then a return to Hollywood to play in the screen version of "The Count of Luxemburg."

It is not merely a personal opinion of this particular corner, but the view of many authoritative observers, that Gladys Swarthout's success in "Rose of the Rancho" is a great personal triumph for the American mezzo-soprano whose popularity as a result of her operatic achievements and radio work built up a very high expectation for her first picture. "Rose of the Rancho," despite the sincerity behind its production, the contribution of the popular John Boles, and other factors in its favor, was not screen entertainment of the quality requisite for an auspicious screen debut. Many stars from other fields with

theatre has ever known perhaps, is more familiar to screen patrons as the wife of an actor than as a dramatic actress who, after attaining the greatest heights in her stage profession, turned to the study of vocal culture and later won distinction as an operatic star.

Helen Gahagan, who in private life is Mrs. Melvyn Douglas and the mother of Peter Gahagan Douglas, aged two, has made but one picture, "She," and that only after producers tried for years to interest her in screen acting.

But Miss Gahagan is to make more pictures. Two have been contracted for, the next offering her a singing rôle, and that to be followed by a production photographed in color.

The tall, dark-haired and blue-eyed Miss Gahagan, whose extraordinarily beautiful face reveals such definiteness and vitality of character, and is so mobile, so delicately adjusted to express emotion, submitted herself to questioning at the hotel apartment she and Melvyn Douglas occupy while Douglas fills his engagement in a New York play, in which Elissa Landi also appears, and Helen Gahagan puts in hours of vocal practice under a musical coach. She was then preparing for some concert

visited, I guess, every night-club in New York, and I do need a vacation after all this vacation!"

The trip, according to this very stunning young girl—one of the prettiest Hollywood ever invited into its midst—was productive of some advice that Adrienne believes will enable her to get the kind of screen assignments she wants to do—which are *not* simply a succession of hussies who go about taking the heroine's husband away and then dropping him by the wayside at her convenience or whim.

It's all a matter of voice, an agent in New York told her—that was his analysis of why the Hollywood casting directors couldn't see Adrienne as anything but a rubber-stamp type.

There may be something to what that agent said. Her voice is pleasant, exciting like the girl herself, but there is a deep throaty quality, with very crisp, clear diction and a firmness of tone that does carry a certain finality with it.

All the time Adrienne was in town the Broadway columns were talking about how, why, and when there would be a reconciliation between this beautiful brunette and Bruce Cabot. The divorce will not become final until summer.

"All I can tell you about that," was the reply to my question about the rumors, "is that whatever is done will be for the best of both Bruce and myself. Nothing has been decided. I will say he is trying very earnestly now to be what I always knew he could be, and when two people love each other—well, there's always hope! If and when we remarry it will be when a really successful marriage based on a real partnership is assured. If we do not remarry, then it will be because that is the best way for both of us."

Adrienne Ames, the girl with the electric, vibrant manner of speech and manner, the haunting big blue eyes and strikingly pretty face, minces no words. The lady knows her own mind, is tremendously ambitious to succeed as an actress. She has a style and dash that Hollywood interprets as the perfect expression of the "other woman" type in the eternal triangle dramatic pattern, Adrienne will get on to higher reaches in the pictures if determination and fiery resolve mean a thing in Hollywood.

Two kinds of business—no, the other one is *not* monkey business—brought Ben Lyon,



Maureen among the lilies! And may all the harbingers of Spring be as lovely and kind to the eyes as the comely O'Sullivan lass is in this picture.

your old friend of the pictures, to New York. Ben is not through with pictures or professional life—he's being seen now in a film called "Dancing Feet," and he and wife Bebe Daniels are just concluding a personal appearance tour as well as some radio engagements.

But the Lyons, Ben and Bebe, and the Gallaghers, Skeets and Pauline, are now involved in big business. It's the business of fashions for ladies, designed by Bebe and Pauline, and manufactured in Hollywood for the department stores and dress shops of the whole country.

We saw him at the headquarters of the company in New York—a suite of rooms at a mid-town hotel. The place was rigged up with spotlights and several girls were on hand to model the dresses fashioned for milady by these screen celebrities.

Lyon can turn from talk about pictures

to a very professional discussion of fabrics, styles, sizes—and prices—which are matters of high concern to the visiting buyers.

"This is developing into a tremendous business," he kept saying. "We are selling these articles to the finest stores throughout the country. Take a look at this number—" and we looked and saw a right pretty girl wearing a smart looking rig which M. Lyon, the old fashion expert, assured us was for early summer wear and incorporated the newest in fashionable dress for the ladies.

Well, we'll take his word for it, not knowing anything about the fashion business—and besides, the infectious manner of Ben Lyon, that good-natured, unassuming, and smiling manner that made him one of the most popular actors on the screen, makes it easy to take his word for whatever he says.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

cup of rice and cook for 25 minutes still covered.

Gail, slim and tall, stood before the big fireplace, a lovely contrast to the colors of the room in her stunning brunette beauty.

"The andirons came from home," she pointed out, "and so did this wood hamper with the carved top. We keep eucalyptus wood in it and a supply of big pine cones. I like the fragrance. Whenever I can I run up to Lake Arrowhead and come back with the back of the car piled with cones.

"Do come and see the patio. I'm sold on it. You see it's all white, with white iron furniture and white flagstones and white pots for flowers, and even white dishes for serving afternoon tea. The color out here will be supplied by gay umbrellas and the flowers and the women's dresses. Only no doubt they'll all wear slacks!

"Speaking of tea, everyone accuses me of being English because I'm always serving it. I've taught half Hollywood to take it the way I like it—with slices of orange and spoonfuls of sugar crushed together in

the bottom of the cup before you pour the tea on them.

"Another reason they think I'm English is because I always serve some sort of preserves or jelly with every meal. I'm fond of cherry or raspberry preserves. Gilly fixes these in the usual way, I suppose—same quantity of sugar to berries or cherries. She lets them stay over-night in a preserving kettle, then next morning brings them slowly to a boil and cooks them until they are thick—and the smell is heavenly! Then she puts them in jars and I eat them as quickly as possible."

We were going upstairs now, a white stair with a slim dark rail crowning the white banisters.

"I used to plan these rooms on nights when I couldn't sleep," confessed Gail. "I didn't know what shape the rooms would be, but I knew I was going to have my guest room in navy blue and white. Navy blue congoletum on the floor with small white scatter rugs, white furniture, draperies in navy blue and white print, a blue spread with white trim and white covers with blue trim on dressing-table and bedstand.

"My own room is in my favorite colors—burgundy and old ivory—burgundy broadloom carpet, ivory spread with burgundy relief, and drapes in the same material. I use burgundy scarves on my dressing-table because my toilet set is old ivory.

"I'm one who loves flowers around the house. I'm hoping to grow scarlet poppies to put in my navy-blue and white guest room, and masses of pretty things for this one. Oh, did I show you the jasmine tree I'm trying to start just beyond the patio?

"Did you ever try individual upside-down cakes?" asked Gail, as we returned to the living-room. "If I get very daring I may serve them for my first party. But not if there's a crowd, for Gilly would never get them done. You bake them in muffin tins, which are, of course, well buttered. Sprinkle the buttered tin with brown sugar and in the center place a walnut or pecan meat, topside down; over this a half apricot, or peach or slice of pineapple, cavity down, (if it has a cavity). Cover with a cake batter, bake in a moderate oven, and serve right side up with whipped cream."

The Horses Go 'Round and 'Round

Continued from page 29

not," Bing told me. "I've no intention of making money out of them. I'm far more interested in breeding horses than I am in racing them." But just the same Bing in his old cap and gray sweater and baggy pants never misses a day at the track; he's there at early dawn brushing down his horses, feeding them oats, timing them on the track, and gabbing with the jockeys who think he's one swell guy. Bing has promised \$500 to the jockey who brings in the most winners this season. The boys say that in a year or maybe two his youngsters—Double Trouble, Friend Andy, (he named this one after Andy Devine), and Lady Lakeside—will be right up there in the money class. "Aren't they cute?" And Bing pointed to his young hopefuls with fatherly pride. "And they're natural-born actors, too. The minute they step out on that track they want to take bows. That's the reason they can't win a race, they're so busy bowing to the judges before the race that they never get started in time. I'm trying to teach them to take their bows after the race." Bing, of course, out of loyalty to the "cute" little things, has to bet on them whenever they run, and his family usually does, too, but they are getting pretty annoyed about it all. "We haven't had a winner in a year," one of his brothers told me. "Zombie and Miss Flip and Saragon are simply eating tons of oats, and if they are requested to run in a race you'd think we were insulting them. Dixie, (Mrs. Bing Crosby), suggested that Bing take all his eight horses and run them in the same race without any outsiders and then we'd be bound to have a winner. That's probably the only way we'll ever get one." Well, Bing's got the right idea, I guess, but the day I risked two bucks on Khayyam and he poked along as if he had from now until next Christmas to finish the mile, I felt great sympathy with the Crosby family, and I didn't think Khayyam was so cute, either. There's nothing so cheering as a winner.

Connie Bennett still owns Rattlebrains, who is still a bad horse though he did manage to get in the money once last year, though no one is quite sure how it happened. He's definitely typed as an alboran. Connie, as you know, is quite the Upper Crust and just-like-that with the Vanderbilts, so she always plays the entries from the Whitney and Vanderbilt stables, and usually wins. Those snooty horses, worse luck, are much better than the picture nags who are always showing their teeth for the photographers.

Joan Blondell was a riot her first day at the track with Dick Powell. Joan knows from nothing about horses except the kind who used to pull beer trucks in Brooklyn when she was a baby, (Joan isn't at all Upper Crust), and she managed to ask the most embarrassing questions about their home life. It was Joan who made that classic remark that caused the snobby Turf Club to gasp in horror. "I think," said Joan, "that I will play that belle all the way across the nose." Well, while Dick was concentrating on hunches Joan went through the official program for the day and picked out all the horses with names that amused her and proceeded to play them all afternoon, and would you believe it, won a tidy sum. Who the owner was, who the trainer was, who the jockey was, what the horse had done before or would ever do again, mattered not to Joanie. She played Minnie Mae, Bartering Kate, Gertie, Southern Belle, Mama's Choice, Mary Jane, and others of that ilk, simply went into

hysterics over their names, and cashed in heavily, while poor Dick, who was playing hunches, decided that maybe after all he wasn't the psychic type.

Of course that Irishman, Pat O'Brien, is at the track all the time, and any horse named Murphy, or O'Reilly, or Cassidy gets the O'Brien dough right on the nose. Pat's wife Eloise is very sentimental about Pat's name and whenever she can find a horse named Pat she plays it. One day she won good odds on Brown-Eyed Pat, and then the very next day she won again on Pat W. "Darling," she shouted to her rather glum spouse who wasn't being done right by the Irish, "Can I pick 'em! You have a lucky name, all you have to do is play it." The next day Pat found a horse



Paul Kelly shows his polo pony the statuette the actor is awarding the fan who picked the name, Kelly MacKaye, for the horse.

named Pretty Pat and remembering Eloise's advice he played Pretty Pat right across the board. Pretty Pat was lost in a cloud of dust and so was Pat's twenty-five bucks.

Fred Astaire is just about as batty over horses as Bing, though Fred hasn't bought himself a stable yet. However, when he retires from the screen that's exactly what he plans to do. Strange to say, he doesn't like to ride horses, but he loves to pet them, and watch them run. Last summer when he finished "Top Hat" and wanted to "get away from it all" he and his wife left for a quiet hide-out on Long Island, but they were only there for a day or so when Fred began packing feverishly and away they went to Saratoga to see the horses go 'round and 'round, Yo-Ho. Fred is so goofy on the subject of horses that anyone who can talk horses to him immediately becomes one of his best friends—which is a little trying to his Social Register wife. Fred usually plays "tips"—he too is just-like-that with the Whitneys and Vanderbilts, but he isn't at all class conscious about his tips and he'll play one from an unknown tout just as quickly as he will one from Jock Whitney. Dinner in the Astaire home, it seems, is just a series of tips via phone.

And just as you'd suspect, Ginger Rogers and Jeanette MacDonald are entirely feminine in the way they pick 'em. Ginger arrived at the track with husband Lew Ayres one fine afternoon with every intention in the world of reading "Racing Form" and several charts and picking horses with great care and precision so she would be a credit to Lew who takes things seriously. But she happened to notice in the second race that Lady Peenzie was running. And that threw her for a laugh. No horse should ever be named Lady Peenzie, it sounded like something just too whimsy, too silly for words. Without even consulting Racing Form, or the Consensus of Opinion, or Lew Ayres she raced over to the window and placed a bet on Lady Peenzie, of the De Pooh Peenzies. Her ladyship placed and Ginger was in twenty bucks. "Hmmm, Royalty," said Ginger who catches on quickly, so she proceeded to place bets on Prince Abbot, Seraphic Knight, Dulce's King, and all kinds of princesses—and did she have fun and cash it on the tote tickets. She could hardly wait to get back to the track the following Saturday to play Royalty again, but alack and alas, Lady Roma is still roaming, Lady Bowman took so long to get around the track that she sent postcards to her friends, and French Princess hasn't been heard from in days. In disgust Ginger played Communist, collected some of her losses, and called it a day.

Sweet Mystery romped in home for Jeanette MacDonald, who played her out of loyalty to "Naughty Marietta," Nelson Eddy, and those long hours of rehearsal of *Sweet Mystery of Life*. She also did all right on *Sweet Chariot*, which used to be her favorite song when she was a child. But Moonburn did her wrong. "Not my type of song," said Jeanette. "I should have known better!"

Another enthusiastic horseman and owner is Joe E. Brown. Joe is at the track every day and his two horses, Barnsley and Little Lad, have placed in many races though they haven't won to date. Mrs. Joe E. Brown didn't think much of Joe's selection of horse-flesh, (neither did I—Little Lad played dead the day I was on him), so she bought herself a race horse and named it Santa Monica and bet the January house money on it. Santa Monica didn't seem to know what it was all about. A very vague sort of horse.

Of course the most publicized horse at Santa Anita is Beverly Hills, the ex-Clark Gable horse. Beverly Hills, through some kind of a fluke—the other horses all dropped dead or something—won once last year at magnificent odds, and Clark's loyal supporters rallied round the nag, though she hasn't done a thing in months. Clark has to take a terrific ribbing from his pals over the molasses-in-January attitude of his pet. As a matter of fact there is a big match on at the Metro studio now with all the directors, stars, and technicians taking bets. Clarence Brown, the director, has bet Clark that the antique car used in "Ah, Wilderness"—(It's a 1906 Stanley steamer)—could beat Beverly Hills any day, and Clark has taken the bet. Well, if that ole hoss lets that ole tank beat him he might just as well give up. To date Clark has only been to the track one time, a Saturday when Beverly Hills was scheduled to run in the fourth race, and immediately the movie contingent spied Clark there for the first time during the season the rumor got around that it was "fixed" for Beverly Hills to win,

else Clark wouldn't be there looking so chipper. The odds immediately dropped from ninety to twenty, and Clark thought something was going on he didn't know about and almost bet on his own horse! Beverly Hills brought up the rear as usual, and everybody was furious with Clark. They really should be furious with Mrs. Gable, though, and not Clark, for the infamous Beverly Hills now belongs to her.

Wynne Gibson is another Hollywood horse owner and her W. Gibson, it is rumored, is headed for big things. Wynne is one of the luckiest of the players, and her system is to pick the winner from the consensus of opinion of all the pickers and then play him to place. Arlene Judge says her favorite method of picking them came about most peculiarly. She was dressing for the races one morning and singing at the top of her voice, "Take a Number from One to Ten. . . ." "Three," piped up her baby son. So Arlene played three all day

and won a goodly sum, and young Ruggles, Jr., got a new wagon with a snappy paint job. William Powell, who usually shows up with Ronnie Colman or Warner Baxter, plays a system that is far too difficult for the likes of me to understand. It goes something like this—"if six wins in the second race that means that three will win in the sixth race if it is Wednesday and the weather is clear and the track is fast and if five in the fifth race on Friday thirteenth came in for place. . . ." Well, something like that.

Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson can be found right up there at the fence any afternoon. Al plunges heavily, but Ruby gets most of the winners. She always plays a long shot and she was practically the only person in Hollywood on Loafer, (what a name for a winner), the day he came in and paid \$102.40 for one little two dollar tote ticket. Madge Evans went so insane over "National Velvet" that now she always looks

for a piebald horse and plays it, and usually with success. Una Merkel plays last-minute hunches. Just a few seconds before the klaxon rings to announce the beginning of the race, Una will snatch a name out of the air and play it to win. Three times out of four I saw her win—so *that* for long-drawn-out systems. Mary Carlisle picks them by colors the jockeys wear, and Alice Faye always knows a man who knows a jockey who knows a horse. George Raft is one of the biggest spenders at the track, and Spencer Tracy one of the lightest, but both are always there. Bob Montgomery is What the Well-Dressed Man wears at the races. I'm always so overcome by his stock and derby that I've never been able to figure out whether he wins or loses. Gary Cooper always looks pretty dapper, too.

When my ship comes in, if it ever does—I'm getting discouraged about it—I'm going to buy a horse and name it Wait for Baby.

"I Shouldn't Tell This—But I Will"

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breeze of honest and invigorating speech, she swept the air clear of them.

"You can't eat your ambition and have it too," she'd been saying when I lost the thread. Patiently she picked it up for me again. "I mean," she explained, "that a halfway ambition can be a dangerous thing. If you've a burning desire to be something, do something, you *must* be willing to sacrifice everything to it. Make up your mind one way or the other and stick to it. Don't be half-hearted. You'll give up the years you can't ever get back again and then, if you haven't the strength to push through, you'll have lost the ambition *and* the years and everything else you might have used them for. I think that's why there are so many frustrated people in the world. They're the ones who've straddled, stopped to grab the flowers on both sides of the fence and so missed both. And they're bitterly resentful of those who succeed, because they lose sight of the fact that the successful ones had the strength they lacked—the strength to drive straight through to their goal and shut their eyes, no matter *how* hard it was, to all the lovely temptations along the way."

I began to understand that her vividness of coloring was no accident, but rather an expression of her whole vivid personality. It's difficult to put your finger on the quality in Jeanette MacDonald that you're inevitably aware of within five minutes of meeting her—inevitably, because, unless you're a clod, you will feel its effects tingling through your own veins. It's not the crisp tang of her speech alone nor your sense of the lively intelligence directing it, but something more fundamental—something electric that stimulates you, as though for the moment she were sharing her wealth of vitality with you.

"Is it worth while?" she said, echoing my query. "That's another question, and a highly debatable one. In my present state of mind, I should say yes. Because I haven't yet fulfilled my ambition and therefore haven't reached the point where it's begun to lag. But I've often wondered what the future holds for me—when I've succeeded or failed in all I hope to do. When I'm a middle-aged woman—I wonder whether I'll begin wishing then that I'd married early, raised myself a family, made myself a home, a background, rooted friends. I don't know. That remains to be seen. It's not that I don't realize the value of those things, but that I'm convinced you

can't do justice to both. And for better or worse, I've made my choice."

Her face was alight as she talked, reflecting the play of thought behind it. She needed no prodding, and seemed refreshingly free of that bane of so many movie stars—the fear of being misquoted or misunderstood. Rather she pays you the compliment of assuming that honesty and good sense will beget the same.

"You see," she laughed, "the present outlook is against children, since I haven't even got around to marriage yet. Anyway, it seems to me that marriage and a career are two careers. If I married, I'd want to give all my time and energy to that, as I give it now to my work. I can't do both. If I slackened in my present ambition for a month—or certainly for the year it takes to have a baby—I'd find myself far more than a year behind. Competition's so keen

in this business—you've got to be awake, alert, ready to grasp the opportunity the moment it comes. You can't do that if you're thinking of your next baby. And you can't give the baby what it needs if you're chafing to get back into harness.

"Marriage without children? No! If the children don't come, you can't help it. But I shouldn't be willing to plan it that way. Besides, I'm just old-fashioned enough to think that a woman should adapt her life to a man's. Suppose you were a man married to a movie actress. You get home at 6 or 7. You want your dinner and you want your wife. Dinner's waiting, but your wife's at the studio—rushes, story conference, fittings, any one of a dozen things. Either you growl and eat your dinner alone, or you growl and wait, and by the time she arrives you're pretty darn hungry and cranky. Maybe she's cranky too. Many's



What's sauce for the beach is saucier for the snowdrifts, say Eunice Healy, Paula Stone, June Travis, Kay Linaker, Alma Lloyd, and Marie Wilson. Swim suit styles in a frosty setting. Anyway it's a nice picture.

the night I've come home too tired and irritable to be a fit companion to anyone. All I want is to sit alone, lean on my elbow, shove some food into my mouth and go to bed. Suppose you have a social engagement. You have to break it, or your husband has to keep it alone. Suppose he wants to bring friends home, as any man should feel free to do in the right kind of home. Either his hostess doesn't show up at all, or she's so tired and so conscious of her early morning call that she doesn't feel entertaining and shouldn't be expected to entertain.

"Oh, I know that women leading normal lives get tired too—washing dishes, taking care of the children. But at least they *can* take a little time off, relax sufficiently during the day to make themselves agreeable companions at night. At least they can sit down and have dinner with their husbands. When the dishes are done and the children put to bed, at least they're free for the evening. A movie actress never knows when she'll be free. She's married to her job, and my contention is that one marriage at a time is plenty."

Flushed with the warmth of her eloquence, utterly in earnest yet half laughing at her own fervor, she made a picture worth looking at. A sudden memory brought an infectious chuckle to her throat.

"Maybe I shouldn't tell this," she said, "but I'm brazen, so I will. A horoscope-reader once told me I'd have a child who'd be a world-renowned character. Yes, I know it was probably a lot of bunk. Just the same it left a little itch in my mind—a little wonder as to whether a child of mine would really turn out that way. It would be such fun to find out—to see what kind of child I *could* bear and bring up, genius or not. Oh, well—I'd probably be as crazy about my first-born as any other mother. But it would be fun.

"More fun than what I'm doing now?" She hooted. "*This* isn't fun! No—not even the singing, the singing least of all. You can't always sing as you like, you know—you can't let yourself go entirely—you're bound and imprisoned by all the rules of technique. The moment you realize it's important commercially, it stops being fun. It's work—the singing end—hard work, and that's all. The only time I really enjoy myself is when I forget I'm a singer, and giggle if I want to giggle and scream if I want to scream. I'll tell you where the fun comes in—in the money you make and the things you can do with that money. And in all the excitement of being a star, the fireworks, the glamor. Whatever people may say about it, we do like that excitement, we *all* like it, and we're only acting when we say we don't."

I could have blessed her for that. It came as such a relief from the artistic airs and graces of some of her colleagues.

"And while I'm in the bubble-pricking vein," she went on, "there's this little matter of temperament, about which a fearful lot of nonsense is also chattered. To hear people talk, you'd think it was something awesome and mysterious and peculiar to actresses, when it's nothing but natural temper and irritability. You've got it, I've got it, everyone's got it who isn't a saint or a cow. Of course I don't believe in flying off the handle just because you know you can make people miserable, but I *do* think an ounce of healthy explosion is sometimes worth a pound of unnatural control—provided you keep your sense of proportion." She was trying to button her lips over a smile that pushed its way through in spite of her. "I'm thinking," she said, "of the last time I lost my temper."

She was trying on a wig in her dressing-room on the stage, and the wig didn't fit. "I pulled it and pinned it and all but took



Madeleine Carroll comes back with a smile from England to make another film in Hollywood.

pleats in it, but it still didn't fit. I felt myself getting madder and madder, but that didn't help, either."

Finally she pulled it from her head in a rage and flung it into a corner. "There's no excuse for it," she stormed. "It's been fitted a dozen times, and it should have been right. I just can't be photographed."

Dashing out to deliver her ultimatum, she found a sober-faced group gathered at her dressing-room door. "I can't be photographed," she informed them.

"We know," they intoned in solemn chorus.

She made a desperate effort to stay mad. "Well, I hope you're all satisfied now!" she cried on what was meant to be a note of bitterness—and burst out laughing.

I suppose, being mortal, she has her darker moods. But laughter seems her natural element—a kind of gay sanity that prompts her to dwell on her droller experiences, frankly enjoying the fun she thus provides.

"I must have been born ambitious. Anyway, my mother remembers that I was four or five, I told a neighbor I was going to be an opera singer and very rich, so I could buy her a gold bed and myself a pony. You see, the mother of a girl across the street had a brass bed, which to me was gold and beautiful. Ours were wooden, and how I loathed the sight of them!

"I always remember singing, of course, but I had another passion equally strong." Her face turns solemn, and you wait for the revelation. "I loved to scrub," says Hollywood's golden prima donna, and joins her mirth to your own shout of delight. "My mother couldn't keep me out of water. When there were windows to be washed, or the porch or kitchen floor to be scrubbed, 'I'll do it,' I'd yell, and there was no stopping me. I can't explain it—just a peculiar complex, I guess—though there may have been one reason for it. Mary Pickford was my idol, and she generally played a drudge who turned into a butterfly. So I'd be an operatic drudge, and get down on my knees and sing these sad songs and cry and carry on and slop around and have a grand time. Sometimes I'd strike a high note, and I'd run in to the piano to see what it was, and call up to

my mother: 'I just sang high what-ever-it-was.' 'That's fine,' she'd call back, and I'd go contentedly back to my scrubbing."

One incident wasn't so funny, but it helped to crystallize her ambition. "When I was fourteen, my father took me to New York to see my sister, who was dancing in a show. She thought she'd be really smart, so she dressed me up in her clothes and took me to the producer, who promptly offered me a job as a chorus filler-in. My mother consented only on condition that I finish my high school course in New York. And having no choice, I agreed, though I never remember hating anything as I hated that New York school. It was strange too, because I'd liked school in Philadelphia. Somehow the girls seemed different, though it probably all comes down to what I was saying before—that you can't really love more than one thing at a time. I'd made up my mind by then that I loved the stage, and I probably shouldn't have cared for the girls if they'd had jewels in their hair. There was one, though, who seemed more like the girls at home. She and I made friends, and we'd walk through the corridor arm in arm when we changed classes."

One day Jeanette's friend asked her to go home with her to dinner.

"I can't."

"What about tomorrow night?"

"No—not any night."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm working."

"Working? At night?"

"Yes. I'm on the stage."

Like any normal youngster of her age, the girl was thrilled and delighted, interrupting her *ohs* and *ahs* only long enough to ask: "Well, can't you come Sunday?"

"Yes," said Jeanette, "I guess so."

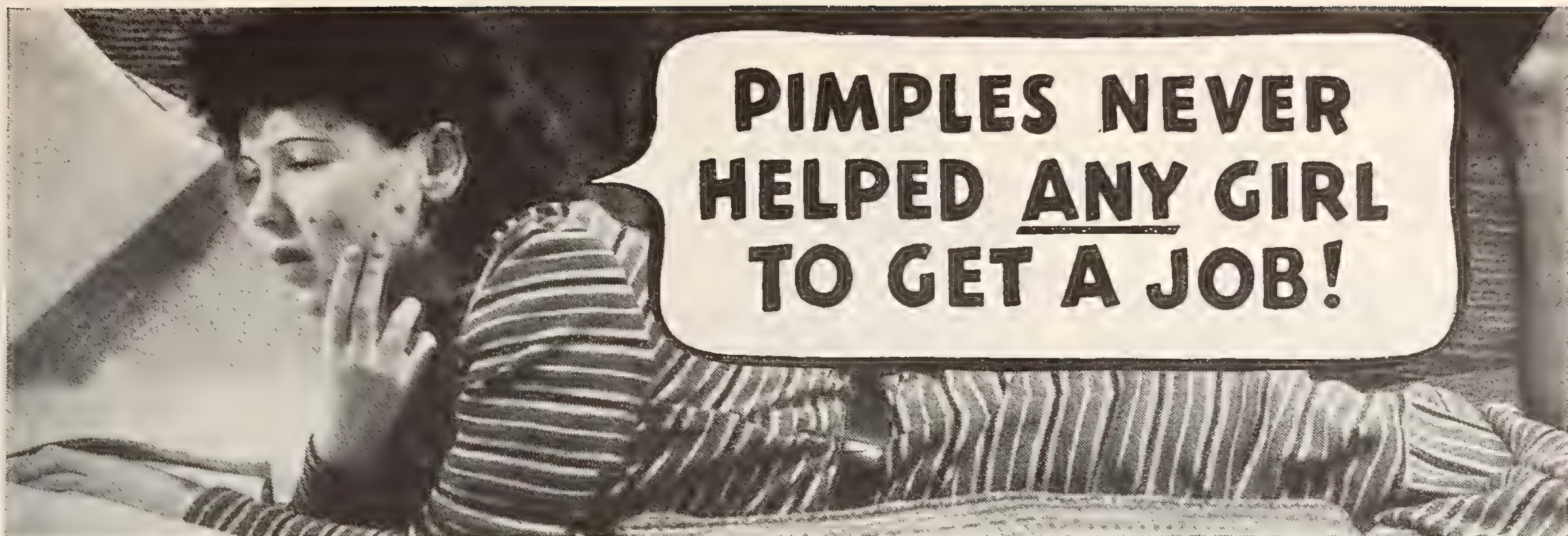
But when she greeted her friend next day, the girl looked through her as though she were air, and never again addressed a word to her.

"Her mother must have said: 'The stage! My dear! Have nothing to do with her!' You can't imagine the effect of that experience on a child. I was stunned. It changed my whole attitude—disillusioned me about people. It was then I faced the fact that I'd have to make sacrifices to my work—and decided that my work was worth it."

Then she was laughing again. "No, I didn't let it embitter me. There were too many important things happening. I stayed at school till I was sixteen because I had to, and left then because I wanted to, and got my first real part soon after that. As a matter of fact, I should never have got it at all. Everything went wrong at the try-out. When I sang, I cracked on a high note. When I danced, I fell down. But Mr. Savage seemed amused, so he gave me a better part than the one I'd tried out for.

"I think I got my first movie job for the same reason—because Mr. Lubitsch was amused. You see, I didn't know then—as I've learned since—that movie directors were so important. And I sassed him, instead of bowing down to the ground. He must have liked it," she concluded thoughtfully, "because he laughed and gave me a contract to sign."

That's as may be. I'm in the confidence of neither gentleman. But knowing their reputations as shrewd showmen, I should venture to guess that they both grabbed the sassy redhead with a prayer of thanksgiving for the dream of producers come true—a girl with beauty and talent and that priceless something besides—a girl whose presence lends a radiance to her surroundings—who, like a good wine, produces on the spirits of her fellowmen a heightened sense of the joy of life and living.



**PIMPLES NEVER
HELPED ANY GIRL
TO GET A JOB!**

**But
Aunt
Laura
comes
to the
Rescue**

MY CERTIFICATE FROM THE SECRETARIAL SCHOOL! NOW IF THESE PIMPLES WOULD ONLY GO AWAY, I'D START JOB-HUNTING AT ONCE!



DID I COME AT A BAD TIME, AUNT LAURA? I WOULDN'T BOTHER YOU NOW, BUT I---

I KNOW, HELEN. YOUR FATHER SAID YOUR DIPLOMA CAME. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE HERE FOR A JOB?



IT MAY SOUND CATTY ~ BUT I MUST SAY MISS PHILLIPS' NIECE HAS A DREADFUL SKIN



~ SO NOW YOU JUST TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, HELEN. EAT IT FAITHFULLY ~ 3 CAKES A DAY ~ AND I'M SURE YOUR SKIN WILL CLEAR UP

OH, THANKS SO MUCH, AUNT LAURA! AND THANKS FOR THE DIVINE LUNCH



LATER

HELEN, I HEAR YOU'RE STARTING OUT VERY WELL IN YOUR JOB ~ I MIGHT ADD, I HEAR YOUR BOSS'S SON DATES YOU!

YOU HEARD RIGHT, AUNT LAURA. AND SOMETHING TELLS ME I OWE IT ALL TO MY BEE-UTIFUL NEW COMPLEXION! ISN'T THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST MARVELOUS!



clears the skin

**by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood**

**Don't let Adolescent Pimples
give YOU a job problem**

FROM the beginning of adolescence—at about 13, until 25, or even longer—young people are frequently worried by pimples.

Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out!

But you can overcome these adolescent pimples. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Unsightly pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

If you had X-Ray Eyes



*you'd never again take a
harsh, quick-acting cathartic!*

You don't need to be a professor of physiology to figure this out. When you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that races through your alimentary tract in a couple of hours, you're shocking your system.

Unassimilated food is rushed through your intestines. Valuable fluids are drained away. The delicate membranes become irritated. And you have stomach pains.

What a timed laxative means:

When we say that Ex-Lax is a correctly timed laxative, this is what we mean: Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to act. You take one or two of the tablets when you go to bed. You sleep through the night . . . *undisturbed!* In the morning, Ex-Lax takes effect. And its action is thorough, yet so gentle and mild you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

No stomach pains. No "upset" feeling. No embarrassment during the day. Ex-Lax is easy to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Good for all ages

Ex-Lax is equally good for grown-ups and children . . . for *every* member of the family. It is used by more people than any other laxative in the world. Next time you need a laxative ask your druggist for a box of Ex-Lax. *And refuse substitutes.* Ex-Lax costs only 10c—unless you want the big family size, and that's 25c.

When Nature forgets—remember

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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(Paste this on a penny postcard)

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Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Age.....

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd.,
736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 71



Those mad, merry fellows, Wheeler and Woolsey, are in again, with a new comedy in which they have as a pretty foil little Dorothy Lee herself.

MRS. CLARK GABLE departed for a visit in New York, and rented her lovely house to Madeleine Carroll, English star, who is back with us for another try at American pictures. She is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful women ever to grace the screen, but her beauty registered a trifle coldly for the local idea. Better luck this time.

JIMMY CAGNEY had better get over his mad and trot back to Warner's—they're handing some of the plum rôles they had in mind for him, to Errol Flynn. However, it probably wouldn't be very hard for Jimmy to land a job on almost any lot he chose. Little matter of contract to consider, though.

ROCHELLE HUDSON has sworn off matrimony for ten years—until she is thirty! She has a pretty good reason. "Married actresses never become stars, and stars often lose their husbands," is her very acute and analytical figuring. She is, of course, absolutely right. But what if she falls in love in the meantime?

THE other day Reginald Denny's four-year-old son was absolutely fascinated with the sight of John Barrymore dressed up as *Mercutio*. The youngster was sure Jack was Prince Charming—and there's certainly nothing strange about that. A lot of people, mostly ladies, have been mistaking Jack for Prince Charming for years and years. Anyway, young Denny didn't want to go away. He wanted to stay and watch the fun. So Jack, a whimsical guy, turned up for dinner at the Denny homestead—still dressed as *Mercutio*!

RATHER a tragic little party took place at producer Arthur Hornblow's house the other night. King Vidor, Carey Wilson, and Benjamin Glazer were the only guests, and all of them were Jack Gilbert's intimate friends. They brought strips and reels of film that had been taken at various parties and gatherings and events, when Jack was present. Some of them showed Jack in funny and intimate scenes, some with Garbo. The film was run off for these four men, a silent audience paying homage to memory.

THE Glenda Farrell-Addison Randall romance has reached what is known as an *impasse*. The key to the situation is in the fact that Glenda has been working constantly and Ad hasn't—so Glenda naturally wants to get some sleep, but Ad wants to go out a-playing. Ad has been a trifle high-handed but he's off his perch now. Scared to death he'll lose her, and being *such* a good boy.

WELL, Carl Brisson and Paramount agreed to disagree after conferences concerning a contract renewal. It all ended as an amicable settlement with Brisson pocketing \$65,000 and calling quits with the company that brought him over from Europe. One of the films Brisson wanted to do was "The Count of Luxemburg," which Paramount owns, but which is to be filmed as a starring vehicle for Gladys Swarthout, with Frank Forest, new, to Hollywood at least, tenor, playing opposite. Brisson's plans at the moment are to appear as the star of a musical stage show on Broadway.

SIX years ago, Sam Goldwyn signed a tall beautiful blonde for one of the chorus girls in "Whoopee." A few days ago, he signed the same girl to a starring contract. Virginia Bruce is her name.

FRANK FOREST, the tenor Paramount is grooming for important screen assignments, commencing with the lead for Gladys Swarthout in "The Count of Luxemburg," was recommended to the studio by Frank Chapman, Jr., Miss Swarthout's husband. Chapman knew Forest, who is American-born, in Italy, where both were students and later operatic singers.

MARY CARLISLE packed off with many well-wishes for her success in the picture the little Blonde will make in England. Mary is mighty serious about her acting career, and after all her earnest work in Hollywood it may be just the happy-for-Mary irony of fate that she'll get an opportunity to show what she can do at this stage of her development—something that, through nobody's fault, just didn't materialize in Hollywood lately.

THERE is a famous blimp which advertises a certain brand of automobile tire, and which floats over Los Angeles on any clear day. There is also a famous director named Archie Mayo out at Warners, who never diets. So the other day the director received this wire: "What are you doing floating over Los Angeles with Goodyear printed on your sides?" Archie was so burned he had only two orders of fried chicken for lunch.

NEARLY all the actors now working in "Romeo and Juliet" have a nine o'clock curfew rule. And when you say nearly all the actors in that picture, you have said something. The cast reaches from here to there. Maybe that's why the night spots have looked sorta vacant lately. Anyway, Edna May Oliver is one of the few to break the rule, because the Russian Ballet is playing at the Philharmonic, and *Romeo* or no *Romeo*, Edna May is a ballet patron.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, recent resident of Hollywood, created a great stir in the hearts of his radio listeners, during his series of air broadcasts, by telling Mr. and Mrs. America about an institution known as "The Seeing Eye."

Well, the screen now goes the accomplished Alex one better. For a film has been made that not only tells, but shows how man's most faithful friend, the dog, serves humanity when nature fails humans, and animals, trained and devoted to their work, take up the burden of those afflicted with blindness. The film was made at the institution in Morristown, N. J.

THIS running-gag between director Woody Van Dyke and actor John Miljan has reached the place where they can hardly top it any longer. It began when Miljan placed an ancient broken-down flivver in Woody's driveway—a little token of his esteem on a birthday. Woody came back with a spavined old horse for Miljan's Christmas present. So the next exchange of sentiment took place when Woody found a thirty-passenger busted bus in a junkyard—you can guess what he did with it. Miljan turned the tables by hiring a tow-car, loading the bus with a crowd and calling on Van. There have been recent exchanges of a herd of cattle in Woody's front yard, and a truckful of mongrel pups turned loose in Miljan's house during a party.

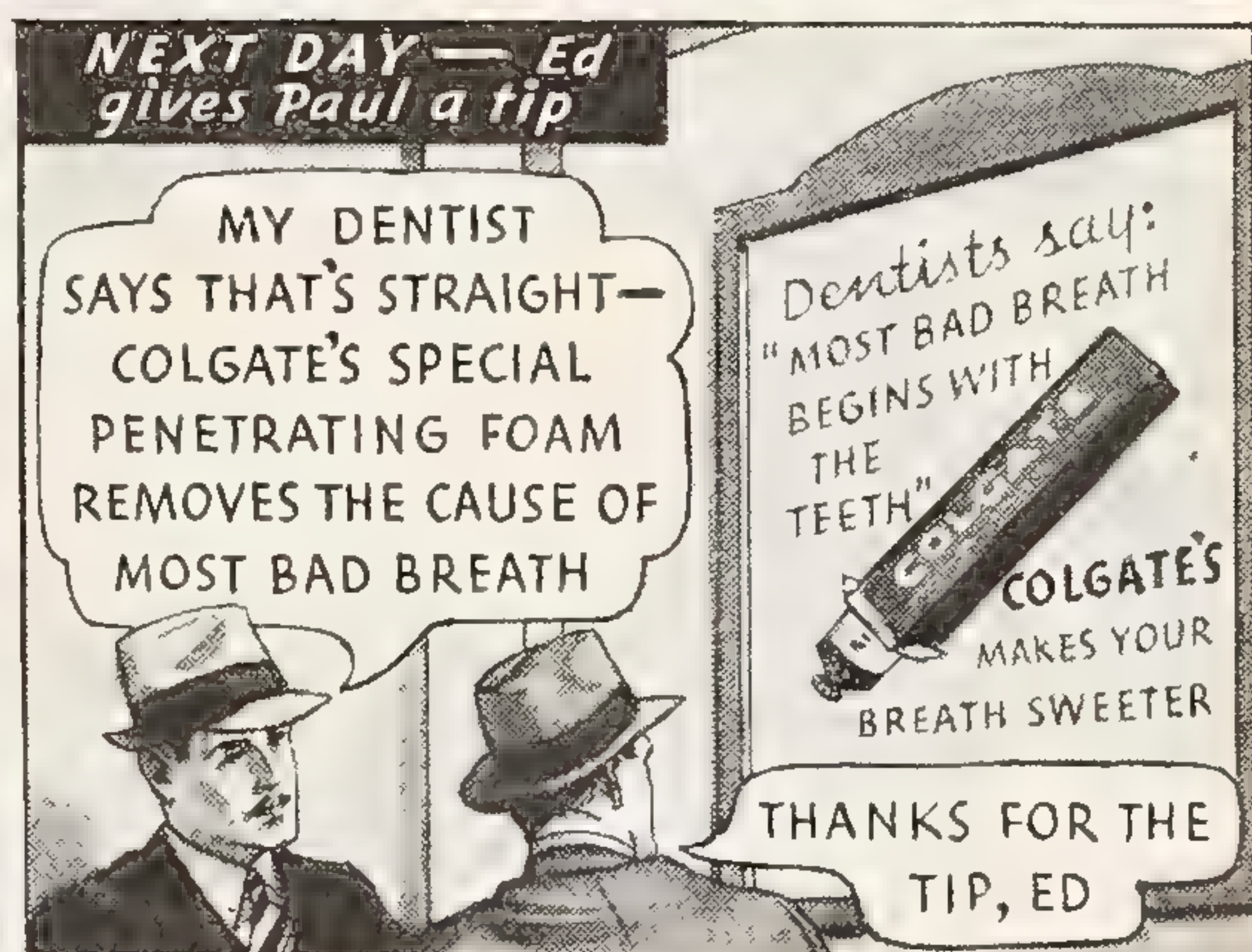
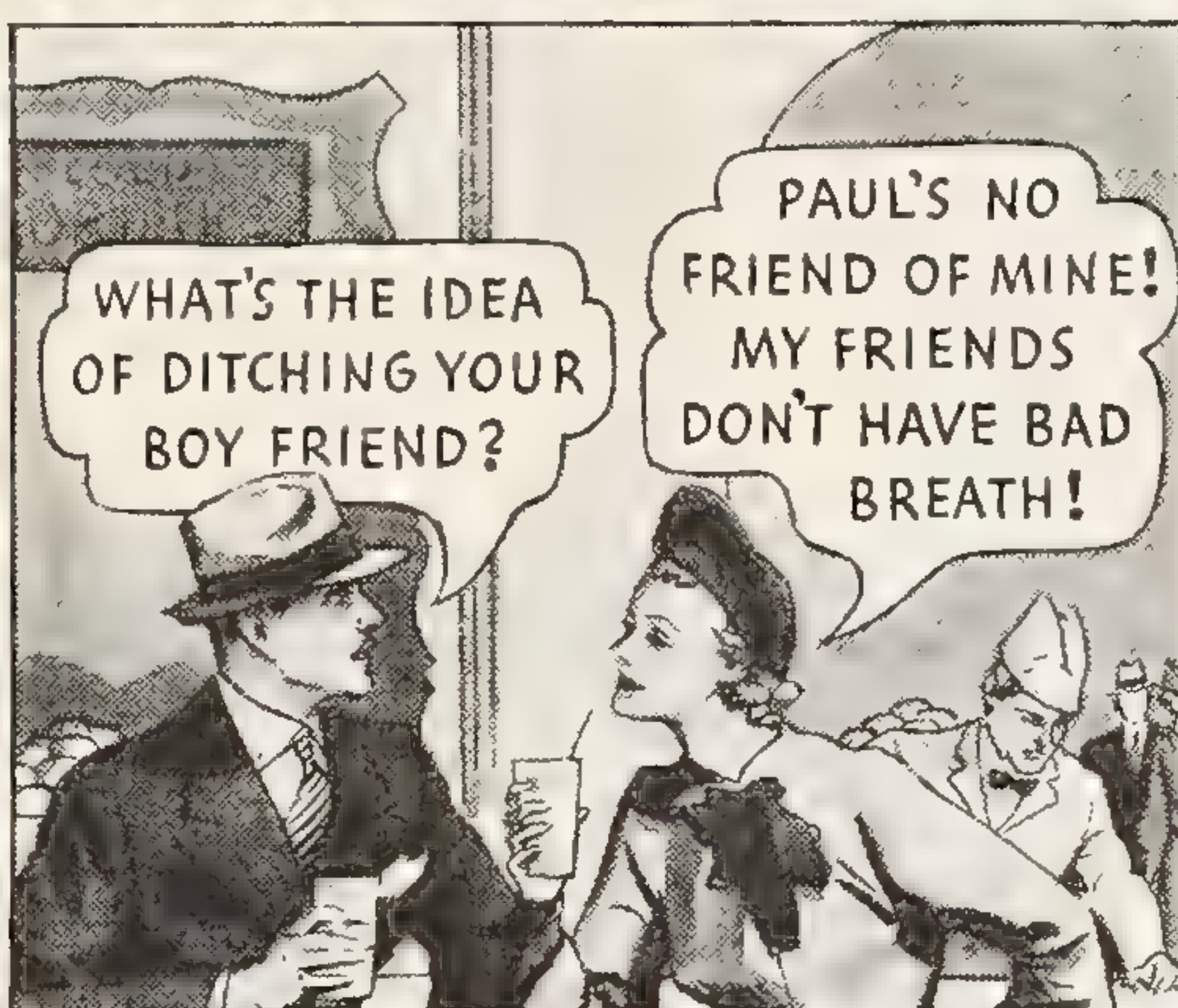
(Continued on page 100)



Holding that tiger! Jane Withers and Helen Wood find a "fierce" tiger just a furry friend when they visit a California zoo.



Paul wins the ring and the Girl



BOY! MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO FRESH ...AND MY TEETH NEVER LOOKED SO BRIGHT!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE sure you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!



Forever Yours

Continued from page 33

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Tom Kildare bitterly faces the reality that his voice test proves he cannot succeed in talkies, despite his years of stage training, his overwhelming popularity as a star of silent film comedies. He magnifies his failure, decides he will be a handicap now to Karen Kent. He had picked Karen as an unknown, inexperienced girl to play opposite him, and she, though she had a decided foreign accent, would be an even greater success in dialogue films. He determines to retire and take a trip around the world. To make even more definite his break with Karen, whom he loves, and whom he knows loves him, Kildare marries Mary Kennedy, the switchboard operator at his studio.

second-hand car, to Hollywood. He hadn't much more cash than he needed for gas. He hadn't many more illusions than he had dollars, either.

Tom Kildare knew, being an old trouser, that it's hard to make the grade in pictures. And he knew that making the grade was a simple matter indeed as compared to the effecting of a come-back.

Karen Kent was discussing the business of cast (not spelled with an "e") with her director. She was very different now from the shy, anxious-to-please girl who had gladly accepted every suggestion—who had fairly leaned backwards in her effort to comply. The years that had turned Tom from film favorite to wanderer, from wanderer to outcast, had torn the cocoon of Karen's reserve; she was imperious, and had a right to be! As she rested against aquamarine satin cushions, her eyes were veiled by insolent lashes and her straight ivory gown was as saintly as a nun's and as devilish as Montmartre is supposed to be. She said flatly, in answer to her director's best suggestion:

"No, no, no! I do not want that one. As a leading man he leaves me cold. He hasn't got anything."

Her director countered, "But the fans like him. He's English—and you know how they're going for men marked 'British.' Of course, if you have other ideas—" he hesitated—"how about that blond importation? He's pretty hot."

Karen was intensely bored; one wondered how she managed to survive. She said, "That sex-mad snake—good God, no! And besides, I'm never at my ease opposite fair men. I'm too colorless, myself."

The director sighed and echoed, "colorless," derisively. He murmured:

"Well, I've given you a list of the best sellers in the industry—angels can do no more. It isn't as if we have time to wait for Freddy Bartholomew to come of age. We're beginning production next week, at the latest!"

Karen said, "Oh, for heaven's sake, don't try so hard. Be more casual—and you'll get there."

The director said, "Casual, my eye! I've forgotten how to be casual, Miss Kent, since we've worked together."

Karen said unsympathetically: "It's too, too bad. How long have we worked together?"

The director said, "Ever since Monte Feinberg talked me into slavery. That was about a month after Feinberg left Tom Kildare—or did Kildare leave him?—and went

with you. By the way, I saw Tom yesterday—or imagined I did."

The languid lines of Karen's beautiful long body had become quick-silver. Her insolent lashes had flown apart. She gasped:

"Seen Tom? Where? Answer me, you idiot!"

The director said, "I can't be sure, but I thought I saw him in a mob scene—in that French Revolution thing they're shooting on stage six. If it weren't Tom—of course, the chap was plastered with fifty shades of grease paint—it was his twin brother. You know that queer trick he had of raising his left eyebrow—"

Karen said, "I know." Suddenly she was blazing with indignation. "It deened't occur to you that you should speak with heem," she half sobbed, fumbling for words, her accent growing thick, as it always did when she was swayed by anger—or some other emotion—"I had no idea he was in thees country. And as an extra—*what could have happened!* Go to stage seex at once and find the man. If it's Tom, and if he's met reverses and needs work—offer him the lead opposite me in my new picture."

"But," the director's eyes were wide and so was his rather generous mouth, "but, Karen, the chap was a bust in the one sound test he made. He knew it himself—that's why he got out of pictures. Besides, he's a comedian, a low comedian at that. And you're a dramatic actress."

Karen said, "It weel be Tom Kildare—if he's available—or nobody. Do you onderstand?"

After less than five minutes the director went hysterically from Karen's presence to search for a practically forgotten man. And believe it or not, he understood. Or told himself that he did!

The meeting between Karen and Tom Kildare was so commonplace that it would have been funny if it hadn't been acutely tragic. Karen said, ignoring the hollows in the man's face and the gray at his temples, ignoring his obviously shiny shoes:

"Well, Tommy, you beeg bum! You came to town and never let me know. And when I needed help so desperately, too."

Tom kept up the pretense. They might have dined together the evening before. He said:

"You're looking tops today, Karen. What do you mean—help? Isn't Hollywood crowded with men who are ready to die for you?"

Karen shrugged. If she hadn't shrugged



Eastern cities danced attention on Ginger Rogers when the dancing star visited them on vacation.

she would have fallen into a fit of trembling.

"To die for me, yes," she answered, "but not to be my leading man, Tom. They don't love me enough to keep from trying to steal my scenes."

Tom Kildare said, and his tone was unsteady: "What if my voice is as lousy as it was?"

Karen answered, "It won't be."

It wasn't, either. Hardship had added more than hollows to Tom's face, more than gray to his hair. It had added a depth, a resignation, a sense of power to his every spoken word.

When he signed an agreement for the picture (it wasn't a contract—even Karen couldn't sell a pig in a poke), Tom Kildare wired money to the sanitarium and sweetheart roses to his wife.

She wrote back—the letter was done in a strange hand; it had been dictated to a nurse—and raved about her new room and her flowers and her—husband. The letter ended like this:

"I am actually living, Tom dear, until I hear that your picture is recognized as the success that I know it will be. Remember my faith in you—and my pride!"

Tom received and read that letter a split second before he went on the set to make his first love scene with Karen Kent. He tucked it into his pocket with fingers that were a shade unsteady, and hurried to meet the star. When he took her into his arms, with the camera grinding and the director standing tense and the lights fixed so that his gray-tinged hair was a question of artistic shading, he was visibly shaken and his face was the face of a man who has known the ultimate grief.

When Karen said huskily, "Dear—I have waited so long—" he clutched at her as a drowning man might clutch at his hope of rescue and salvation. When he answered, "I love you," his voice broke. Women, lined up across the country, were to sob openly at that moment. Karen, raising her lips for his kiss, nearly sobbed. She wasn't aware, as he held her close, that the wee crackling sound only she heard was the rustle of a crisp letter in his pocket.

Everyone knows the success of the initial picture that was made by Tom Kildare in support of Karen Kent. People who had gone to the theatre to mock at the serious efforts of an ex-slap-sticker, left in silence and were strangely awed.

"The guy's there," a man—echoing the sentiments of masculine America—said to his girl friend. But the g. f., forgetful of face powder, was blowing her nose.

As for Karen and Tom—they repeated history and sat in a projection room and watched the run-off of the first reels. Later they saw the entire preview together. After seeing the whole film, Tom wrote to his wife.

"I think," he told her, "that it's slick—Karen has given me a genuine break. But I won't know if it is sure-fire—or if I'm merely prejudiced—until the big opening. The opening will be in a week, and I'm having a radio sent to you so that you can listen in on the excitement. I'll spend the week-end after the opening with you, in the san. It's been a long time between drinks, Mary—we'll have a lot to talk about."

Tom's wife didn't dictate an answer to the letter. She merely sent a wire. It read, "I'm waiting. Love."

Tom Kildare, so self-satisfied in the past—surrounded through his comedy days by a throng of satellites—was the cat who walked by himself during the week between

How three RKO stars
DRAMATIZE
THEIR TYPE
with New
Hollywood Make-Up

IN HOLLYWOOD, screen stars know that the secret of charm lies in make-up that dramatizes their individual type. That is why they use color harmony powder, rouge and lipstick, created by Max Factor, Hollywood make-up genius, who discovered the blend of colors that dramatize every type.

Would you like to share this make-up secret with famous stars, and use powder, rouge and lipstick that not only give you loveliness, but highlight your individuality as well? You can... Max Factor now creates make-up for you, as well as screen stars.

Are you a Redhead like Anne Shirley?

Vivacious Anne Shirley dramatizes the youthful charm of her type with Max Factor's Rachele Powder, Flame Rouge and Flame Lipstick. Instantly, the subtle blend of harmonized colors individualize her from all others, make her interesting, appealing.

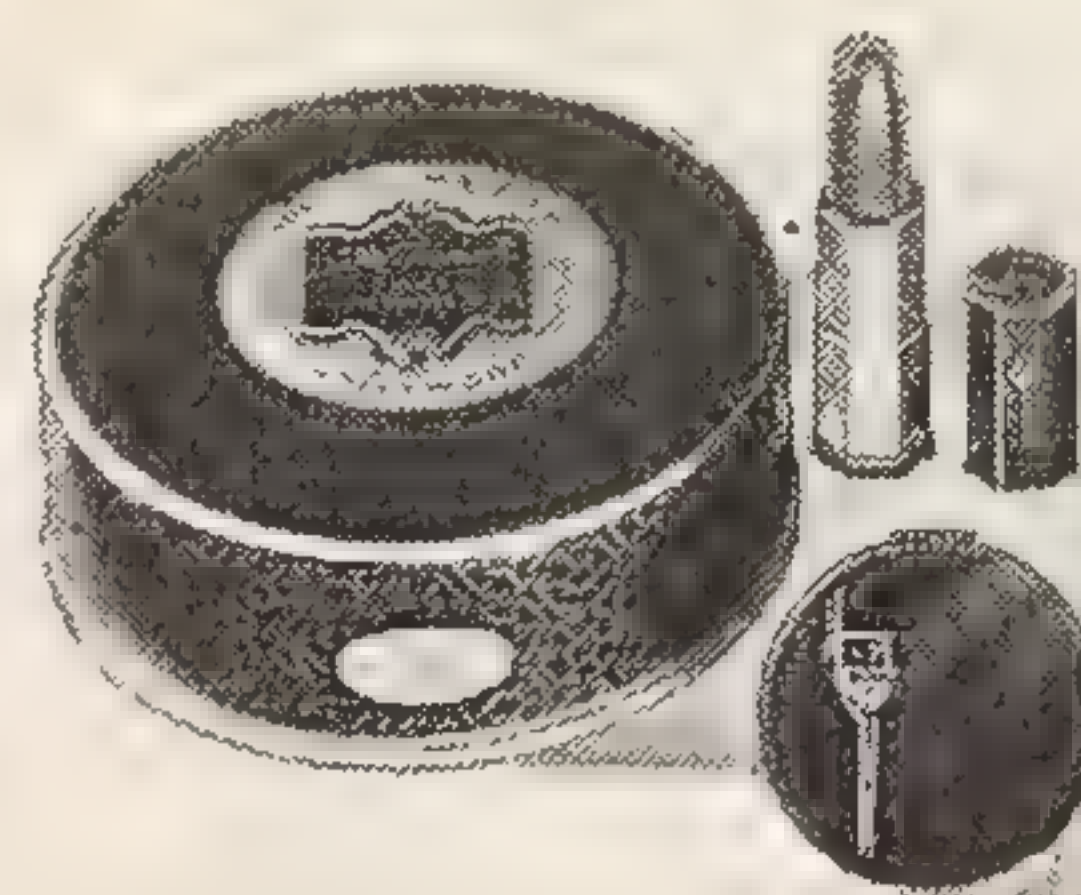
Or Blonde like Betty Grable?

Being a blue-eyed blonde, with fair complexion, Betty Grable dramatizes her type with Max Factor's Rachele Powder, Blondeen Rouge and Vermilion Lipstick. The minute her make-up is applied, it emphasizes the romantic beauty of her type, makes her exquisite, lovely.

Or a Brunette like Margaret Callahan?

Margaret Callahan has the poised, gracious type of loveliness. She accents these desirable qualities with Max Factor's Brunette Powder, Carmine Rouge and Carmine Lipstick.

At your favorite store, there is a color harmony powder, rouge and lipstick for every type of blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead. Discover how lovely you can be, how interesting your type is, by using your color harmony make-up as screen stars do. Max Factor's Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.



Margaret Callahan IN RKO'S "MUSS 'EM UP"
Betty Grable IN RKO'S "FOLLOW THE FLEET"
Anne Shirley IN RKO'S "CHATTERBOX"

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The harmonized colors in Max Factor's Rouge will give your cheeks an exquisite youthful glow, so natural and lifelike that it will appear to be *your own* lovely coloring. Creamy-smooth, it blends easily, evenly, and lasts for hours.

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Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

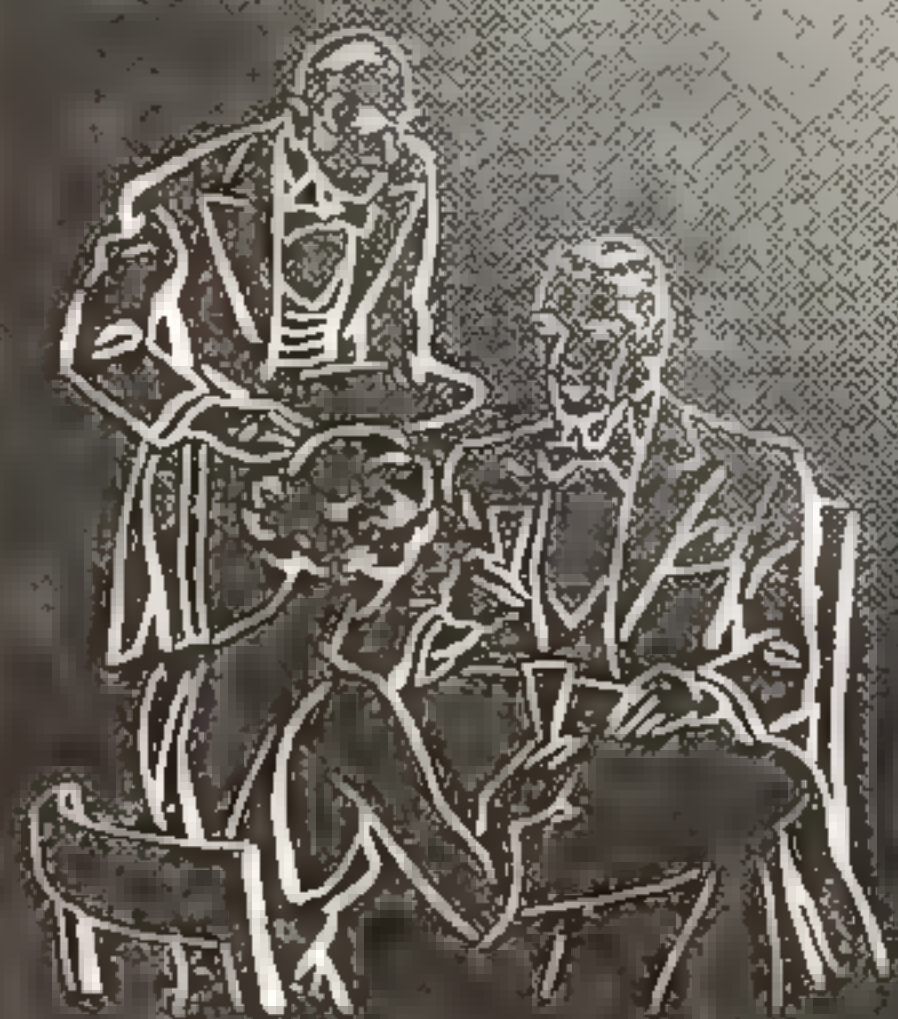
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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) ☐	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Only ☐ Normal ☐	AGE _____	

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LUXURY... yet
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the preview and the opening. He didn't see Karen, and when the executive office called and asked that he drop in to talk contracts, Tom suggested that they wait a while. He was wise enough to know that now was the executive office's chance if he proved a bet. He was gambling on critics and applause—and no one knew better than he how fickle both were—by waiting.

He kept to himself—avoiding the crowded restaurants where folk met and gossiped. He did a deal of tramping in the country, a deal of soul inviting, and plenty of striving with the finer things in his nature—and the baser ones. He loved Karen—he admitted to his heart that he had never ceased, since that first, far-off moment of realization, to love her. He faced facts finally and surely. But there was the girl who had followed him across seven tortuous seas. And though it had been a ghastly mistake—it was a mistake that couldn't be annulled.

Tom arrived at the night of the opening thin and finely drawn, and far handsomer than he had been in his more robust days. He drove to the opening in a great lilac-colored limousine, with Karen and her director. None of them spoke during the short, oddly lonesome drive.

A motion picture opening—lights glaring and cameras clicking and microphones reaching hungry arms to snatch at this lion and that near-lion. Tom felt strange and hostile and shy as he stepped from the limousine and gave his hand to Karen; he felt inarticulate when he was propelled, in Karen's wake, toward the most glittering "mike."

Karen spoke simply and directly as was her custom. She said:

"Yes, I am the star of thees picture. But it is for my leading man that I want your—enthusiasm. You know him as a great comedian. You lost him a leetle while. I return him to you as a great lovaire—and a great actor. I introduce to you—Mr. Thomas Kildare!"

Tom stood in front of the mike. Karen's perfume—a heady concoction of gardenia and patchouli—was in his senses; Karen's glamour surrounded him. But—with an odd, loyal perversity—he forced himself to see only a figure in bed, making the slightest ripple beneath a white coverlet. He cleared his throat and said huskily:

"I hope you who are listening-in will enjoy my comeback when you get around to see it. I guess that's all I've got to say."

Applause. Clapping and cheering and the calling of many voices. Hands that had been a million miles distant wrung Tom's hand as he walked dazedly from the theatre after three gleaming, unreal hours. Voices hailed him—voices that he had forgotten during the lean months and years. The president of the company no less said in genial tones:

"No holding you, young man—" (Young man, and Tom felt centuries old!)—"We'll get that contract drawn up tomorrow."

A car salesman muscled in, and tried to make an appointment—and Tom jotted an autograph on an unknown lady's scarlet slipper. Presently he and Karen were in the lilac limousine—without the director—and were on the road to Karen's home. They didn't speak until they were in the drawing room, but during the drive their shoulders touched and their fingers were tensely locked. When they entered the drawing room Karen suggested half shyly:

"I theenk we should have caviar—and champagne."

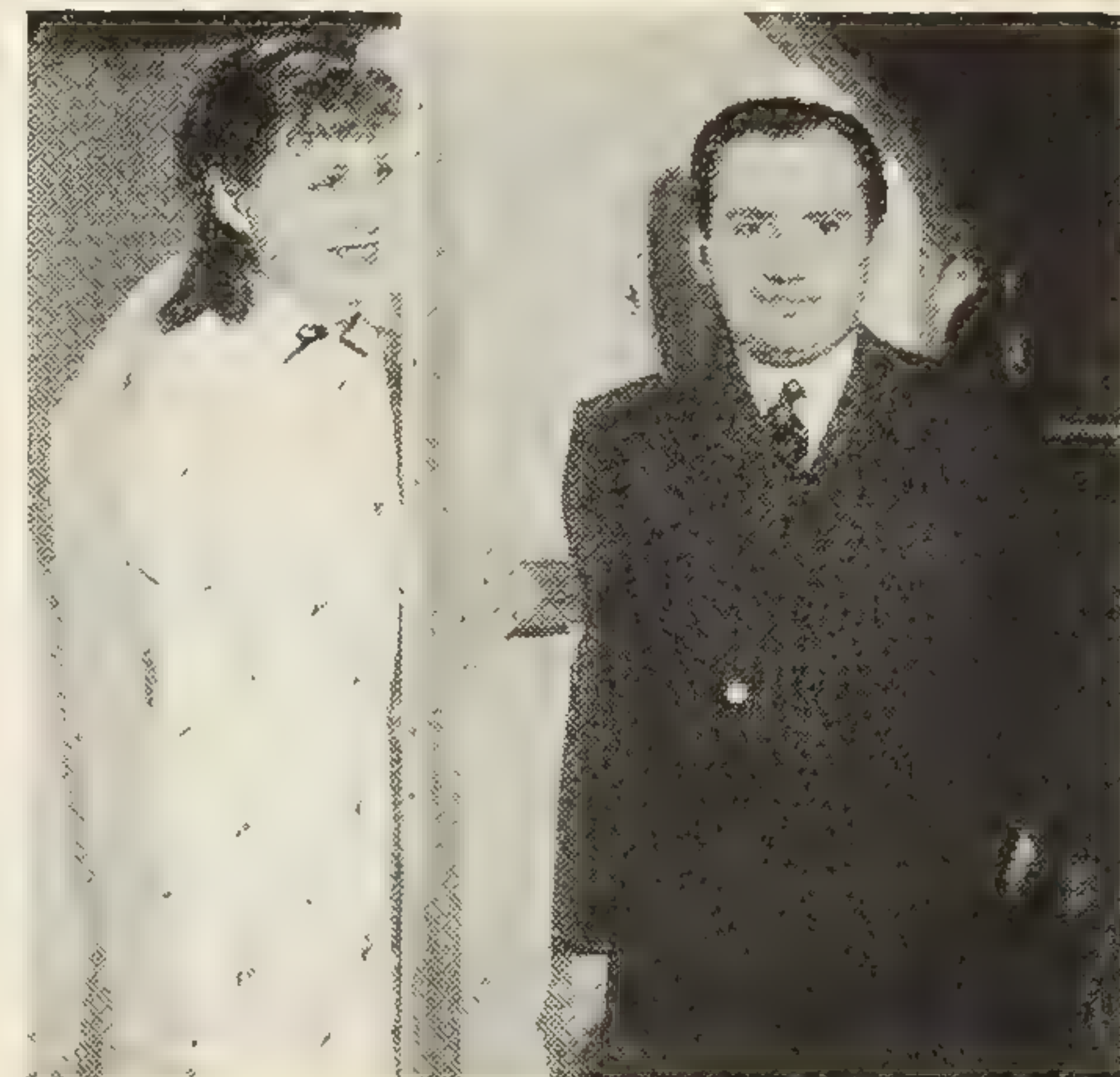
Tom said in answer: "Caviar and champagne—they're a symbol of what you've given back to me, Karen. I can't thank you enough. I can't—" he gulped out the words, willy-nilly—"love you enough . . ." He paused, for Karen was in his arms.

God knows it was not of his doing; it was she who was holding him close.

"I've adored you for years," she gasped, "I would have given my soul to marry you long ago—when you first mentioned it. But it was deadly serious with me—the core of my being. And you laughed, and so—"

Tom said heavily, "I was a comedian, then."

Karen went on wildly: "Let's go away. Let's go far away, now—tonight. Let's



Star and producer meet on the "Show Boat" set! Above, Irene Dunne and Carl Laemmle, Jr.

stay away forever, if need be. What do contracts count, what does anything matter? Except us!"

Tom was kissing her hungrily, but his eyes were dead hearths when he gently disengaged her arms.

"My wife matters," he said. "I worship you, Karen—*nothing to laugh about any more*. I'd cut off my fingers, one by one, for you. But I wouldn't hurt a hair of *her* head, so I guess it's—out. Mary's had a thin time with me after her health, and my money, went—she deserves the fun that goes with being the wife of a success. She deserves the fighting chance that money may give her."

Karen stared at Tom. Her great eyes seemed to follow his speech, word by word. When he finished talking she nodded, just once—that nod was her bow, a gracious one, to the inevitable. Very quietly she strolled across the room to the place where a bell pull—embroidered in an old world convent—was dangling. She was poised, secure, apparently unruffled, but her cheeks were hollow and her lids were heavy.

"We'll have our champagne," she told Tom quietly, "we'll have that, at least."

The butler came, primed for instructions, glowing with pride. He said:

"The flowers, Miss Kent—the house is crowded with them! And the telegrams. And one for Mr. Kildare."

Tom also was poised. His voice was carefully casual as he murmured, "How'd anybody guess I was here?" He said, "Bring it in, Simpson."

Karen said, "Mine can go until morning."

The butler bustled off, to return with a flat yellow envelope. Tom slit it open—read through it so slowly that it might have been a copy of "Anthony Adverse." He was silent for a long moment, and then he spoke.

"I guess, Karen," he said, "that I'd better go back to my rooms . . . I want to be alone . . . I'll give you a call in a few days."

Karen didn't let any ray of light—any color of sympathy—show from beneath her thick lashes. She murmured:

"Don't bother about the wine, Simpson." She said simply, "Poor keed!"

Tom Kildare couldn't know whether she meant him—or someone else.

(CONCLUSION)

The Fight to Keep New Screen Lovers Unmarried

Continued from page 23

On the other hand, that other front-line Romeo, who jumped to stardom in the short span from "The Gilded Lily" to "Hands Across the Table," Fred MacMurray, insists he is going to be married soon to Lillian Lamont and box-office statistics aren't going to stop him. In fact, so insistent is Mr. MacMurray in his declaration of love that a great many people wouldn't bet you a cent that Lillian and Fred aren't already secretly married.

But if it's a secret it's a good one, and in the meantime Fred keeps making his quarterly announcement that he will be married to the lovely, brunette I. Magnin model, immediately! So far, you can't say that someone or something isn't waging an interesting battle in postponing wedding bells, and who is to say that it isn't the thousands of "other women" who write Fred fan letters every week? In spite of all the delays it begins to look as though Hollywood were fighting a losing battle here. Fred is merely a postponed benedict.

Far more promising, at least to the keep-'em-bachelors-at-any-cost clan, are the developments in the Henry Fonda-Shirley Ross romance. So ardent was this love story last summer when Shirley was making the hit of her young life in the Los Angeles stage show, "Anything Goes," that Henry spent every evening in the front row of the theatre gazing dreamily at the little star. Little Miss Ross sang *I Get a Kick Out of You* as though she really meant it, and if electric vibrations counted for anything, the new Boy Hit of the screen was thinking the same thing.

When Shirley had to go to San Francisco for an eight week run, Henry used to catch the late plane out of Hollywood and fly 500 miles to have supper with her. But now they are saying an odd factor happened in this romance that may keep Henry on the sunny side of married life for sometime and ditto for Shirley. It is merely that fame and good breaks in their careers happened to both of them at the same time!

After years of indifferent success as an actor, and the smashing of his marriage with Margaret Sullavan, Henry was suddenly smiled on by Hollywood, becoming over-night one of the outstanding "future boys" on the screen. And after years of struggling along with small part contracts, Shirley hit the local top in "Anything Goes." Ambition was born anew to both of them. And those who say they know something about the inside of this love story are predicting that wedding bells are getting fainter and fainter in the distance as the bright lights of stardom become more potent for both.

Hollywood isn't having to put up much of a fight to bring those two seasoned pets, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, around to the popular idea on bachelor beaux. It is impossible to see Joan and Dick together and not realize they like each other awfully well. But they will go way out of their way to help along the illusion that they're just spoofing.

In the first place, Joan is divorced, but not finally, (as we say in California). And in all the other places, Dick is not only a singing lover of the movies but he's equally romantic over the air waves, proving that the bachelor idea is as important to the ear as to the eye. When Warner Brothers first signed Dick it was so important to them that he remain a bachelor that a clause to that effect was written



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into his contract. And you must admit the boy has done well.

Certainly no two people ever tried harder to help Hollywood keep them apart in the public eye, than Dick and Joan. They beg photographers not to take pictures. They refuse to mention each other in publicity stories. When they are accidentally cornered together having tea at the Brown Derby they look so amazed that the other should happen to be there!

The town is full of snoopers who will tell you that nothing would surprise them less than for Joan and Dick to be married eventually. But the bachelor-believers breathe easily and feel perfectly sure it will not be while they are both on top of the professional heap. They've both worked too hard not to have a healthy respect for the demands of their mutual careers. So the Smart Ones don't have to do much anti-marriage arguing in the case of Joan and Dick except help them in keeping their romance in the background.

Of course, of all the new bachelor hits, Nelson Eddy is, so far, the safest and the most comfortably unattached. If there is a serious romance in Mr. Eddy's life, it is a deep dark secret unless it's a deep blonde secret. But outwardly, the genial Nelson gives the impression of liking all the girls which is certainly a help at the box-office.

Once or twice his name has been romantically linked with some lovely Hollywood lady, but before the idea could really sink in, another interesting lady has appeared with Mr. Eddy. Apparently he likes blondes, brunettes, redheads, tall ones, short ones and mediums with impartiality; a fact which certainly is doing his leaping and bounding fan mail no harm.

In the long run, I suppose if you lined



"Good luck cats!" That's what Frances Langford calls Blackie and Goldie, seen with her here.

the new Hollywood bachelors toe-to-toe with the Hollywood married heroes, you might not find too much difference in the box-office.

But it's the new excitement Hollywood's driving at, girls—it's the new excitement.

Paint Jobs for Hollywood Dates

Continued from page 67

he growls, by way of making it emphatic.

"I can't stand make-up, especially mascara," adds Arnold. "Goosey lips affect me the same way baby talk does, and if you include colored fingernails, excuse me—I don't want to talk about them!"

Whatever you might do to yourself in preparation for going out under escort of Otto Kruger, will be quite all right with this suave gentleman.

"A man should feel flattered that a woman bothers to enhance her natural charm for his sake," he insists. "Ever since Eve saw her reflection in a pool in the Garden of Eden, women have tried to look more beautiful than they are in the raw state. Why shouldn't they cover up defects if they can? Why shouldn't they bring out natural loveliness?"

The girl who got the sun-lamp to intrigue Gene Raymond is going to regret it the night she goes out with Paul Cavanaugh, let me tell you.

"Deliver me from sun-tanned beauties," says Paul. "I like old-fashioned peaches and cream, and I have a weakness for a sprinkling of freckles. I don't like obvious make-up, but I don't blame women for trying to look their best—if they don't pile it on."

Evelyn Venable is Hal Mohr's ideal of perfection. She's also his wife. "I like old-fashioned women to the extent that I can't favor girls with bobbed hair," he tells me. "It stands to reason paint and powder are out of my line. I like girls who look feminine and soft and sweet, not hard and brittle-looking as cosmetics make them."

Girls who get thrills out of the six-foot variety of he-man may listen attentively to the ideas of Preston Foster, Richard

Dix, and the handsome Fred MacMurray.

Preston Foster manfully admits that he likes make-up. "It should be applied artfully," says he, "but a brightened mouth, skillfully rouged cheeks, and so on, help heighten a whole personality. Many women overlook the problem of hair, which is fully as important as make-up. I'd rather see a woman wear her hair simply so that its beauty is evident, than see it done up in a thousand-and-one gummed-up looking little curly-cues. The same thing goes for a set-looking wave."

The right make-up improves any woman, according to Richard Dix. "But when a woman uses cosmetics, I don't want to be conscious of them," he adds. "This means that a woman should try to get along with as little repair make-up in public as possible. Does nail polish come under the head of make-up? If so, the red shade so many girls use is terrible! Give me a pale polish any time. I don't care for claws dipped in blood."

Nail polish is one of Fred MacMurray's pet hates, too. He thinks it looks affected. He doesn't care for extremes in make-up or dress, but don't go out with him with nothing but that "natural look," unless you're a wonder girl.

The nail polish problem—we'd better go into that right away. Spencer Tracy hates red-tipped fingers and sours on any girl who wears them. Bruce Cabot thinks that bright-colored nail polish is a matter of individual expression—some women look well with it, in others it detracts from the effect. Franchot Tone emphatically does not approve of nail reddening—so emphatically that his bride, Joan Crawford, has stopped using it entirely. He likes to

see a girl with a healthy sun-tan appearance, no make-up at all except lipstick. That's just the way Joan looks off-screen. Wonder if it's a case of the chicken and the egg all over again? And Johnny Weissmuller never notices anybody's fingernails. He doesn't care for make-up in any case because he says he has to wait too long for Lupe to get ready.

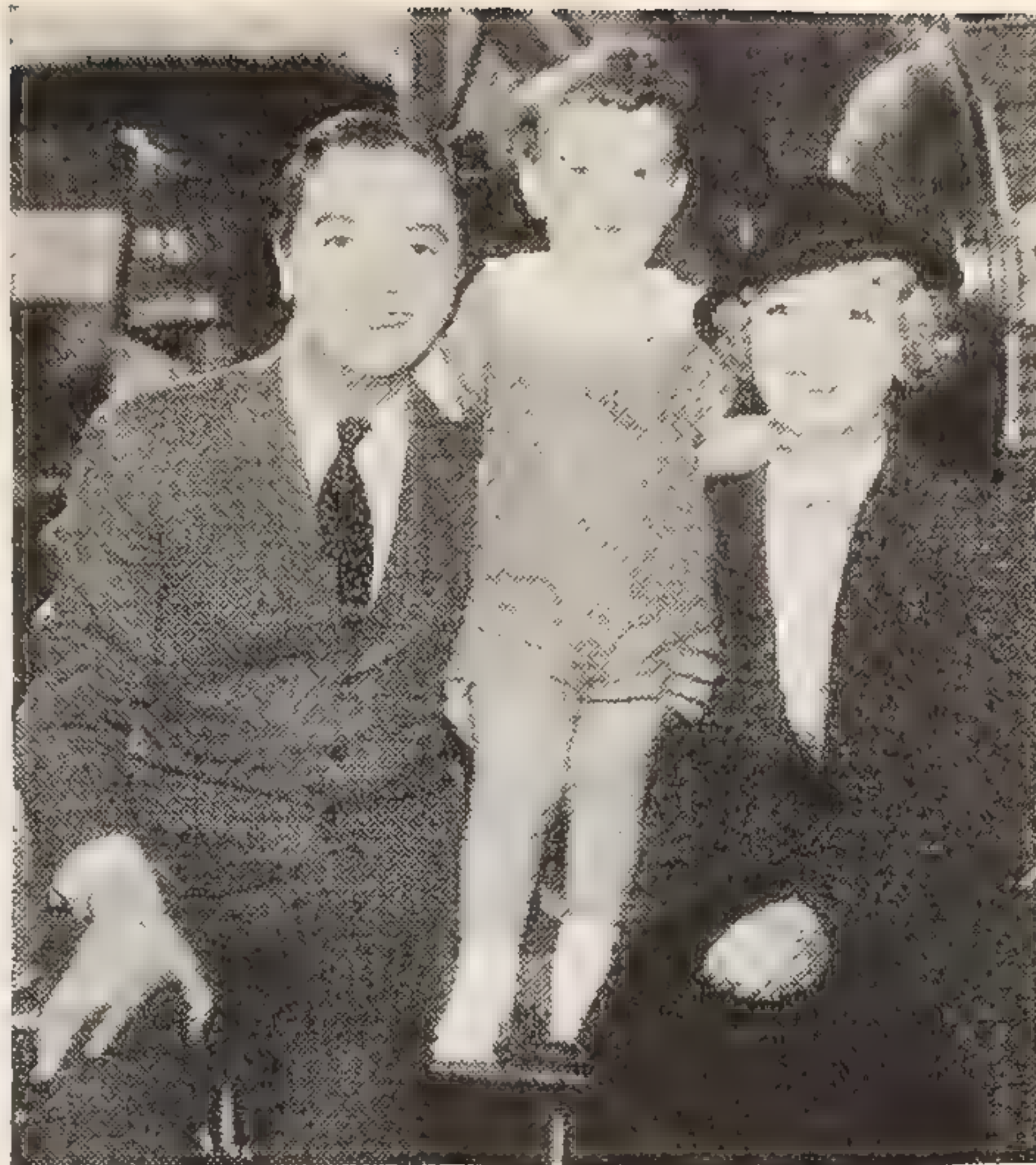
If your date is with William Powell, be careful not to have "that made-up look." Don't use mascara or false eyelashes, just powder and lipstick. At the same time, if this limited make-up leaves you looking like last year's hat, a little indulgence in rouge and other beauty aids would probably pass.

Dick Powell is content to take out any girl who looks smart, so long as she doesn't seem over-dressed. He wants her to look well if they go to a movie, and yet not look out of place if they go on to a night-club afterward. He'll hold the mirror in the car while she makes whatever repairs are necessary to that "girlish complexion" between engagements.

To pluck or not to pluck—that is the question. That dark 'n' handsome Onslow Stevens would never take a second look at you if your brows had a hair-line look. Warren William would turn up his aristocratic nose. Bob Montgomery wouldn't call twice if he was conscious that you had been tinkering with your brows.

Some men who would be glamorous "dates" are modern enough to realize that this beauty unadorned stuff can be carried too far. Lyle Talbot admits that some form of make-up is needed by every woman, but he adds that she should consult a make-up expert and find out how little, not how much, she can use.

Four Hollywood husbands have such definite ideas on how their wives shall look



The Jack Haleys and their adopted son, for whom they seek a "twin" to be adopted as his brother.

that they may serve as warnings to those girls who think "a man never notices." Harmon Nelson, whose wife is Bette Davis, is responsible for Bette going back to her original hair-color. He loathed the peroxide blonde the studio had asked her to adopt. He can't stand make-up that shows, and is always saying: "Wipe off that lipstick!" in an urgent undertone.

Warren William can't abide fly-away hair; likes it slick and smooth.

Leslie Howard insists that no make-up is necessary. His wife is fortunate in the possession of a peach-and-cream complexion so he sees no reason why other girls should use aids to nature.

Paul Kelly likes to have his wife

equipped with correct lipstick, powder, rouge, eyeshadow, perfume or what-not when they are going to a night-club or party; but if they are going for a horse-back ride or there are fish to be caught or hikes to be taken, she leaves her make-up kit at home in order to please Paul.

Do ye ken John Howard? Do ye ken Johnny Downs?

What young girl wouldn't thrill over an invitation from either one? But if you were going out with each one on alternate days, you'd have to use an entirely different technique. John Howard thinks girls use too much make-up—they look as if they thought they were sign-painters and daub the stuff on so thick you can't see their real faces, he says.

Johnny Downs, on the other hand, won't mind if you *do* daub it on. He likes make-up—lots of it—and since that's what girls seem to prefer believes he's right.

Nelson Eddy has been pursued by fans so fervently that the police have had to be called to his rescue, so any girl who got a bid from him would be heartily envied. Nelson likes "naturalness," the sparkling animation that comes from within. However, he believes that every woman should capitalize on her best points—if she has fine eyes, she should concentrate on them.

Walter Abel, if he ever asks you out, is going to be easy to please. He thinks make-up is a woman's business and that women use cosmetics to impress other women, not to please men.

Keep up to date if you're thinking of angling for Cesar Romero. He believes that every woman should work out a make-up for herself exclusively, then with the trend of the mode in mind, she should cleverly adapt her make-up to the mode of the moment. Out-dated make-up is never smart, says Cesar.

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"My hips measured 43 inches... now they are only 34½ inches! I know the girdle is responsible for my not getting tired."

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"SMALLER AT ONCE"

"I IMMEDIATELY became 3 inches smaller in the hips."

Miss Ouida Browne,
Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.



"HIPS 12 INCHES SMALLER"

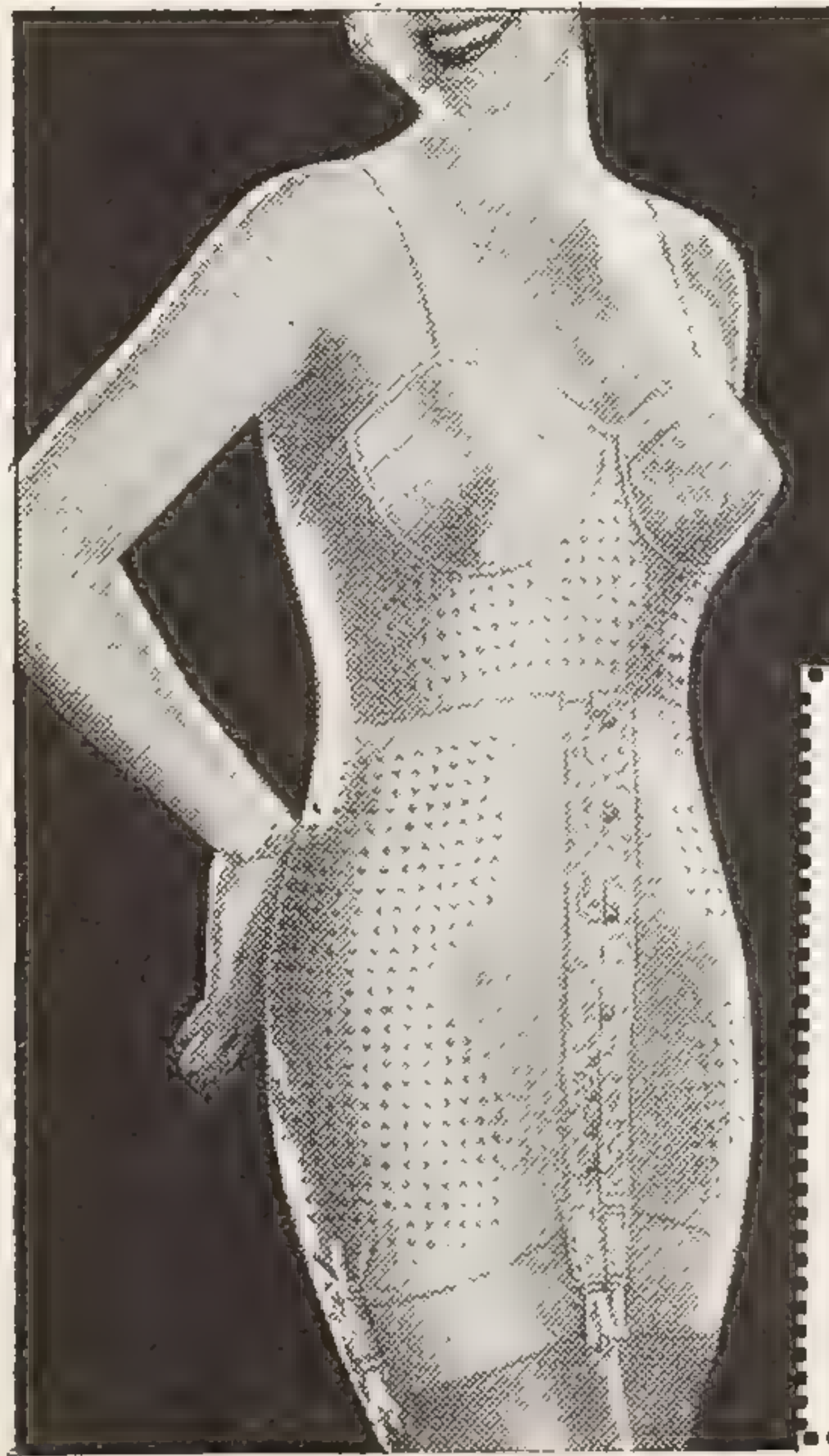
"I can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."

Miss Z. Richardson, Scottsdale, Pa.

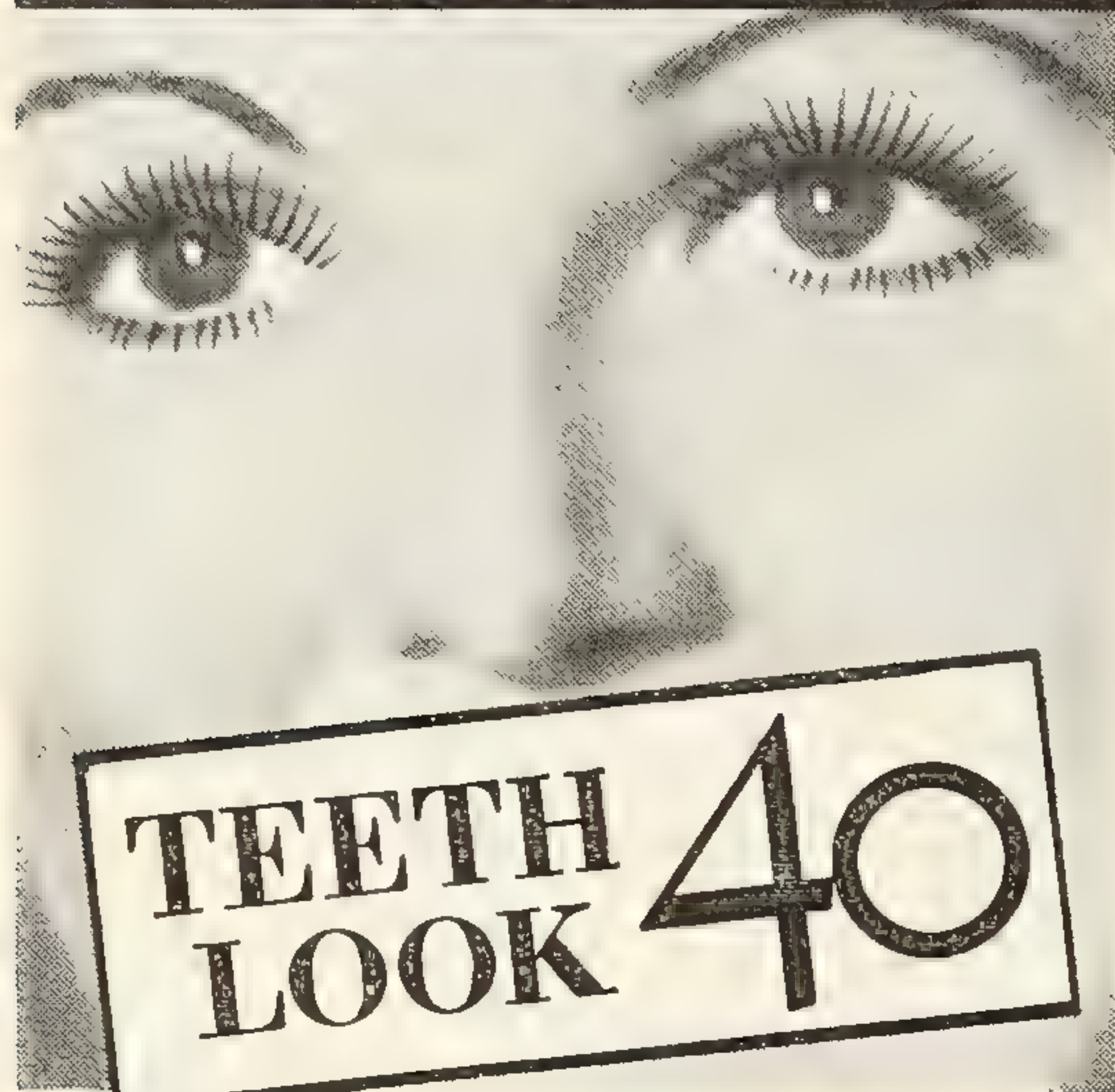
"FROM SIZE 42 TO SIZE 18"

"Used to wear size 42 dress and now wear an 18! I eat everything."

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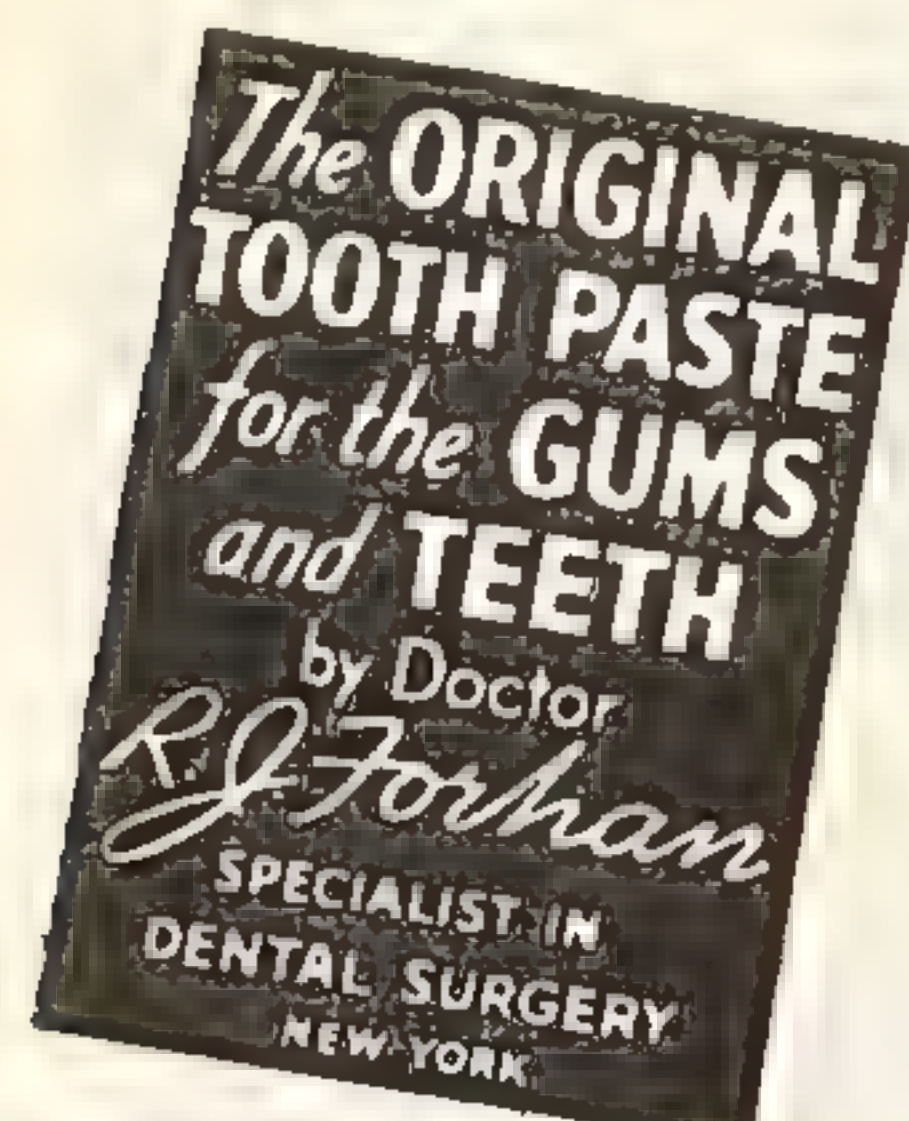


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Taking the Temperature of Movie Star Sets

Continued from page 35

plays *Mercutio* and who, I am reliably informed, is having the time of his life tripping up everyone with his sword and giving them a none too gentle dig in their *derrieres*. Why, you'd think that Mr. Barrymore, the greatest "Caliban" of them all, had never had a sword before.

On a Harlow set you can expect the thermometer to do anything except drop below freezing. Jean kids everyone from the moment she arrives on the set until she leaves and naturally she is the favorite of the technicians and prop men who go for that palsy-walsy stuff. Between scenes Jean swaps stories with the boys and plays her phonograph and there is a gay, carnival spirit about the whole set. Jean goes in for light music, especially dance records, though there are days when she dotes on Gilbert and Sullivan operas. I visited Jean on the "Wife versus Secretary" set not long ago and was introduced to a cute puppy dachshund, a gift from Walter Wanger, who was making himself quite at home (the puppy, not Walter Wanger), on Mr. Metro's rug, but what are a few dog biscuit crumbs to Mr. Metro?

"He's so naughty," said Jean, taking me into her portable dressing-room, "I had to cover my beautiful rug with linoleum." The linoleum in turn was covered with newspapers. "Stand by, and see some fun," one of the assistant something-or-others muttered in my ear, "we're going to play a gag on Jean." So I stood by and the director called for a "take" and Jean put fresh powder on her face, and the assistant something-or-other bellowed "lights" and the director said "action" and Jean started telling Clark Gable about the private life of a private secretary—when suddenly Clark moved away from the desk and there behind him was a little two-foot water hydrant in a patch of artificial grass which the puppy was chewing on for dear life. Jean looked terribly surprised, everyone shrieked and had hysterics, and Jean made a speech thanking the boys for their assistance in the young pup's education. And then the business of picture-making proceeded as usual. Jean started choking for love of Gable, ("emoting" we call it in Hollywood), the mercury hit the ceiling.

A Myrna Loy set is the exact opposite of a Harlow set. There is no music on a Loy set, no kidding back and forth, no puppies, and no gags. Myrna is a very calm, poised person who will be most polite if you speak to her first but if you think she's going to cross the stage and start a conversation with you, you are sadly mistaken. All her leading men get a terrific shock when they meet Myrna on a set for the first time. She looks so glamorous and sensuous on the screen that half the male population of America is secretly in love with her, and of course the Hollywood leading men think that Myrna will live up to her billing. But imagine their surprise when she gives them a cool "How do you do" and promptly retires to a far corner of the set and starts reading a book. None of that "Hi, Toots" business about Myrna. She claims that she likes people but is terribly shy, but I rather fancy that our Myrna likes it like that. Last month I think I told you about Spencer Tracy nearly going nuts on the "Whipsaw" set because he thought Myrna didn't like him simply because she wouldn't gab with him between scenes. (Myrna isn't the gossip type.) When Myrna was finally told that she had brought out Mr. Tracy's inferiority complex and practically ruined him as an actor she immediately sent for an old

phonograph of the 1910 vintage and a cracked record of *The Old Gray Mare*, informed Mr. Tracy that she was really just as glamorous as his other leading women, and thereby saved him from a nervous breakdown. The Loy has humor, plenty of humor, when she wants to exercise it.

I suppose we will have to give Myrna's set a cool, collected fifty-five, (Myrna is the fresh air type), but I wouldn't answer for that thermometer when Myrna starts a sex scene—for when Myrna puts her mind on a little sex in the cinema she, just like the mercury, sizzles. But the mercury, my pet, will drop like the stock market when the scene is over and Miss Loy returns to her corner and the Garbo silences. Once, only once, have I seen Myrna lose that inscrutable calm, but it has endeared her to me forever. It was at a luncheon in her dressing-room and four times she had tried to butter a piece of toast and four times the phone had rung. "Damn that phone," said Miss Loy, and even I couldn't have put more feeling into it.

The coldest I have ever been, figuratively and literally speaking, was on a Dietrich set with von Sternberg directing. Mercy, we'll have to get hot water bottles for the thermometers if he directs her after we get them installed. The day I wandered on the "Scarlet Empress" set, (visitors not allowed), I felt like *Jane Eyre* lost on the English moors. There were at least twenty-five extras and five principals sitting around waiting for the scene to be rehearsed; but it was as quiet as a tomb, no one chatted, you just sat and shivered in the draughts. I wanted to go but was afraid to move, and it took me hours and three martinis to thaw out later. I hear that since Frank Borzage and Henry Hathaway started directing Marlene, the sun has actually dribbled through the impenetrable gloom, that flowers have bloomed and children have laughed. Well, I just can't wait for Mr. von Sternberg to direct Jean Harlow.

About the gayest sets in town are those presided over by Carole Lombard, noisy at times, perhaps, and the mercury in our little thermometer would jiggle all around, but laughs you'll get and how. Everybody's welcome on a Lombard set and the more the merrier, with Carole in the middle of everything. "Don't go now," Carole will say when the director gives her the high sign, "I've got to make this scene. It'll only take a minute and I'll be right back." She gets insulted if you leave.

Luise Rainer is one of those serious people who concentrate on acting when they're on the set. They may be a lot of fun off, but in there with the lights and the celluloid and the mike they are actresses, and you are fully aware of it and you don't talk to them. Miriam Hopkins, too, is quite serious on her set, but she makes up for it in her dressing-room. Katharine Hepburn we'll have to give a very erratic thermometer to as Katy has her days when she is the life of the party and interested in every one, and then she has her days when she is the great actress and you are but a bit of dirt beneath her feet. There are those old meanies who would have you believe that Miss Katy is awfully sweet to her fellow man right after she has had a flop, but when she has had a successful picture she is just Madame Bernhardt herself. If those old meanies know what they're talking about she ought to be about the sweetest star in Hollywood now and say pretty things to the photographers and fan writers, for "Sylvia Scarlett" is what in Hollywood patois is called a stinkeroo.



Shirley Temple, above, wears her "Captain January" hat, included in the prizes for this contest.

Shirley Temple Contest

(Continued from Page 27)

Rules of the Contest

1. Fill out the coupon.
2. Write your answer, in 100 words or less, to the question: "Do you prefer Shirley Temple in musical movies such as 'Curly Top,' or in straight dramatic films like 'The Littlest Rebel'?"
3. This contest will close at midnight, April 2, 1936.
4. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
5. Mail coupon with your letter to: Shirley Temple Contest, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
6. No entries can be returned. Judges' decision will be final.

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WARNING!

to the girl
who's in *Love*



YOU spend long hours making yourself attractive for him to look at. Hair, skin, eyes, lips, fingernails, clothes . . . you want him to approve of every least detail.

But don't forget—one ugly thing can undo in a minute all the care you've taken with your looks. *The unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration.*

Nothing so quickly and surely disillusion a man about a lovely looking girl as this.

Don't run the risk. Give your underarms necessary daily care, just as you give your face.

There's a quick, easy way to do it. Mum!

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London's "Little Hollywood"

Continued from page 31

sits with her friend blonde Helen Vinson, another international commuter who has made three Hollywood pictures and three British during the last twelve months. Look out for an amazingly different screen Helen in "His Majesty's Pyjamas," a brilliant little comedienne who is saucy and amusingly provocative, not the regal sophisticated lady of familiar admiration. She shares the honors with Clive Brook, who is going to make four British films this spring and summer before he goes back to California again.

We've Virginia Cherrill too, with a new coiffure for which she bunches up her short amber curls on either side of her piquant face. She only spends a brief half-hour on the "Boulevard," coming in for a glass of orange juice and maybe a sandwich after her day at the studio before she hurries off. Her first film for Fox-British was "Late Extra," in which Virginia played a newspaper reporter who unmasks a villain in the shape of Clifford McLaglen, brother of Victor. Now she is doing detective work in a gruesome murder mystery which is to be called "Troubled Waters."

But it's the men who predominate in Little Hollywood—perhaps they can stand the tempestuous Atlantic crossing better than the women stars! Look across the lounge at Robert Young with his quick smile and easy manner, firmly drinking tea and eating hot muffins because he believes that all experience is good for the soul—but how about the digestion? He came over to act with Madeleine Carroll in the Gaumont-British spy drama, "Secret Agent," and for the first time in his career he is seen as a villain, in keeping with Director Alfred Hitchcock's idea that a good villain should never suggest the fact but be indistinguishable in appearance from the hero. "And after all, the films must follow life," Robert says with a chuckle, and is immensely pleased at having had a different type of part to tackle.

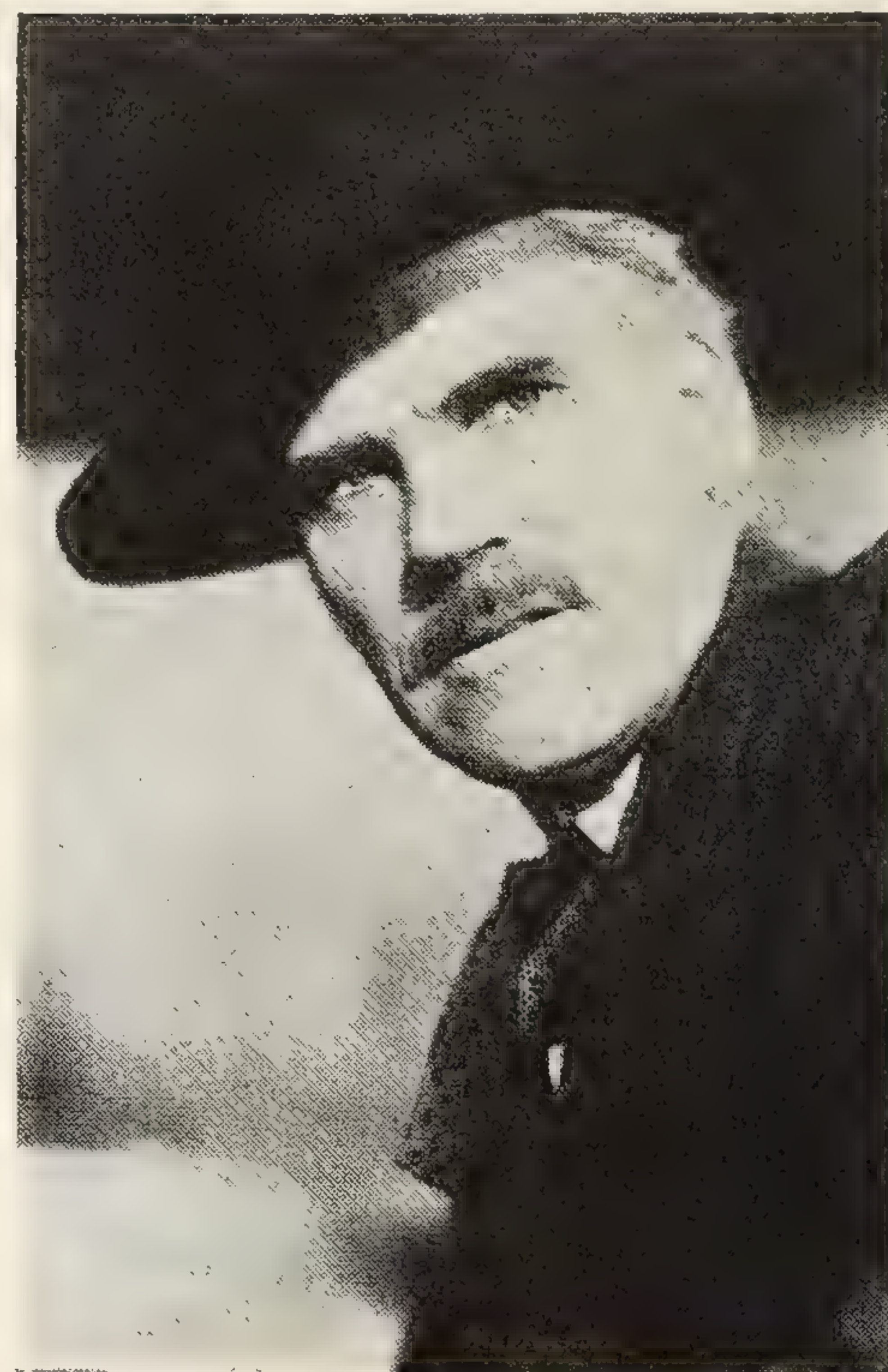
Next Otto Kruger, who collects picture postcards of the old-fashioned corners of London and sends one off every day to little daughter Otalie, left behind in Hollywood. His elegant companion in the dove-grey suit with shirt, tie, and suede shoes all blending, is Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, actor-executive nowadays. He has formed a new producing company and gets extremely annoyed if anybody ventures the opinion that a player must give himself single-heartedly to his art if he is to be consistently good.

"It's an established fact that the films made by Harold Lloyd and Charles Chaplin and my father have been highly successful," he declares. "I have their experience before me and I intend to profit by it. I'm going to make just four films each year, first-class films with neither expense nor trouble spared. I shall appear in two myself and the other two I shall direct." His first offering is a period story called "The Amateur Gentleman" in which he looks older and far more mature in his powder and satin breeches. Elissa Landi is his leading lady.

That booming voice belongs to Noah Beery, deep in conversation with Nils Asther—they are playing together in Grune's production of "The Marriage of Corbal." It's a colorful romance of the French Revolution and Noah is the faithful old sergeant whose love for his master rises even above his military duty. Noah walks twice round Hyde Park before breakfast every morning to keep himself

fit and he spends most of his spare time shopping. He is collecting all the English books about bird-life, ornithology being his greatest hobby—he's eager to get back to his Californian ranch among the hills before his feathered friends there forget him. And the other day Noah was discovered in an East End timber-yard solemnly buying odd lengths of wood. "I'm sending them home to my father," he explained. "He's getting on now but he can still walk about Hollywood and his chief interest is carving walking-sticks. He makes all those comic ones Wally and I use to add point to the business in our films."

Another souvenir hunter is Ramon No-



Walter Huston as Cecil Rhodes, in the new British production, "Rhodes the Empire Builder."

varro. He stays quietly at the hotel in his real name of Mr. Samanigos, and his gentle, courteous personality has greatly astonished London society, which expected such a famous screen romantic to be a temperamental, exotic young man. Ramon is invariably accompanied by his favorite and youngest sister Carmen—the other three sisters are all nuns in a Mexican convent. She is lithe, sloe-eyed, and lovely, and is having dancing-lessons in London because Ramon has promised her a part as a Spanish cabaret girl in the new film he is due to make when he gets back to Hollywood in June. They go together to lectures on European art at the National Gallery and visit the museums and other cultural show-places. On Sundays they always dine at a tiny Spanish café in Soho, eating tamales off a red-checked tablecloth. The proprietor's cat is one of Ramon's fans. (It walked up and laid a dead mouse at his feet the first time he entered!) When they do spend an hour on the "Boulevard" they sit shyly together in a corner until somebody spies them and makes them join the party.

Why are those women assuming sudden vivacity and peeping surreptitiously into their handbags? Why did that promising young actor adjust his tie so hastily?

Director Alexander Korda is coming through the swing-doors, and he always has this curious effect, probably because he boasts that he can sum up a player's potentialities at the first glance. He is dark and slim, with curly hair and horn-rimmed spectacles that give his thin features an aesthetic look. If you met him in the street you would classify him as a University professor. His voice is slow and cynically drawling and his epigrams in four languages are renowned. Everybody wants to act for him, for he has never yet produced a box-office failure and he has made so many of his small-part people into world-famous stars.

He goes straight to his favorite chair, looking neither right nor left yet seeing everything. In a moment he is followed by Charles Laughton, bland and beaming, and Elsa Lanchester who throws greetings to her friends with an inimitable snapping of her expressive fingers. She wears barbaric sandals on her bare feet and an odd tight-fitting dress of vivid purple, the shade she most favours since an astrologer assured her it was her lucky color. Elsa is intensely superstitious—look at her new mascot bracelet of curiously-twisted metal incorporating her birth-sign of the Zodiac.

The Laughtons have just returned to London after a brief stay at their country retreat, which is one of the most remarkable dwellings in the whole world. It is a little rustic chalet built right up among the tree-tops in the secluded heart of a forest, approached by a ladder and containing only one room. Here among the green branches, suspended between earth and sky, the famous stars read and rehearse and cook their meals on a primitive oil-stove and live like the children of nature Elsa often vows they are.

Now they sit down and drink mellow sherry with Korda—and everybody on the "Boulevard" begins to wonder what the trio are talking about. Charles is playing again for the producer who gave him his first real screen chance, this time as "Cyrano de Bergerac," that gallant tragic hero of medieval romance who prompted his friend to make passionate speeches to the beautiful *Roxanne* he secretly loved himself.

Korda delights in costume stories and he is going to set Marlene Dietrich against a gorgeous historical background for her first British film. He describes her as "a pillar of alabaster with a crown of flame" and declares her high aristocratic indifference would mark her out the same whether she were princess or beggar-maid. Though he detests trousers for women as a rule, he approves them on Marlene's celebrated legs. His theory is that she gains the more femininity through reason of their contrasting starkness!

Marlene has a great friend in London: Elisabeth Bergner, her fellow student at Reinhardt's dramatic school at Salzburg in days gone by and godmother to her small daughter Maria. You will not meet the elfin-like Elisabeth on the "Boulevard." She is the Garbo of London's Little Hollywood, mysterious and elusive, working behind padlocked doors in the studio and living in complete seclusion in an ancient house far out in the suburbs. Her friends are welcome to call there for coffee—black coffee topped with cream and nuts and served in tall glasses Viennese fashion—but nothing will induce Elisabeth to put her ash-gold head inside a restaurant or hotel. She did not even attend the banquet given in honor of "As You Like It," her latest film in which she repeats the *Rosalind* that theatre critics have generally considered the finest rôle of her brilliant stage career. No use telling Elisabeth Shakespeare isn't always good box-office! "What does that matter?" she asks. "I wanted to play *Rosalind* on the screen and so I have."

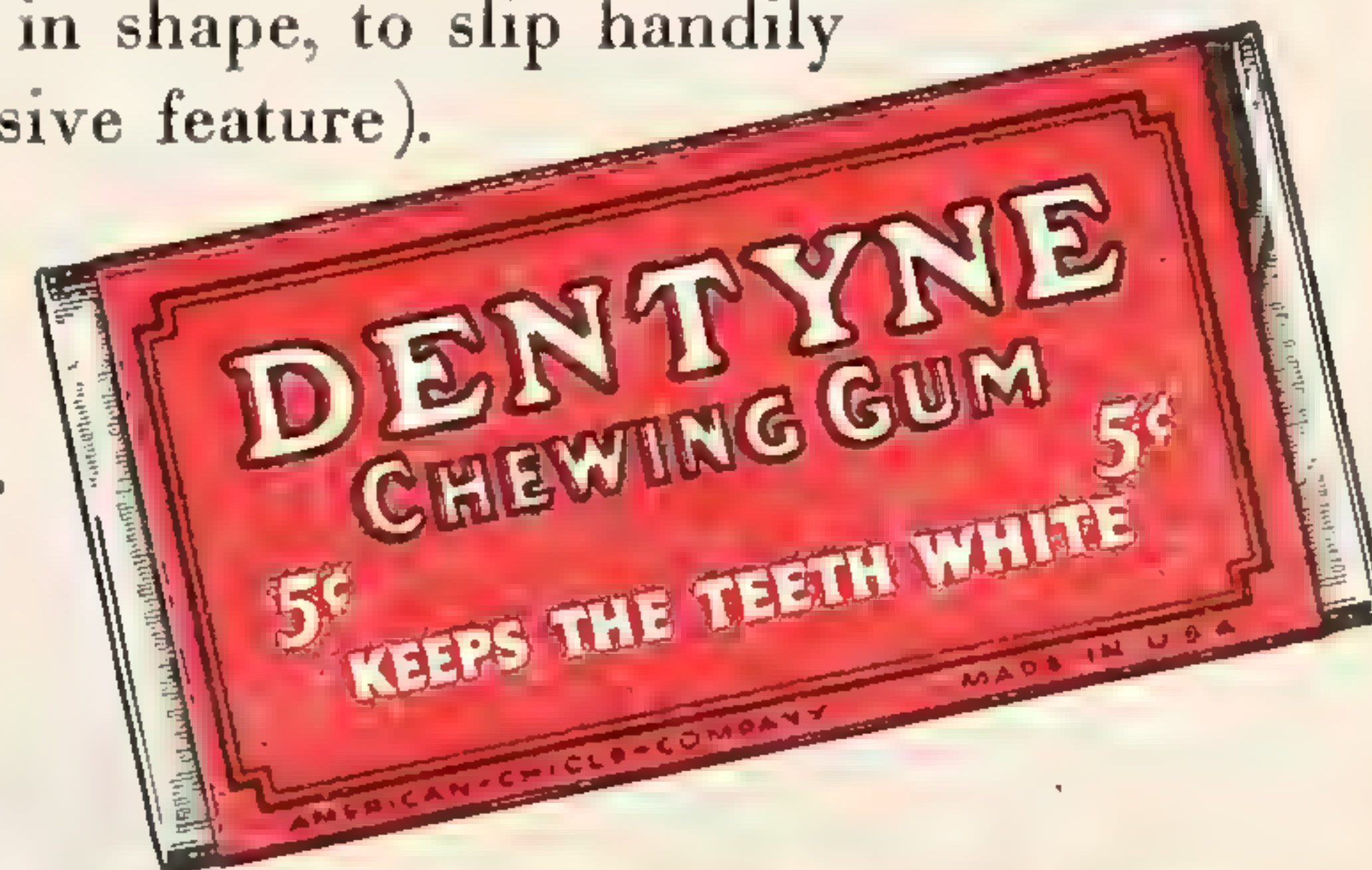
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Rare visitor on the "Boulevard" too is handsome Robert Donat, with his merry dark eyes and flashing smile. He usually goes home to his modest suburban villa after his day's work at the studio to spend an hour playing with his two children, little Joanna and baby John. When their nurse has her evening off, Robert himself bathes them and tucks them up in bed. (He certainly maintains his own belief that a father is just as much responsible for a child's upbringing as its mother!) When Robert does appear among his fellow stars, he is sure to be on his way to a concert, for he is intensely fond of music, especially symphonic. Accompanying him is his wife Ella, auburn-haired, petite, and Scottish, her husband's secretary and business manager and devoted companion.

Do you recognize the smiling man sampling London's brand of tomato juice? Yes, it's comical Roscoe Ates himself. He left the screen for a while, but now he is coming back again. "And d-d-don't ask me if I st-st-stutter off the sc-sc-screen," he begs. "Surely you c-c-can s-s-see I d-don't!"

Roscoe has a keen admirer in Noel Coward—though you might not suspect it, that ultra-sophisticated young man thoroughly appreciates broad comedy. Noel is frequently to be observed on our "Boulevard," smoking a cigarette in a long jade holder and teaching the barman to shake all manner of strange new cocktails. Since he made "The Scoundrel," Noel has been intensively studying the technical side of cinematography and intends to be expert at lighting, art direction, camera work and so forth when he returns to America to film his second picture in July. He plans to personally produce it, as well as act and write the scenario.

Listen to his latest remark, "Life, my dear? It's just like a bargain basement. You never can tell what is going to turn up in the next aisle." It sounds the perfect epitome for Hollywood, whether the real one in California or the little one so steadily growing up in London.

Playing Around Paris

Continued from page 53

about entranced, at Ville d'Avray (where Corot painted so many of his lovely scenes) we would sip our drinks in silence so as not to break the spell of the place—but back in town at Zellis in Montmartre, or at the Folies we would never stop laughing or talking so as not to break that spell. For each place they would fit the mood perfectly. At the Folies Bergere we sat in the first row. All the dancing girls in the show are English so Ronnie, Bill and Ernest sitting there were an eye-full for the cinema-minded ones (and they all were apparently). Every tap of a dance, every silent rest, was for their benefit. Bill and Ernest enjoyed their attention hugely but poor Ronnie was fidgety and self-conscious. Another night we went to the Casino de Paris. Mistinguett, that ancient idol of Paris, was the star with a great supporting cast. It was mid-summer and only that afternoon I found out that Mistinguett and most of the cast were on holiday with understudies taking their parts. I complained and when I told them what a distinguished group from Hollywood was going to be in the theatre they rounded up all they could of the original company on short notice. Mistinguett was too far to reach, but being such a good sport I'm sure she would have dashed into her make-up and famous feathers and strutted her stuff. Elsa Torrence would show the novelties and snappy things she had bought and Bill

would ask her to get repetitions of them for him. Am sure when he returned to Hollywood with those presents he proved a surprise with his knowledge and taste of what the well-dressed girls were wearing.

Some of the stars take their sight-seeing seriously and go systematically through the art galleries and palaces. To others they are just a lot of old houses full of old pictures. As one of the bright young stars said, "I like Rubens sandwiches better than his pictures." Of course the most fun and interest is to be with the stars on their first visit when Paris bursts new to their visions. Years ago one boat load brought Norma and Constance Talmadge, Dorothy Gish, Jack Pickford and Olive Thomas. Then, in a few days came Anita Loos and Marjorie Rambeau. Peg Talmadge and Natalie had come a few weeks earlier. It was then that I started the habit of showing Paris. That bunch was a scream and every night I would crawl into bed my face aching from laughing. Later when I read "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" it amused me to recall where Anita got so many of her ideas.

Richard Barthelmess was fantastically and deeply interesting on his first trip. Like his chums, Bill Powell and Ronnie Colman, the old and the new appealed to him equally. He was much impressed by the Grotto of Apollo at Versailles. One night at a late party, Dorothy Gish happened to be there. Dick noticed she had long hair (it was the time of the shortest bobs). He dragged poor Dorothy literally by the hair of her head from the party. Grabbed a taxi and headed for Versailles. Once there he awakened a puzzled guardian and by flashing a bit of coin of the realm was allowed to enter the gardens. To the charmed Grotto he strode and made Dorothy leap about in the November dawn with



Is it Love, or thought transference? Anyway, here's Warren William and Bette Davis in a scene for a new mystery drama.

her blond hair waving behind her. It was a great show, but Dorothy's evening gown, slippers and stockings had had their last outing. Fit only for the rag-bag were they. Another time Dick and Jessie (whom he later married) were at the Market Place and suddenly decided to drive home with one of the farmers. So the chill dawn saw them jogging out through the gates of Paris. Dick was driving, Jessie was waving the whip and the farmer sound asleep in the back of his wagon.

Pearl White, of the long ago serial fame, and the Dolly Sisters for years have kept open houses in Paris which were great gathering places of visiting stars. The Dolly Twins now live in America and

Pearl spends most of her time in Egypt.

When Constance Bennett comes to town she is among old surroundings for she went to school here. I doubt if Constance ever did what one calls sight seeing except that done with the classes at school. Sisters Barbara and Joan also were in school here. Joan has not been over since her school days and Barbara came over once to dance with the late Maurice.

Robert Montgomery was here for a few hectic days last summer. "Private Lives" was being played in French at the Theatre Michel. Noel Coward, the author was here at the time and so they arranged a gala. Noel and Bob attended the performance and appeared on the stage afterwards. Noel, used to the stage, and Bob, with his glib personality, carried the affair off to a great success. Might add that before the gala one of the big Paris newspapers gave a cocktail party which of course, caused all fears of personal appearances to vanish.

Ruth Chatterton with her knowledge of French is always interested in the theatres and sees all the plays with the idea of find-material for adaptation. Saw her alone on the first trip—the next was with Ralph Forbes, her husband; the last trip was with second husband George Brent. Am wondering if on her next trip she will be alone or with another husband!

Grace Moore used to come and go without much ado but since her "One Night of Love" success her visits resemble a Royal progress. On her last day here the Maharajah of Patiala and his suite of turbanned and jewelled attendants occupied two floors in the same hotel. The corridors were full of these attendants and I thought they added a picturesque touch to the surroundings of that radiant prima donna. So they come and go and it's interesting to watch the pageant near at hand.

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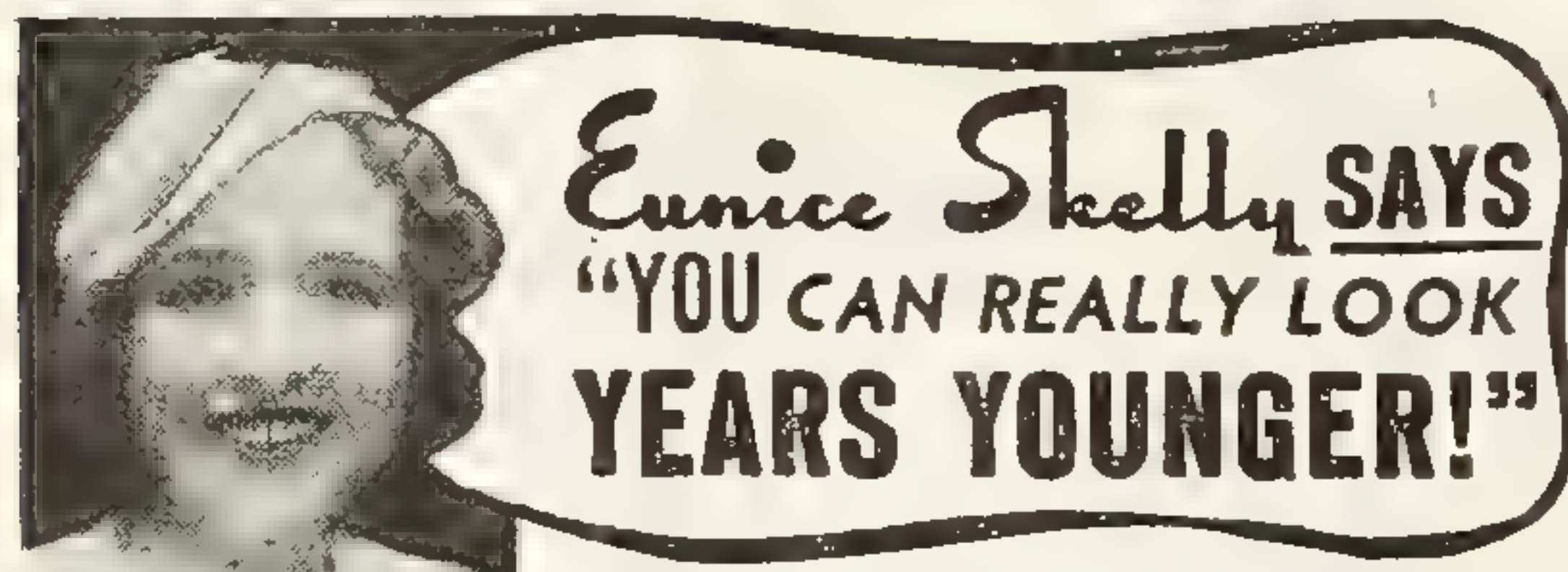


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Edgar A. Guest Judges Hollywood

Continued from page 25

and restraint of drama. But if every picture was good then there would be no particular credit to the great ones."

"What's the greatest one you've seen?"

"That's a good deal of a stickler," pondered Eddie. "But I'd say I liked most of all 'The House of Rothschild.' Another fine picture is 'The Life of Pasteur.' I liked, too, 'It Happened One Night.' Among actors George Arliss, with me, comes in for his character work. I like Charles Laughton because of the diversity of his portrayals. Both are very intelligent. So is Edward Arnold. I have yet to see Arnold do anything badly. All this has significance for actors and actresses, by the very nature of their personalities, exert a strong influence on the home."

"Would you call Mae West a homebody?"

Eddie shot me a quizzical look before replying: "I don't believe in quarrelling with success. Mae West has struck a vein which for a time is popular. She has brought to the screen a type we never meet, but one which is fascinating. It appeals to women even more, I think, than to men. She has a way, a dazzle and charm, that all women envy. She represents a form of femininity not possible to women generally. Other actresses have other individualities. Marlene Dietrich does an intelligent job. I'm not drawn particularly to a beautiful face, but by an intelligent one. That's why I'm out for the 'bit' player. The stars, of course, attract more attention. There's Joan Crawford. She flashes on you so vividly that you can't help noticing her. And I like her work. She is a very capable actress and reads her lines well. As for her style, I suppose it's of today, isn't it? Helen Hayes is marvelous because she can be of any time, any age. I admire Norma Shearer from the standpoint of workmanship. But my favorite actress is Helen Hayes."

You will have noticed that Eddie Guest stresses intelligence. Likewise his own intelligence makes him a man of definite and decided opinions.

"Here, then," he summed up, "is a great form of amusement to which people naturally turn, particularly children. The trick for parents is to share it. At the same time they must discriminate between good pictures and bad pictures which seek to lower the standard of propriety. This too, should be borne in mind by Hollywood."

I couldn't help wondering what he thought of Hollywood as a "home" town.

"Hollywood," he said, "has home people like ourselves. We live here exactly as we do in Detroit. I don't know anything about Hollywood's bizarre life."

"Suppose you write me a poem about Hollywood," I recklessly proposed.

"All right," he generously agreed, "I'll try to give my idea of it."

You've already found it, at the top of this piece, to be a sympathetic, considerate, and human one.

"Was it a surprise," I inquired, "when you were asked to be a movie actor?"

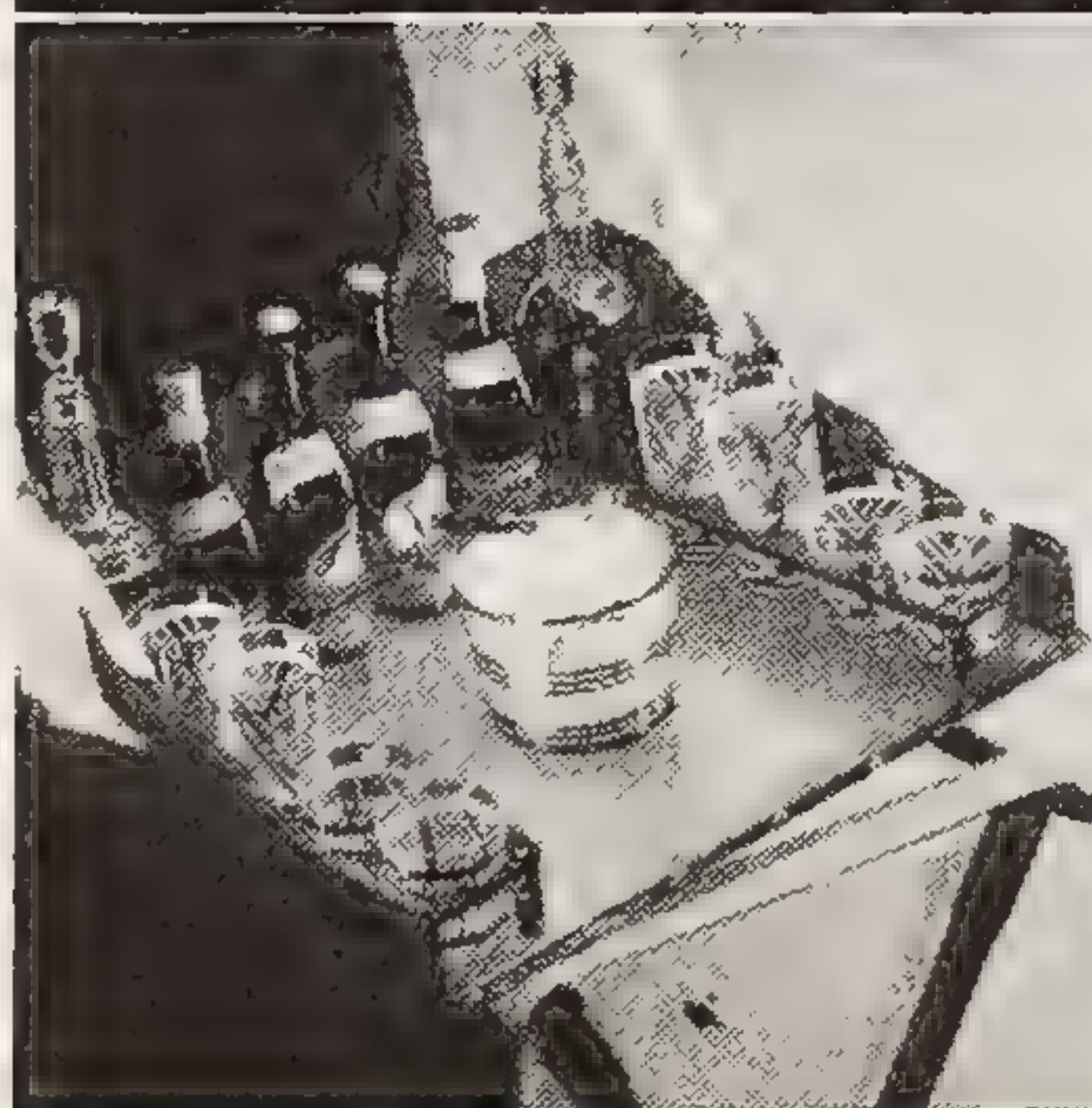
"It was a shock," laughed Eddie. "I wondered, 'What have I done to deserve this?' I'd never even acted before the mirror. And I got all the kidding in the world. But it wasn't a bit funny to me. I was worried, and still am. It's like standing on the edge of a new country, knowing you have to go through it, but not knowing what's ahead of you. A fine ad-



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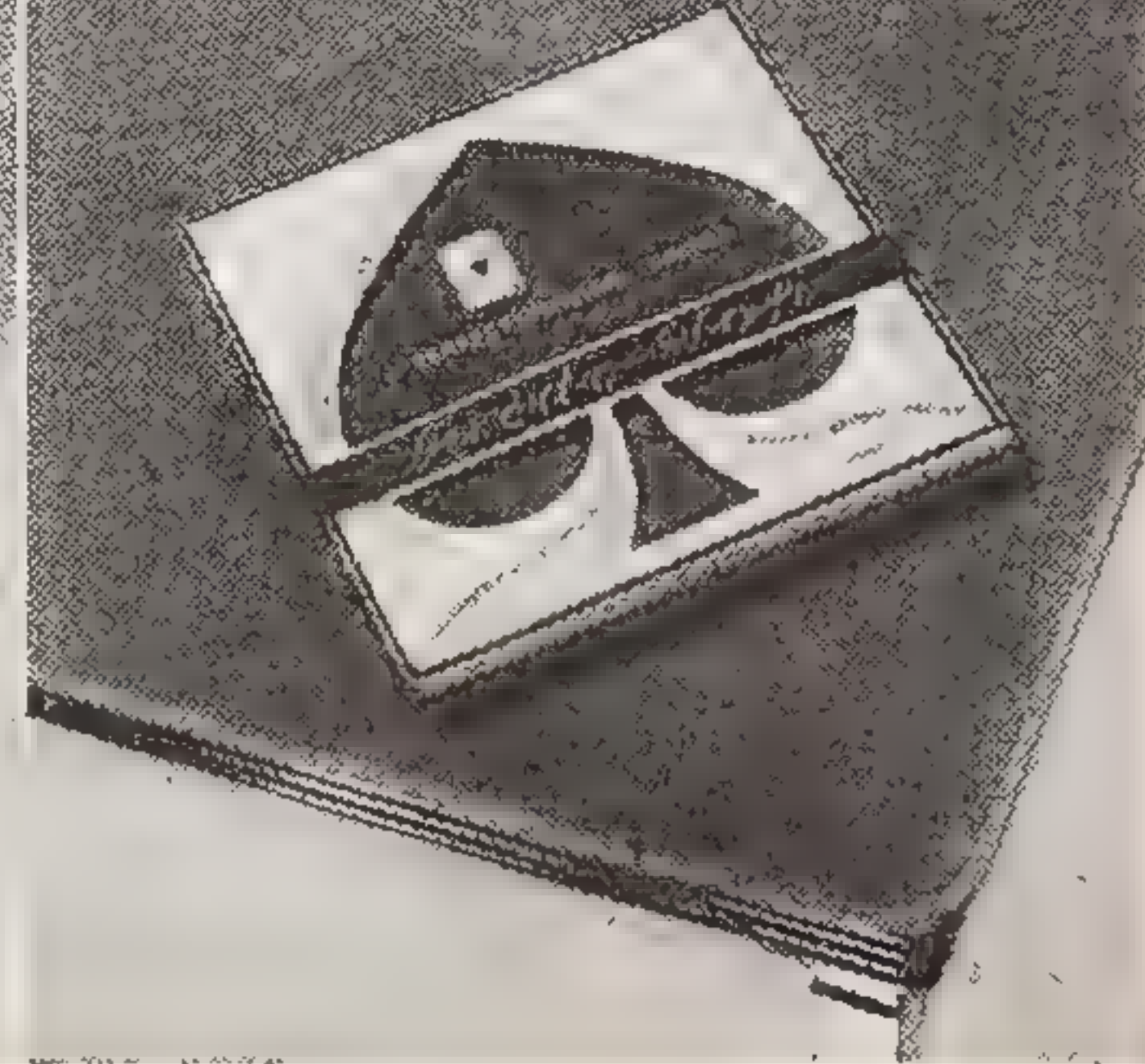
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venture, but perilous. I don't know anything about the technique of this business. All I can do is to say lines written for me as I think I'd say them in real life. I hope to do it well enough for people to say, 'Well, he wasn't so bad at that!' After all, I'm just a newspaper man."

But one who has made his shining mark. A Detroit legend runs that Eddie Guest first gave promise as a *minnesinger* while working in a drug-store there.

"No," he protested, "I never wrote any verses in that drug-store. All I did was mix syrups, squirt soda, and run errands. Two years later, when I was fourteen, I got a job as office-boy with the *Free Press*. At seventeen I was assistant to the exchange editor, clipping things, including poems, from other papers. Then I decided I could write, as well as clip, verses. My first was a darkey verse. The home idea came to me much later. It was probably second nature, for everything centers there. A man and a woman do not work for themselves, but for their home. So I believed most people would be interested in the idea, that if it appealed to me it would appeal to others."

"Were you influenced by any writer, poet or otherwise?"

"Not consciously. But when I was a little shaver my mother used to read Shakespeare and Tennyson to me. One thing that always deeply affected me is the scene in 'King John' beginning with the line, 'Heat me these irons hot.' The thought of the little Prince's eyes being burned out made me cry."

"So your interest in poetry began at home?"

"My interest in everything began there."

"When you get back to your home in Detroit what will you think of Hollywood?"

"I'll think of it with a thousand happy memories."

There you have him—"Sentimental Eddie!"

The "Farmer" Takes A House

Continued from page 57

autographed portraits of stage and screen celebrities that line the walls.

The dining-room, with oak-beamed ceiling and heavily carved furniture has quiet charm. There are three bedrooms, each with its own bath. Henry's best friend, James Stewart—who oddly enough is playing in a picture opposite Margaret Sullavan, Henry's ex-wife—spends much time with him; and now that Kent Smith and John Swope, (whose father is president of General Electric), are out here trying to break into pictures, they too, are frequent house guests. The four are old friends and in fact, once shared an apartment in New York, during their very lean days.

Henry's bedroom is down several steps from the living-room and is imbued with a sort of monastic serenity. The furniture and decorations are severely masculine. There is an artistic corner fireplace and over it hangs a framed picture of Shirley Temple, with a childish scrawl covering half of it. He told me this was Shirley's very first attempt at writing. Always before she had printed her name, and she spent an entire morning laboring over the letters that spell, "To Henry, with love, Shirley."

French doors open from Henry's bedroom into the patio, and during the summer he fairly lives in this secluded nook.

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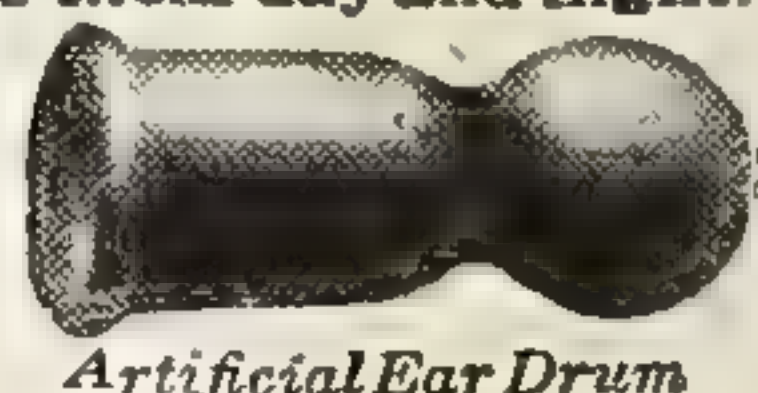
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The patio, facing the west, commands a view that sweeps across the hills to the Pacific Ocean, gleaming in the distance. Even in winter, Henry has his breakfast, which consists of a glass of milk and two slices of dry toast, served out here if the sun is shining.

The patio is enclosed on all sides and becomes a perfect corral for Son and Boy, and along side is a large aviary; I'm sure the half dozen colorful Java rice birds are unaware they are in captivity. Seven cats, mama and her family of six, which Henry inherited with the house, also belong to his menagerie. Henry explained that he found them huddled in a big flower pot, savage and wild, but now they amicably eat off the same plates with the dogs and all is harmony.

In the terraced garden, back of the patio, are apricot, avocado, and fig trees; also, a sturdy lemon, now loaded with fruit. At the end of the garden is the tennis court which is used daily and practically all day Sunday, for Henry loves to have his friends out to play.

His particular hobby is his very fine Leica camera and he spends most of his leisure hours fussing with it. He has taken over the laundry, off the back porch, for his dark-room, and has assembled all the necessary equipment for developing his film and making enlargements, and he showed me some of his pictures that would surely win prizes for sheer artistry.

Sitting in the living-room I felt the spell of its pervading serenity. There was no sense of hurry, or fret, or fiction, so prevalent everywhere. This is, perhaps, a reflection of Henry's own calm attitude toward life. Nothing disturbs him, for he has himself under perfect control.

Naturally, this handsome and very talented young star suggests romance, but I discovered there have been few love incidents. Now comes pretty Shirley Ross, and their friendship is one of the sweetest in Hollywood. Noticing her portrait on the piano, I mentioned her, but he laughingly parried all serious questions, saying they were both very busy and there were no wedding plans. As yet! Later? Well, perhaps—but one can never tell about the future; it is useless to plan. Greet each day as a new adventure, that's his theory. And that ended *that* subject!

With his even disposition, his utter lack of "temperament," it is difficult to vision Henry as ever having been married to the tempestuous Margaret Sullavan. He mentioned her name—easily, casually, several times.



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For instance, he said, "During those early years in New York, when James Stewart, Kent Smith, John Swope and I had our dingy little apartment, off on a side street, we used to round up the whole gang on matinee days, Sullavan and all the rest, who were appearing in nearby theatres. Then, we'd chip in, buy a lot of groceries and go up to our apartment and I'd cook the dinner. Oh, yes, I'm a pretty good cook—when I want to be!

"It was great fun. Everybody would sit around on the floor, in the window sills, any place they could squeeze in; and while those dinners weren't much on style, boy, oh boy, were they hearty and substantial! We'd eat up every scrap, then make a dash for the theatre just in time for the evening performance. Maybe those were the 'good old days,' who knows?"

Reared in Omaha, Nebraska, Henry was twenty before he even discovered the theatre. He had never been the least interested in drama, never took part in the college plays; his whole thought was centered on a journalistic career.

It was one September day in 1925, that out of a clear sky the director of the Omaha Community Playhouse offered him the juvenile rôle in a play, "You and I," just because he looked the part. Thus his stage career began.

There were many ups and downs before he finally landed on Broadway in the leading rôle of the smash hit, "The Farmer Takes A Wife," where he was seen by screen executives and signed for pictures. Coming to Hollywood, Henry recreated the character of the canal boat driver who yearned to be a farmer, for the film version of this play—and won acclaim. Then, came "Way Down East," followed by "I Dream Too Much," playing opposite Lily Pons, and proving himself a deft comedian. In "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," Henry says he plays a different kind of a part than he has ever before attempted, it being more or less the heavy. At least, he has a couple of fights, and it is Fred MacMurray who wins the girl, while he wins merely sympathy—and a couple of black eyes!

So now, Henry Fonda is a picture star. He says that is the last thing he ever dreamed of being. But he likes it. He's content to settle down in Hollywood—and has joined the famous group of movie bachelor housekeepers.

Flowers in Your Hair

Continued from page 18

Orchids and gardenias have an advantage over most other flowers for hair ornaments as they are so lasting and their waxy texture holds up well in hot, crowded rooms.

Flattering as flowers and ornaments are, you must not rely on them altogether to make your hair a thing of beauty. Your hair itself must decorate your head. It should be shampooed and brushed to a lustrous sheen. And you should see that your scalp gets the massage and treatment with tonic, ointment, or oil it needs to keep your hair healthy. Extreme, artificial colors are taboo. Beauty shops are finding that fewer and fewer women are satisfied just to have their hair bleached or dyed. More and more are having their hair brought back to its natural color and then touched up with just enough of a tint to intensify the beauty of its natural shade and accentuate the lights. The whole emphasis is on making one's hair look natural, beautiful, and becoming.

Waves, like color, are going back to Nature. Unless you're blessed with natural curl, the secret of well-groomed hair is a

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Some Hollywood beauties continue to wear their bobs long in back, hiding their necks. But there's a decided vogue for bringing the hair off the nape of the neck in an upward or side swirl, terminating in smooth curls piled high. Bangs have staged a come-back. They're for the girl with a high forehead and they shouldn't cover up too much. Bangs are usually more becoming if your hair is cut so as to start them

back of the natural hair-line, half an inch or even as much as an inch and a half, if your face is long and thin. Have them cut unevenly and curl them so they have a fluffy, carefree appearance. A straight line of bangs, worn low, is trying to even the most attractive face. And avoid bangs altogether if your face is broad—they emphasize width, give an effect just the reverse of what the broad-face type requires.

One of the beauty blessings for which we can thank Hollywood is the swirl. It's such a simple way of making our back-of-the-head profiles what we want them to be. And these are times when backs of heads are very much in evidence. You can't hide them under hats because hats aren't made that way. Either they're tilted over one ear, leaving most of one side of your head exposed, or they're down-in-front, making your back hair very visible to the man who opens the door for you or lets you precede him up the stairs. Besides, formal days are here again and if you're the dining and dancing kind there will be many occasions when your hair must speak for itself, unaided by a kindly hat.

Gaynor is Gay Again!

Continued from page 63

romantic screen team that will write a fresh page in cinema history.

Janet is facing the cameras for the first time since last June, when her accident while playing with Henry Fonda in "Way Down East" took her out of the cast and sent her to bed for weeks and weeks. Now, after a long rest and a leisurely visit to her Hawaiian Island home, thirty-six miles down the beach from Honolulu, she is happier and prettier than ever before.

"Maybe," said Janet, "being 'out of the running' for so long has made me realize how wonderful life is. I've come back bubbling with enthusiasm. Oh, yes, I want a great deal out of the future.

"It's a thrilling world we are living in; traditions, standards, customs change over night. It rather takes one's breath away, but we must keep in step or else be left standing on the side-lines watching life go by. I don't want to do that, and personally, I find it all very exciting. I like today's freedom, its disregard for the old routine that held us in its iron-like grip.



Wide World

John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie, seen when they made their first Hollywood appearance together at a performance of Ballet Russe.

I always did wonder just why we must have luncheon at one o'clock, instead of three, or four! It is routine, you see, that governs our customs.

"I want to live today to its fullest because it prepares me for what will come tomorrow. It is like our school days: if we missed one lesson we were apt to fail in the next because we hadn't gained the preparation required to grasp the new one. I want to be ready—for whatever comes!"

Janet is refreshingly *real*. With her joyous, buoyant personality she has escaped the sordid aspects of life and there is a hint of perpetual youth in her spontaneous laughter and in the quick rhythm of her movements.

For years, ever since she thrilled the world with her appealing *Diane* in "Seventh Heaven," this little Gaynor has intrigued the imagination of old and young, and has ever kept her place as a top-notch favorite.

She is reserved and poised, yet very friendly, and though fragile she is definite in everything. She has that magic element that spells *personality*. Talking with her I realized it is the blending of thoughts that builds individuality. After all, history is made by a few persons who embrace the qualities that can stir the hearts of others, that reach out to touch their innermost emotions. Janet possesses this elusive magnetism in a large measure. Just what it is, I don't know.

She gets us all—old interviewers who should be hardened, as well as new reporters fall for Janet Gaynor. Sitting beside her on the day-bed in her dressing-room I tried calmly to dissect her. I couldn't do it; she had me! Heaven knows, there was nothing picturesque about our environment, yet she herself radiated a sparkle, a witchery that raised the commonplace to a glamorous realm.

Funny, isn't it? Yet I didn't laugh; I was too engrossed in trying to catch her every word.

She said, "My pleasures are always so spaced that I meet each one with fresh enthusiasm and never become satiated or bored. Not being very robust I must take good care of myself, and my social activities are limited and only come when I'm between pictures. But I've discovered this makes it all the more fun, for when I do

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go to a night spot, or to a party, it is still a big event to me and I get all the excitement that belongs to it. Repetition would spoil it. You know, after the fifth corsage of orchids you don't get the same delirious thrill that accompanied the earlier ones. The first night at the Coconut Grove or the Trocadero is intoxicating. After that—well, it is routine; there are no surprises, and much of the interest dies down.

"Another thing I've learned is that there can only be one *first* of anything; we can never recapture the same ecstasy, the same rapture again. Much of our unhappiness comes from trying to hold on when it is time to let go. Everything has its own special hour. But the second, and even the third repeat may have a charm and a flame of its own if we will but accept it and not keep trying to experience the former thrill.

"I remember the first time I went to Europe—I did all the 'touristy' things and followed the guide books faithfully, visiting the shops and cathedrals, but on my second trip I didn't even go near a shop. I spent all my time visiting out-of-the-way places and mother and I rented a car so we could explore the country by-ways, so full of romance and charm. I didn't repeat once, and it was a heavenly experience for everything was absolutely new.

"I like simple things, and that is why I love to go to my play-house, just out of Honolulu, whenever I have time between pictures. There I'm in another world entirely—why, I even play the ukelele and sing the native melodies, and every thought is directed into different channels. I can't begin to tell you how this replenishes my resources, both physical and mental.

"Never before this year have I been disturbed in Honolulu, by people wanting to see me; but many celebrities had gone over this summer and I guess the Islanders thought they should meet me, for there were crowds at the dock when I arrived. It was gratifying, of course, but I quickly slipped away to my little home where I could relax to my heart's content."

With a gay laugh, Janet added, "Some two miles further along the beach is a beautiful estate, and I was amused to hear the bus drivers telling the tourists that was where I lived; they never once suspected that my hide-out was the unpretentious house far back from the road. I'm sure those neighbors were glad when I departed, for their privacy was sadly demoralized this year.

"Shirley Temple visited me while she was in Hawaii, and poor child, that was the only time she could freely romp and play on the beach; she was literally mobbed every time she stepped out of the hotel in Honolulu.

"I love the ocean—its expanse, its bigness makes me forget the petty things of life. I lease a home in West Hollywood, where mother and I live, but I own a little beach house down near Playa del Rey, where we spend our week-ends. Mother is my very best friend and pal, and we are always happy together and seldom have guests."

Janet has one more picture to make on her 20th Century-Fox contract. After that? Well, there are many plans. She is one of the biggest box-office favorites and several studios want her, but she says she will never again sign a long-term contract.

"While I adore pictures," she explained, "and like to be busy and to feel I am wanted by screen audiences, I have my own life to live and I don't know just yet what this means.

"No, really, there aren't any serious romantic interests at present," she laughingly replied to my query. "I have friends whom I enjoy but as to being in love—definitely, I'm not. But if and when love does come I shall take it regardless of

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everything else, because I believe that is what spells real and abiding happiness for a woman. Marriage and a screen career are difficult to adjust. Especially if one or the other is not of this profession, which is peculiar to itself; but with sufficient love and understanding, and a willingness to master the art of compromise, I'm sure it can be a success.

"So, you see, my design for living is to capture happiness if I can. Whether it is to be bounded by a screen career, or whether it will be marriage and a family,

I don't yet know. The future holds that in its hands!"

Janet Gaynor may appear to be a lyric poem, an ethereal, wistful little *Diane*, ever chasing the elusive idea; but in reality, she is a very sturdy personality, with dynamic ideas and definite convictions. She is blessed with the precious gift of enthusiasm and a spontaneous zest for life; these qualities, I firmly believe, form the real secret of her tremendous appeal to that invisible audience that encircles the whole film world!

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Little Sick Girl. The stars are a busy lot of people and haven't time for much letter writing but if you tell them how long you have been ill and how you'd love to have autographed pictures of your favorites, I'm sure they couldn't resist your appeal. Hope you have good luck. Eleanor Powell was born in Springfield, Mass., just 22 years ago. She has blue eyes, chestnut-brown hair, weighs 120 pounds and is 5 feet 6½ inches tall. She is one of the dancing-est ladies of the stage and screen. Eleanor is not married.

Miss Phil H. We do not ask the stars about their religious affiliations. John Boles made his first hit in "The Desert Song" with Carlotta King. He has played in many screen successes since that time, the last one, "Rose of the Rancho" with Gladys Swarthout, of the Metropolitan Opera Co. This is Miss Swarthout's screen debut. John Boles was born in Greenville, Texas, on October 17, 1898. He has grey-blue eyes, brown hair, weighs 180 pounds and is 6 feet 1 inch tall, is married and has two children.

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The Brown Sisters. We are very glad we rate so high with you. Lyle Talbot was born on February 8, 1904, in Pittsburgh, Pa. He is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 173 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Lyle's real name is Lyle Hollywood. Clark Gable is really 6 feet 1 inch tall and his studio has never "cut down all furniture and properties to make him look taller." Some one must have been ribbing you, Sisters, for Clark is not short but one of the big men of the screen. He was born in Cadiz, Ohio, and the town is mighty proud of him.

Toby Ann. If you miss seeing "Magnificent Obsession" with Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor, you'll be sorry. More likely you will want to see it several times. Irene Dunne was never lovelier and Robert Taylor—your heart will never be the same again. Robert was born S. Arlington Brough, but Universal Studios decided Robert Taylor would be about right for him. His home state is Nebraska; the date, August 5, 1911. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. His first picture was with Will Rogers in "Handy Andy," then followed "There's Always Tomorrow," "A Wicked Woman," "Times Square Lady," "West Point of the Air," "Murder in the Fleet" and "Broadway Melody of 1936" with Eleanor Powell. He is now co-starring with Janet Gaynor in "Small Town Girl."

Inquisitive. We're glad you like our information about the stars, so come again. I'll be standing by with loads of inside-latest-news. Turn to page 65 of the February issue of SCREENLAND and you'll see an interesting study of John Howard with Mary Taylor in John's latest picture, "Soak the Rich." He played in "Annapolis Farewell" with Sir Guy Standing, Tom Brown, and Richard Cromwell. John was born on April 14, 1913; weighs 150 pounds and has blue eyes and brown hair. His home town is Cleveland, Ohio, where he was educated. Watch John grow in popularity.

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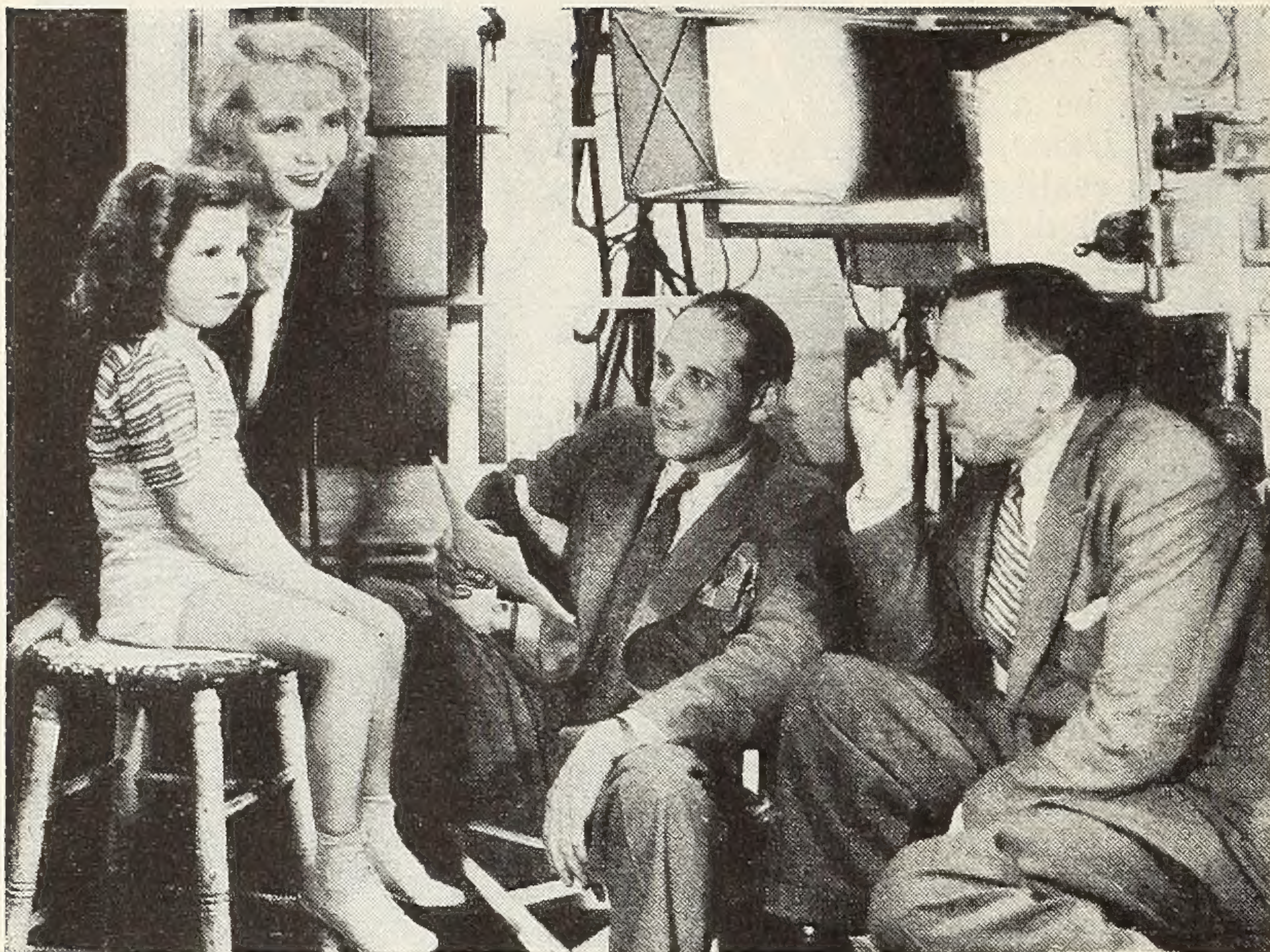
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Wide World

Evelyn Asther, aged four, daughter of Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan, makes a screen test. With Evelyn above are her mother, Jackson Rose, cameraman, and Director Felix Feist.



Helen Twelvetees in Australia. Above, notables of government and social circles, including Prime Minister J. A. Lyons, seen at Helen's left, gather at the studio to welcome the star.

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 79

THEY are really taking their duelling seriously out on the "Romeo" set. You see, there have been so many perfectly swell duels lately, particularly the one in "Captain Blood," that the M-G-M studio feels theirs will have to be pretty hot to top 'em. They put in days running off old duel scenes from way back in the silent days up until the present, for the benefit of the duelling actors—Leslie Howard, Louis Hayward, John Barrymore and Basil Rathbone. Then they turned the boys loose and they went at it—with such vigor that Hayward received a one-inch nick, and Howard went him one better with a pretty good cut about two inches long, that required a stitch or so. The old Shakespeare boys went in for a lot of raw meat, and it looks as if "Romeo and Juliet" will turn out to be a thundering melodrama in well-selected spots.

BUT you can't blame Leslie Howard for being a bit wary of those rapiers. He was doing the Verona street fighting scene with John Barrymore, who plays *Mercutio*, and in his enthusiasm for duelling Barrymore got a little too realistic and put a gash in Howard's forehead. What with blood and things it looked for a few moments there as if Barrymore had given Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" a new ending—*Mercutio* would triumph over *Tybalt* and *Romeo*, instead of *vice versa*!

BARTON MACLANE, our favorite he-man, once won a \$75 bet hitch-hiking from Miami to Minneapolis. Bart is now all settled down with his parents in a nice place out San Fernando Valley way. What we can't understand is why no enterprising Hollywood girl has snapped up his spare time long ere this, since he has no visible entanglements. Either that, or Bart is too wary for them. Hey, girls!

DOLORES DEL RIO and Marlene Dietrich at the same table in the Trocadero one night made as stunning a picture as one could see in a long time. And each trying to out-poize the other was quite a sight, too!



On their way to work in the first Mary Pickford-Jesse Lasky production. Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino, above, snapped as they stroll to the set.

"SYLVIA SCARLETT" is considered rather a let-down after Katharine Hepburn's more important pictures, so she will go into production on a new one at least a month earlier than was expected. "Mary of Scotland" is the next, directed by John Ford, who accomplished "The Informer," in case you have forgotten. Another European trip planned by Katie has been abandoned—this makes about the third or fourth.

A GENTLEMAN named Hank Potts revives our faith this week in rugged individualism. Hank says we're all a lot of old softies to a stunt-man and trick-rider double like himself. Last week Hank was stepped on by a horse and was discovered in the stable applying horse liniment. The director insisted that he go to the studio hospital, but Hank refused. "No sir! Hoss liniment has always been good for breaks, cuts, sprains, rheumatism, lame back, and in the days of prohibition it wasn't bad drinkin' liquor."

DICK ARLEN has signed the pledge against red sweaters. While he was playing in a golf tournament, he lost a ball in the rough, and was chased out by an indignant bull. If this happens again, he may even give up golf, but I doubt it. In place of actors at the Arlen's house these days, you run into a pack of golf-players, usually headed by Walter Hagen. Dick talks a marvelous game—even plays a pretty swell one, now and again.

JEANETTE MacDONALD says red-heads are the victims of pigmentation! Anyway, it's a lovely word, Jeanette. She says they may be demure the year around—but one little burst of temperament, and everyone clamps down with "Well, what do you expect from a red-head?"

WYNNE GIBSON is stepping out as a backer of enterprises. She has money invested in "Russet Mantle," a successful New York show, (that was supposed to be a secret), and now she owns a race-horse.

NOW that the Sylvia Sydney-Bennett Cerf split is certain and admitted, a great deal of interest is shown in the fact that Sylvia was out at the race track the other day with B. P. Schulberg. The bets are even that this former alliance will blossom again.

IRENE DUNNE'S strictly-platonic Hollywood friendship is with Weldon Larrabee. Well, she can't stay home all the time, and she can't go out alone, can she? Larrabee owns the smart Chryson's shop, where so many of the stars buy their expensive cards and unique gifts.

HELP! Somebody tell Jimmy Dunn Hollywood is already full of them! Returning from the air races to Ensenda, Jimmy found a stowaway in his plane. A baby boar, believe it or not. The country down there is alive with them, and probably some admiring native was making Jimmy a present. Well, anyway, a baby one isn't so bad. You can always get away before it learns to talk.

ANITA LOUISE'S mother and Irene Rich's ex-husband are said to be seriously about to elope—in case you think all the romantic doings go on among the youngsters.

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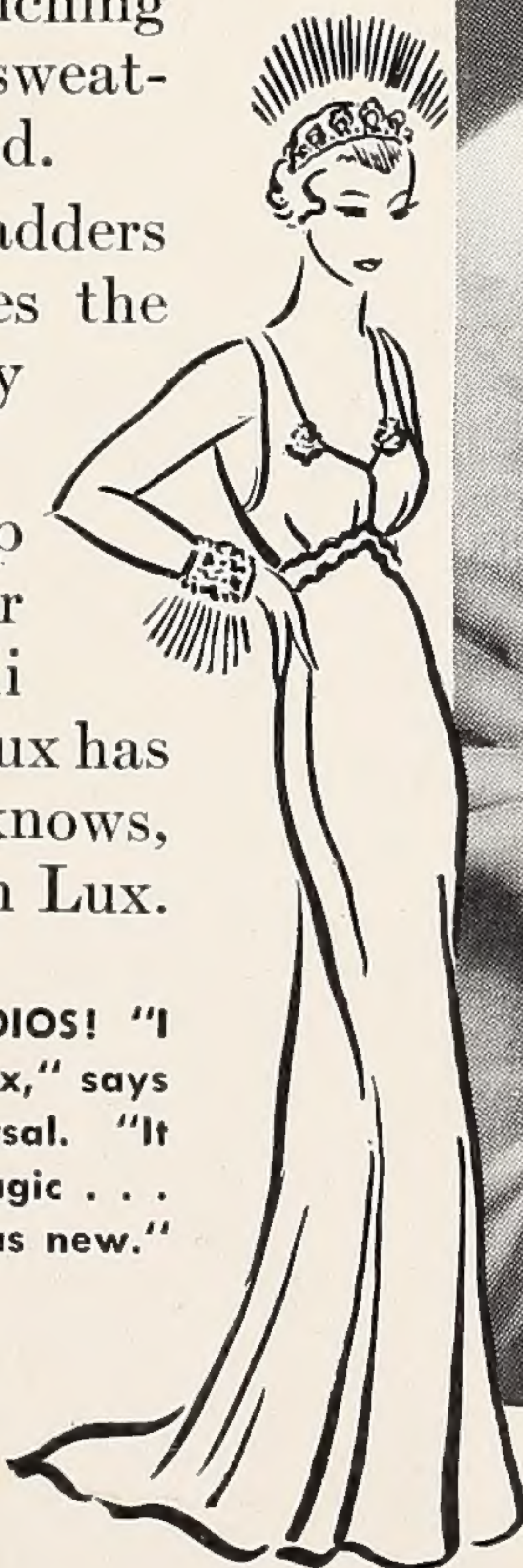
Binnie doesn't think cake-soap rubbing is "so hot." Rubbing, or using soaps with harmful alkali weakens threads, fades colors. Lux has no harmful alkali. As Binnie knows, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

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